

Thomas Barley.





THE
BURGOMASTER OF BERLIN.



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THE
BURGOMASTER OF BERLIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF

W. ALEXIS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON
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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.

THE history of the chartered towns, which arose principally betwixt the eleventh and fifteenth centuries, in our own as well as in most of the western countries of Europe, appears to have been much the same in all. In some instances, we find communities gradually springing up beneath the walls of some royal or baronial castle, for the sake of the protection which its vicinity afforded; in others, colonies of men of all ranks brought together by accident, or perhaps some favourable locality, who soon learnt to esteem the advantages which mutual assistance and mutual confidence necessarily conferred upon them.

The monarchs and princes of the middle ages early perceived the advantages which must accrue to themselves from the increase of settlements like these, and we therefore read, from time to time,

of charters being conferred upon them, granting various privileges, in some cases, exemption from certain duties, in others, the right of self-government, thus affording them a further means of aggrandizement, and offering a temptation to immigrants. The citizen, for his own safety, enclosed himself within walls, and provided the means of self-defence. Under these walls, according to the usual wording of the charter, the lord of the soil had a right to take shelter, whilst the towns served him also as magazines of arms.

The formation of guilds and corporations, equally endowed by royal charters, is the next feature which the increase of the chartered towns presents to us. These served to draw a line of demarcation between the different trades, to prevent imposition, and still more to shut out interlopers who might be willing to carry on more trades than one to the injury of the rest. Wealth was the natural result of this division of labour, and soon enabled the citizens to provide the means of resistance in cases of lawless aggression. They sat safe behind their defences, whilst all around was danger and turmoil. They began early to purchase lands and villages outside their walls,

and a great improvement in agriculture was thus brought about.

Already, in the eleventh century, the inhabitants of towns in England seem to have been a different class from the ceorls or peasants. From this time, charters conferring various immunities from taxation, and the right of self-government, are of constant occurrence. The practice of letting the town in fee-farm to the burgesses, and recovering the rent by distress upon the whole community, whilst the lord of the soil had nothing more than a right of general superintendence, gives us good reason to believe that this system of internal arrangement was tolerably complete. By the charter of the city of London, for instance, said to have been given A.D. 1101, the citizens enjoy the right of choosing their own sheriffs and justices to the exclusion of all foreign jurisdiction. The closing of the gates of Berlin against the entrance of the Prince, as mentioned in the book, will remind the reader of a similar ceremony still practised in London on the approach of royalty. In England, however, the more vigorous exercise of the royal prerogative prevented the exposure of the towns to the dangers which were experienced

by those on the Continent, whilst, on the other hand, the English towns did not individually attain to the same degree of political importance. In Germany the towns-people of the early periods were mostly bondsmen, who either owed personal service, or a composition in lieu of it, to some feudal lord. Joined afterwards by voluntary feodaries, and still later by many of the nobility, a very strict line of demarcation was rigorously maintained betwixt the different classes who thus composed the towns, betwixt the so-called patricians and the commonalty; and, though favourable circumstances soon enabled most of the poorer citizens to purchase their freedom, the distinctions of rank were still broadly defined, though weakened now and then by intermarriages. Whilst, therefore, there existed differences of rank sufficient to build communities within communities, there were also those amongst the townsmen whose birth and extraction gave them some right to cherish pretensions which were hardly compatible with the duties which, as adopted citizens, they owed to the lord of the soil.

It was not long before the progress of the towns began to excite the jealousies of the landed nobility round about. As their wealth increased so

also did their power. They obtained new privileges, by direct or indirect purchase, or assumed them during the continual political dissensions which existed between the dynasties of the princely or imperial houses. They entered into leagues one with another for their common support and defence, and not only successfully resisted the aggressions of the nobility, but in some cases made a bold stand against the requirements of the imperial court, though resistance in this quarter was seldom necessary. "The inhabitants of the free cities," says Hallam, in his "History of the Middle Ages," "always preserved their respect for the emperor, and gave him much less trouble than his other subjects. He was indeed their natural friend. But their nobility and prelates were their natural enemies, and the western parts of Germany were the scenes of irreconcilable warfare between the possessors of fortified castles and the inhabitants of fortified cities. . . . The nobles were too often mere robbers, who lived upon the plunder of travellers."

Whilst the author has graphically depicted the condition of the towns in one of the most interesting passages of their history, he has apparently

sought to embody in the person of Frederick, the second of the line of Hohenzollers, the theory of absolute monarchy in its most favourable point of view. In him we see a wise and virtuous prince, anxious to dispense equal justice to two classes of his subjects who had hitherto regarded each other with feelings of the most acute and painful jealousy. History presents us with few examples of a similar policy being pursued. On the contrary, we see one power in the state constantly pitted against another, the monarch meanwhile principally maintaining himself by giving his assistance, at different times, to the one or the other. To unite the two in one common interest, to inspire the noble with a chivalrous sense of honour, and at the same time to encourage, by every means, the useful arts which bring wealth to a nation, by giving sustenance to the tradesman and artisan, would have been to promote a community of feeling between the two, and unite them in one phalanx against the undue use of the princely prerogative.

The author's preface annexed did not appear with the original work, but was kindly supplied expressly for this translation. In the hope that

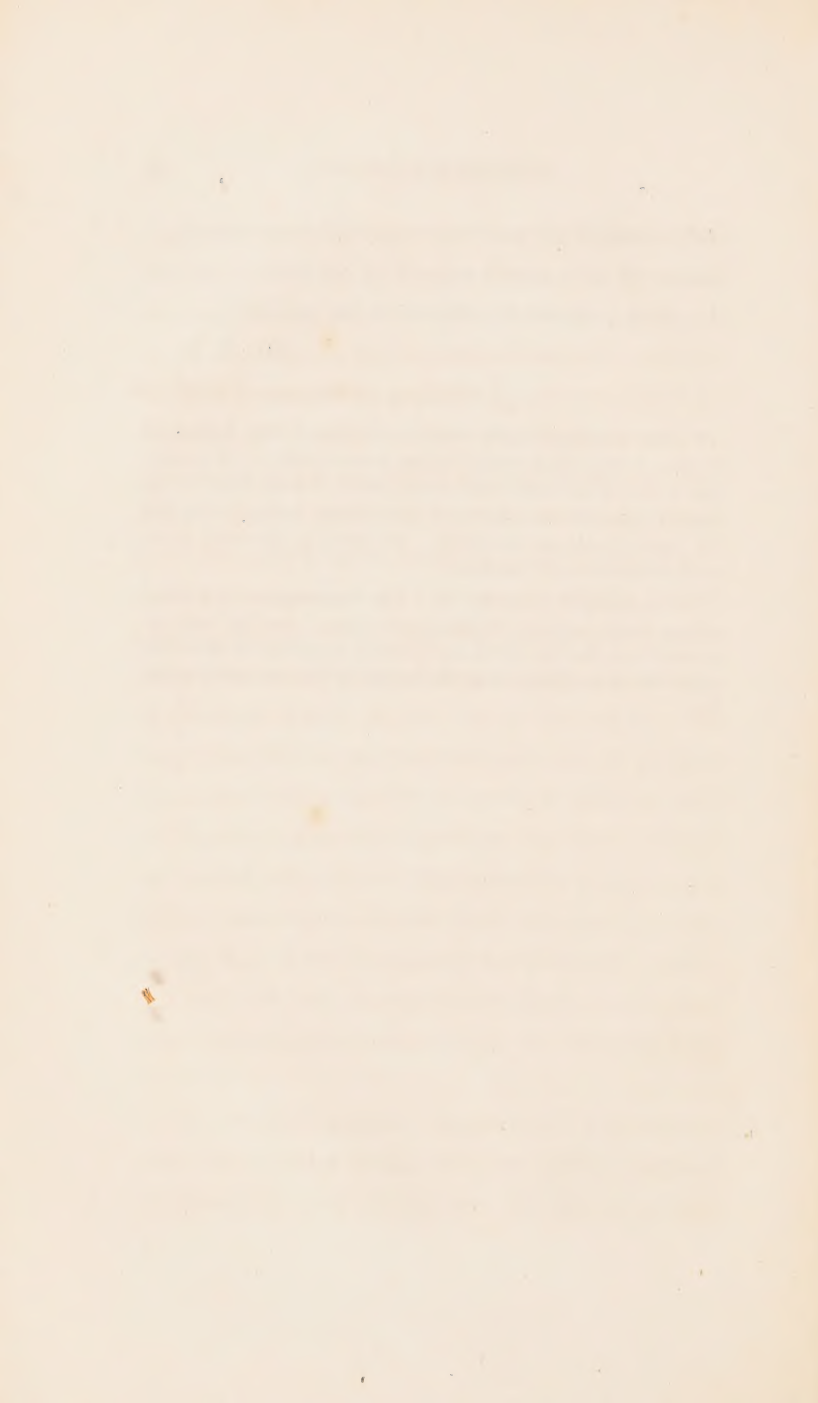
the historical value of the book will recommend it, inasmuch as it opens a track as yet little explored, it is now respectfully offered to the public.*

W. A. G.

[William Atkinson Gardner.]

* The original of this work is entitled "The Roland of Berlin," a title which would appear unintelligible to the reader, who is not aware that a stone statue, called Roland, stood in the market places of those towns of the German empire which had the right of extreme judicature. As stated in the book, many such statues are still standing.

As an historical precursor to "The Burgomaster of Berlin," a new work, entitled "Waldemar the False," has just now appeared, from the pen of the same author, depicting the miserable condition of the Mark under the houses of Bavaria and Luxemburg.



AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

AFTER the extinction of the heroic race of the Ascanians (otherwise called Counts of Ballenstaedt), whose founder, Albrecht the Bear, grounded the German power in the country of the Vandals, the Margraviate of Brandenburg was given by the Emperor Louis the Bavarian, as a fief of the empire, to his son Louis. The Bavarians had no easy task in maintaining their rule in the Mark; nor was that of the house of Luxemburg lighter, whose renowned Emperor, Charles the Fourth, gained the sceptre from the Bavarian, by guile and treachery. Discipline, order, and settled government, which the Ascanians had established during their dominion of two centuries, disappeared in the hundred succeeding years in which the Bavarians and Luxemburgers held the sway. They entertained little affection for the country, seldom visiting it, save

to levy increased contributions, or to mortgage towns, castles, the revenues, or the judicial rights, for supplies of money.

A state of complete anarchy ensued, as a natural consequence. There being no recognised head, each member of the body politic did the best for itself. Agriculture was neglected, the gentler arts languished, the land in which trade and culture had so lately flourished, became a wilderness; wars with barbarous enemies drained the resources of the country. The citizen shut himself within his walls, the noble in his castle; robber bands committed their depredations unrestrained, and the best safeguard against them was to enlist in their confederacies.

In the absence of one, there were a thousand masters in the land. Just in proportion to their possessions was the moral and physical force they possessed; a few, therefore, of the more wealthy houses gained a reputation and influence which nothing could withstand. Thus, in the New Mark, beyond the Oder, there was the widely-connected family of the Wedels; in the Middle Mark, the Quitzows—a race whose descent but little accounts for the leading part it has played in history. The

citizens had full authority within their walls—the nobles were resistless in the open country. The Quitzows had raised themselves to noble rank; they plundered and burnt, they captured towns, and encamped openly in the highways. They laid hands even on princes, and these, victims to revenge, or detained in the hope of ransom, not seldom languished in their strongholds; when right there was none, there was yet ever some reason to be alleged.

The time arrived when the Luxemburgers could extort nothing more from the Mark, for all that had been royal property was sold, pledged, or conferred away. The Emperor Sigismund of Luxemburg saw himself at last obliged, in pressing necessity for money, to pledge the Mark, in the first place, to the Burg-graf Frederick of Nürnberg, anno 1412, and as he was not in a condition to redeem it, to finally sell it, anno 1417. By this compact, the Hohenzollers obtained possession of the Mark.

A difficult task they had, and they were little envied by their brother princes. They gained a barren, fruitless soil, inhabited by a race who had little respect for the name of prince, and a dread

of his requirements, rather than a confidence in his person. The nobility of the Mark looked upon the Burg-graf of Nürnberg as little better than their equal; they saw in him but a powerful and wealthy nobleman, who for a few hundred thousand florins had bought an authority which many of them thought would become themselves equally well. Indeed, they were already lords of the soil *de facto*, and had the confusion been of much longer duration, they would in all probability have soon become so *de jure* also. In Havelland, a party of them speedily allied themselves together, and took up arms against the intruding stranger. At Cremmer Dam, the Burg-graf's army sustained a defeat, and its leader, the Count of Hohenlohe (or Hollach), was slain in the fray.

It was in the following year that Frederick the Hohenzoller succeeded in dispersing his rebellious nobles, having himself taken the field with a greatly superior force. With a huge cannon, the first introduced into the Mark, and nick-named the faule Grete, (lazy Madge,) he attacked them in their strongholds, and shattered their fourteen feet thick walls. Of these no trace is now to be found in the Mark. The Quitzows were hunted out, the

Puttlitzes, the Rockows, the Bredows, and others, suffered for their resistance by forfeiture of their fiefs, or compounded, by heavy mulcts, for their retention.

The Burg-graf now adopted the style of Frederick the First, Mark-graf and Kurprince* of Brandenburg. This rule was, however, not yet an easy one, for the claims of rights and ancient privileges arose from his subjects on every hand. Being a great man of his day, he had much to do in the German Empire, and, consequently, could devote but little attention to the Mark-Brandenburg.

To establish the dominion of the Hohenzollers, and to reinstate law and order, was therefore the work of his successors. First came his son Frederick, who, from his resolute determination, gained the appellation of Frederick the Iron Handed. The nobles were tamed, or, at any rate, restrained from open violence. On the other hand, the great towns, Berlin and Koeln, Frankfort on the Oder, Prenzlau, and others, stood up stoutly for the privileges obtained during the time of mis-

* The title of Kurprince, which has been retained in the translation, signifies the possession of the electoral dignity, together with principedom.—TRANSLATOR.

rule. *They had stood nobly by the father in his contest with the nobility*, and on this they founded their pretensions. The son, therefore, had to curb their stubbornness, and to vindicate the prince's authority over such of them as were on the point of raising themselves above his prerogative.

This, then, is the occasion of the present work. Frederick, with crafty policy, availed himself of the divisions of the united towns, Berlin and Koeln, the mutual envyings and hatreds subsisting between the patricians and the guild companies, the assumptions of the wealthy families on the one side, and the democratic feeling cherished by the tradespeople on the other. He appeared with six hundred knights before the gates of Berlin, and enforced his right to enter. The old regime was set aside, but the struggle with the towns was not thus ended.

The contents of the romance display his further progress. Newly discovered records, sheriffs' codes, and other documents, throw a considerable light upon the subject. It was a contest between monarchical power, asserting a prerogative which had long slept, and the municipal spirit of the middle ages, maintaining its privileges as guaran-

teed by law. Till now, the historians who have sought to depict the manners of the times, have passed all this over cursorily, as unimportant, or overlooked it in the tracing of the more startling events. It is the province of poetic fiction to draw from the unadulterated springs of genuine records that which, until now, has been passed over as of less importance.



THE
BURGOMASTER OF BERLIN.

CHAPTER I.

IN the front of the senate-house, on the Long Bridge, there was a hustling and a waving to and fro. People of every rank—men, women, and children—were crowded together before the lofty building, from the inside of which there came a noise, ever increasing; yet it was only one of the accustomed sittings of the senate of the united towns, Berlin and Koeln—such as was held each Monday and Thursday, early in the morning. To-day, however, it was the noisiest meeting that had been known in the memory of man. One voice overshadowed another, till, in the universal uproar, nothing could be distinguished—it was like the humming of bees, or the buzzing of beetles. Still every now and then some single voice might be heard crying out, so as for a moment to silence the rest; but another and another would cry still louder, till again the noise became general. Figures, too,

might be perceived springing upon the benches, and inflamed faces shewed themselves at the windows. It was all to be seen plain enough through the small window panes.

The senate-house belonged to the united towns of Berlin and Koeln; a high, stately building, as will be shewn, boasting all the gay ornament of the time when it was erected. The now small bridge, still called "The Long," bore the name at that time with more propriety. It was the connexion between Berlin and Koeln. It first landed on a marshy island, where the Borough Street now terminates, and again stretched away over an arm of the Spree, now no longer existing, but which ran at that time through what is now the street of the Holy Spirit. At the other side of the street (as it at present is), the end of the bridge joined to the actual Berlin, which extended as far as the Oderberg gate, where the stone bridge now is. Truly it was a long bridge. Half-way across it stood the senate-house, which, having been wanted in haste when the towns united, was not built of massive stone, like the great senate houses of other wealthy towns. It did not, therefore, survive the middle ages, nor is any remnant of it left. Scarcely were the foundations, and part of the first story, of mason-work, and those only of brick. Some part of it stood on piles, and the upper stories were wood and plaster. But in the days when the two towns built this house for their common honour and advantage, people built in wood-work as bravely and gaily as they do now in stone and mortar. The same style of architecture which we admire in old gothic

monuments was to be seen in the sky-high wooden houses. Yes, and the humour displayed itself still more singularly and gaily in the more pliable wood; for stone and mortar require more rule and line. Overhanging upper stories, with oddly-carved balcony heads—corner-turrets and garrets nearly over-roofing the narrow streets,—in such as these there was no want of room, save on the ground-floor. It was in those days the humour of the architect to gain above, the space which was circumscribed below. Yet these buildings were not so dangerous as one would think. Were one to build in that way now, how folks would cry out—neighbours expecting every day that they would come tumbling about their ears. But see the many towns of Germany, where such wood-work houses, built of sturdy oak, have borne the weight of four or five centuries. They may bend, and lean over, but they do not break. To this day, in Halberstadt, Hildesheim, and Nürnberg, these over-collared, deeply-carved houses, like inverted pyramids, may be seen. It is the alteration of taste only, not any necessity or increase of precaution, which is causing these gay boxes of burgher architecture gradually to disappear. In these days, comfort demands empty space and room, whereas our fathers boxed themselves close in, and kept themselves snug and warm.

It was thus that the senate-house, between Koeln and Berlin, with its motley ornamented upper stories and dainty turrets, held up its head over the other houses round about. Its towers, not of defence—they were only “follies”—had aspects to all quarters of the towns. The mighty manywise-indented gable looked,

however, only towards the river. It dared not face either of the towns. Would it not have been to the prejudice of one or the other? and which of the two would submit to that? In the middle ages they thought much of such things. The wood-work, not concealed but artistically carved, and coloured red, enabled the eye to follow the whole formation of the curious structure. How gaily were the Moors, and Turks, and monsters, carved on the balconies! and how fiercely grinned the dragons' mouths from the eaves and gutter-heads! and how orderly were the props laid crosswise, till they looked like a chess-board! And wherever the wall had else been bare, it was covered with motley painting. Heroes and sages of all times, queens and fair ones of chivalric courts were here depicted, — all of them, Greeks, Romans, Scripture characters, in the gayest costume of the former century. Here rode the pious St. George conquering the dragon; there St. Florian poured water over the conflagration, or St. Martin divided with his sword his garment amongst those who craved alms of him; but at the doorways, and again at the corners, stood the wooden image of the great Christopher, for he who carried the world, his shoulders were surely strong enough to support the house. The arms of Berlin and Koeln, and of the head families in the towns, hung on all corners, whilst the imperial double eagle spread its wings over the principal entrance; the Hohenzoller's had only a modest place by its side. But merriest of all waved the many coloured flags from the gables and turrets. The dignity of the senators did not prevent their giving to the burghers

this cheerful sign of their presence ; and there were there also the flags of the towns of Brandenburg and Frankfort, Prenzlau and Bernow, Rathenow and Mittelwald, and many another one. The flag, too, of the Hanse league fluttered high on the ridge ; but the Kurprince's banner hung meanly beside a chimney.

This was the appearance, then, of the senate-house on the Long Bridge—nothing of which is now remaining,—even the exact place where it stood is no longer known. Inside of it, they were quarrelling—it might be seen at the windows,—all before the house could see it ; and where there had been peace before—for curiosity had kept the people outside quiet—now they, too, became unquiet ; for the parties divided in the senate-house above were equally at issue in the street below : one cried, and another answered him—one looked tauntingly, another grinned and raised his fist. It was not this time a quarrel between families or people of quality, nor between guild and corporation, but between people of the same trades, friends even, and blood relations ; for it was Koeln on one side and Berlin on the other. Those who lived by St. Mary's and St. Nicolas, and in the Cloister Street, against those who lived near St. Peter's, and in Broad Street, and Blackfriars Street. If those above had something to say about the disputes between the two towns, which had been as one, but which would not be as one any longer, why should not these underneath have their say, too ? When a play gains great vogue amongst grown-up people, the children in the courts and causeways make a play like it.

Any one seeing the excited faces, the scornful looks

and the powerful sinewy limbs of the stout-built masters and apprentices, and of their working men, and noticing the expression of readiness amongst them all, might well divine, that but one spark was wanting to set all in a flame. It was a different race from ours which lived in our towns four hundred years ago. Each one, having legs and arms sound and strong, was ready to act, and foul deeds did not always wait till fair words were all expended.

Though the masters and apprentices might know what was the dispute between the senators of the two towns, what did the crowd know of it, and what was it to them? They who were the noisiest had nothing at stake. What did it matter to the pedlar, or to the countryman who brought his wood to market, whether the town surgeon was paid by Koeln or Berlin, or whether the one or the other wound up the town clock? What did it matter to the fishermen, or the swarms of people who lived in the dark back streets, working for some strict employer—what mattered it to them whose was the warehouse-room, or who paid most and had had fairest justice in the law courts?

But it has been the case of old, that what heats the heads of the great, burns again in the heads of the small—what is in one a flame, is in the other a conflagration. Some folks say, that the rich live out of the poor by making them espouse their quarrels. But there are many odd things said in Berlin; of this more anon.

And so it was; irritating words passed to and fro, and the folks of each town had something to say against the other. The Berliners called the Koeln

people fishermen and vandal savages; and one of them shouted, "Ye are only like the grease-tub swinging under our waggon." "Yes," answered a master from Koeln, "if we did not grease your wheels you would not get very far." And indeed the Koeln people were not behind, but gave it right well back to their neighbours of Berlin. If these spoke of stinking fish, the Koelnern brought up the story of the large black-pudding, which had once been eaten at some ceremony in Berlin, and had been of most excellent taste, only that it was not a swine which had been killed to put in it, but a Jew. This always made the Berlin people very angry, and they cursed and spat—particularly the butchers; indeed, this matter was seldom mentioned but there were bloody heads about it. The women and children tried in vain to get between the parties, crying out that if they were reasonable people they would give over calling names—there was no sense in it; for they had begun to handle their sticks, and were snatching up stones and mud. But the peace-makers, in spite of their good intentions, only made things worse; for when the good sense of the burghers (which was, indeed, the only thing that kept the towns together) did not exert its influence with the people, the office of peace-keeping was badly provided for. The few paid towns-officers could do nothing, unless each and every one considered himself called upon to stand by the beadle in what he undertook.

Some there might well be, who were not sorry in their hearts about the disturbance; for the weight of burgher rule lies as heavy as any other on those who

have no voice in it. If these just now did what they had an excuse for, there was a party at the window of a neighbouring inn looking on, who were still more anxious for mischief; and well they might be, for they were knightly visitors from the country. Leaning their bodies far out of the window, they laughed the uproar in the face, and when they could not make as much noise as they thought proper by clapping their hands, they jingled and clashed their axes and other weapons against one another. They set on the lads in the street, who were already covered with mud, and even threw small pieces of money to encourage those who were defeated.

Empty wine cans on the table, and the disorder of the low-ceilinged room, where helmets, bonnets, gloves, and cloaks lay all together, and swords and wine-cups rolled on the floor, shewed what had given zest to the pleasure with which the young men enjoyed the spectacle. Whilst on the small and narrow window a strong-built ritter had taken his place, leaning on his elbows in such a position as barely to leave room for the knight on his side, a third pushed his head over the other two, and shouted with malicious sparkling eyes to the crowd. It was in vain that the meagre knight, with his hawk-nose, whilst watching closely all that went on, tried to keep him somewhat quiet; his burly neighbour, the double-chinned one leaning on his arms, laughed too heartily and lustily to allow the warning to have effect. "Bravo, lads," shouted the square-shouldered youth, whose dirty leather doublet and hose accorded well with his angular and scarred visage—"down in the

mud—let them have it—the blood-pudding gentry—that's the soup to serve up their meat with!"

"Koepkin," said he with the crooked nose, "you betray yourself. They will see you from out there."

"Let him alone!" said the corpulent knight; "would you hinder the poor dear lads there, who are willing to break their necks of themselves."

"And should they see me," roared Koepkin, "they've seen me often—will see me often again. Make place, Buffo, they shall see me!"

"Koepkin," remonstrated the first, catching him by the arm, "are you drunk or mad? Have you not renounced them—have they not outlawed you? Do you not know what is set on your head? forgotten where the Berlin gallows stretches out its arm, and that nought would please these tape-stick ritters half so much as to see a knight dangling in hemp of their spinning? Verily, such a sight would make peace between Koeln and Berlin; and council and senate would throw themselves into each other's arms for joy of it!"

The youngster, whose name was Koepkin, drew his broad weapon half from its sheath—"Where is the hemp-yarn?—and were it strong enough to hang the two towns, this knife should cut it."

"Don't try it," replied the other; "there are too many rope-makers here to spin new ones. Drink water, Koepkin. Back! go back, into the chair there! Sleep it off!"

"Not sleep, but strike will I—strike into the bald-pates and brain-pans—old and new council! They shall have counsel. Why d'ye hinder me? Ye are enemies—are ye friends and would hold me back?"

The stouter knight seemed now to share in some measure the apprehensions of his comrade. He also tried to pacify the angry youth, and keep him in the back part of the room.

"It is true, Koepkin, you are as well known here as a spotted dog—it was mad enough to ride through their market-place. Now, thank God, that their hounds have such bad scent! Have they forgotten, think you, how you drove the fat oxen from their very doors, and threw the porter's sons, who slew your squire, into the Pauke, where they were drowned? and how you set fire to the mill, in mere scorn, and the sparks went over the wall and set fire to three houses? Never will they forget that of you!"

"And who have you by you?" chimed in he with the hawk's nose. "Is there one in the town to hold you back when your head is in the noose? Is the beadle of Koeln, or of Berlin your better friend, or is it, perhaps, his highness the Kurprince,* who will storm these gates for you?—these gates, which the wool-hecklers closed even against himself. If you will be a fool, be it for yourself alone—we will be none, to be taken with you!"

"Taken!" cried the younker, and he struck up his plumed bonnet—"get ye away—ye whose hearts are in your doublets! Is that companionship—free fellowship—knightly bearing? What matters it, if that happens now which will happen, we will at least drum on their fat bellies. Had I twelve of my fellows

* I have preferred retaining this word from the original, to using the word "Elector," which it signifies, in conjunction with Princedom.
—Translator's note.

here, and Fritz Rohr, and Harry Keinekow, and Wedigo Ploten, we would make a noise, above this noise, which should tingle in the ears of their children's children."

"And what would that do for you?" interrupted the haggard knight, whom the others called Buffo. "Children's squalls and nurses' legends. Possibly a hundred years hence, they might make use of Koepkin Zarnekow, as they do of Squire Rupert, when the children cry; not a rush more. The plunder you would get in this row would be paid tenfold by bumps, and you might thank God if you got outside the gate, and your horse not stuck dead under you."

"I say, Buffo," said the bulky knight, "that would be a joke, too. Children and children's children talking of one in that way, and the terror of these coward villains to find the wolf in their sheepstall! By the holy St. Lawrence, I wish no one ill, but I wouldn't grudge it to these Berliners—wouldn't mind a few cuts and bruises!"

"And, if you got off with them, what would his Grace the Kurprince say to it? Give you back your patent, for a stinking row in his fairest city."

"By Heaven, the town-crabs hinder him from coming inside their gates!"

"And is that a reason why he would have us inside them, to eat ourselves full with the oats he has winnowed for himself?"

"What would we care for his grace?" answered Koepkin, drumming on the table. "He who is warm let him sit squat, and he who is cold let him get him a place in the chimney nook. Has Nürnberg done us

any good? Let him busy himself with the Pomeranians, and leave us to do for ourselves. If we were once in this nest, we too should shut the gate against him, and shew better teeth than this cobbling pack."

Buffo smiled. "And what would you do next, even if this town, with its deep narrow streets, its roofs, towers, stone houses, cellars, and thousand windows, could be seized just like a castle, which one storms, and has. Let it be, that a handful of good men hunted these cloth-weavers out, or laid a chain on their necks twelve pound heavier than their gold one, what would you do then? Barter—hold markets—mend shoes? Our times are gone by. They would cut off our communications, keep us in, starve us out; and a nice excuse it would give for beating up the country, hallooing the peasants, burghers, and dogs on the Ritterhood, for prating about breach of public peace, for complaining to emperor and kingdom, and instituting commissions. Oh, you would defend yourselves? when Plauen could not hold out with its fourteen-foot wall—when Friesack and Lenzen fell! Think you these walls are stronger than theirs, or that your arms can catch the bullets of Lazy Madge,* who, since those days, hath littered tenfold.

"But to let such an opportunity slip!" said the burly Wedigo.

"What opportunity?" demanded Buffo; "the burghers are breaking each others' heads—the up-grown towns, Koeln and Berlin, are taking up the hatchet

* Die faule grete.—A nick-name for the first piece of artillery used in the Mark.

against each other—senate and council, young and old, trade and corporation, are tearing each others' eyes out—and you would hinder them? The arrogant tradesfolk, who have stuck their spoons in our dishes, who have looked down on us these twenty years so scornfully, are falling asunder—the cement holds no longer. And this were a chance time for you to rush, like cold water, to put out the fire? I tell you, let no one touch the fire, and there will soon be a blaze on which you may feast your eyes to the full; and, take my word for it, if you but know how, you may cook your broth by it too. Yes, and if you stick your spit in at the right time, you may catch some of the roast, and such as you have not tasted this long while."

CHAPTER II.

THE conversation was here interrupted; for out of a lower story in the same lodging-house in which the knights had feasted, there issued a something well worthy to be seen. No blood had as yet been drawn among the rabble; and now the uplifted hands sank down, and the savage faces changed to a gesture between astonishment and mirth, as they saw a heavy, corpulent man, with a face like a full moon, dangling over their heads. This was not brought to pass by miracle, or by the aid of wings, but simply by the putting together of many strong arms, which had hoisted the man above the crowd, and were now bearing him along. The majority recognised at once the well-known features of the respected Brandenburg citizen and senator, Niclas Pernewitz. Of all around him, he could reckon not one as an enemy; to neither Koeln butcher nor Berlin currier had the good old man done an injury. By many he had been known, ten years before, as an adept mediator; by others as

a vigorous warrior, who, little as his figure seemed now adapted to such exercise, could at one time use his sword as well as he could his tongue. The cry of "Place—make way!" met therefore with no opposition, save the simple one that there was no room to make. The honest burgher had awakened too late from his sleep, after the exertions of his travel from Brandenburg, and could see no means of reaching the senate-house other than by getting out of a window into a chair, which some young men held aloft for him, thus to be borne by the strength of their elbowings across the living stream.

The presence of such a man, and a look at his pleasant face, made many a one silent whose mouth was already half opened to utter some abuse. His keen, but roguish glance, fell as does the sunbeam upon the snow: the clenched fists relaxed, and a complacent smile spread generally over the faces. Niclas was a good tactician. In his own town, he was a revered senator; but he always chose to go amongst the people, and speak to them, not as a scholar, but as they could understand; and he was one who ever preferred mirth to mourning. So now, as some drew off their caps to him, and others mechanically saluted him, he nodded also, but with great solemnity, and only with his chin. His back remained stiff against the chair. But as they began to shout to him more cheerfully and cordially, and call him "Papa Pernewitz," he spread out his hands as if giving his blessing; and his doing so added to the general glee. But not every one could see him, nor did every one know him; and not a step nearer did his blessings and his venerable

mien avail to advance him. He had to thank all to the nervous efforts of the youths who bore him.

“Good people,” cried he, “make way! Think you the people of Brandenburg have no better use for the good counsel they send, than to give it out to you in the streets. It is not to you I come; it is to them in the house yonder. Make way! make way! Or do you think that their wisdom should be sent like a bullet through your thick bodies? Shall I tell you what I have endured and suffered already on your account?”

A popular and facetious speaker will often gain listeners in situations still more equivocal than that in which the senator found himself. He related with broad humour, and in a circumstantial manner, his journey of the day before; the bumpings and shakings on the road, the sour beer, the bad bread, and the rotten cheese; how he had had an afternoon’s nap on a bench so narrow, that he had rolled off twice when going to sleep, and how that then the flies had awakened him three times.

“Yes, I tell you, there were so many black stinging flies that my face was black with them, and moreover, as much vermin as if all the lads here had been shaking their caps and jerkins; and they all crept, and flew, and jumped about me, as I lay on the bench at Haidekrug, till I was all over as black as your shirt collar—you there. But do you know what I was thinking of when amongst these vermin? About you. And amongst the hopping, creeping, blood-sucking insects? Just about you; for, thought I, just like these—coming and coming again, and unreasonable, just like these shameless flies—are my

good people of Berlin; one can never lay hold of them when one wants to ask them, 'Why they do as they do.' But, thought I, if any one brought a lime-twig smeared with honey, there would these flies all be, humming and buzzing as if the world belonged to them. Therefore, good friends, I cared neither for the sour beer, nor the rotten cheese, nor about the roads, (which, to save a friend's neck, you might take the pains to mend,) nor for the heat and dust, nor about the wheel that broke, but hurried as fast as I could to bring you what you stand in need of. In Berlin and Koeln you have duties on raw material, and you bond what comes in or goes out; you never let beer or honey, pepper or wax, linen or almonds, pass in or out, but you take a part for yourselves, only I never heard that you kept back for yourselves any good advice which came in at your gates. So, for this reason, good people of Koeln, and good friends of Berlin, the town of Brandenburg, where your senators ought to apply for wisdom when they have none of their own, has sent me, and so make way with your thick sconces, that I may fulfil my mission."

But to the determined efforts of one young man particularly, the Brandenburg senator was more indebted than to his own eloquence, so that at last, way was made over the long bridge, and as far as to the wall surrounding the senate-house; but further could neither moral nor physical force succeed in getting him. In vain Niclas Pernewitz stretched up his hands imploringly to the windows; and had the senators seen him, or wished to give him a hand to get up to them, they could have done nothing, for the crowd was densest round the threshold, and on the

staircase ; even the usher, whose duty it was to keep the populace from the private chambers, could hardly handle his staff of office so as to make it seen, they crowded on him in such a manner.

Surely the zeal of the shepherds of the flock had blinded them, even to the disquiet amongst their own sheep, for a figure like that of Niclas Pernewitz, handed up to them, as on a plate, would have sufficed, had they seen him, to interrupt the dispute :—a really ridiculous exhibition is irresistible ;—the wisest man will not turn from it.

This seemed to strike the Brandenburg senator, when he found there were no ordinary means of getting to the senate-house, and he had not undertaken his journey to talk to the wind. Much as he valued propriety, he might well, in such a case, venture a little out of his way ; yes, and not endanger the dignity of a magistrate and deputy, even though he should get in by the window, instead of the door.

A wink to the young man whom we noticed before, and who had truly a sharp eye to everything, and Niclas was at once lifted an arm's-length higher. " See, Papa Pernewitz is going to fly !" shouted the people. But the honest man soon contradicted an assertion, which in those days would have amounted to a dangerous accusation—for who ever flew save by help of magic ? With a strong hand he seized a balcony rail, and giving himself a swing, which few had thought so obese a figure capable of, he stood, not upon nothing, but on a trestle, in which position he was still more visible than he had been before.

It was on the bower that he was standing—not a

latticed bower, twined of roses and jasmines ;—such a one had hardly borne so weighty a personage. It was a short, protruding, wooden-pillar-supported jutting of the senate-house—an ante-room, in which and in the hall adjoining it, the judges, sheriffs, and senators of the towns sat every fourteenth day. This sort of court had formerly been held in the open air on the Long Bridge. A rope had surrounded the benches of the senate, and the stool of the judge, and round about gathered the elders, who, when there was no defined law, and it was often the case, in lack of precedents, saw justice awarded. As, however, it was wont, four hundred years ago, just as it does now, to rain equally on the innocent and the accused, the judges thought it better that both plaintiff and defendant should have a roof over their heads ; so, in bad weather, they carried their benches under a one-story building, and, as there was not room under cover for all listeners, they built an ante-chamber to it, which they called “ the bower,” and the like buildings were to be found in all German towns where justice was publicly dispensed. Latterly, there have been those who would willingly have admitted the rain, had they but been able to shut out the public.

On the roof then of this bower stood Niclas Pernewitz, and with a second less hazardous spring he gained the window of the senate-house, at which he knocked so vigorously, that he was not only heard at both ends of the bridge, but also by the gentlemen inside ; and if they had not heard his knocking, the huzzas of the surrounding crowd were now such as to open the ears of the deaf. Their congratulations to Niclas Pernewitz shook the very air.

"Ye fathers of the town," shouted Niclas at the window, and his voice was to be heard through the storm—"if ye shut your doors to good counsel, at least let it in at the windows! Open, open, burgomaster and senators! The deputy from Brandenburg hangs at your window-sill! I am not a swallow!"

During the opening of the window, and whilst the deputy was being dragged in not without difficulty, the noise below was incessant, and the waves for some time kept heaving pretty nigh, though the storm was broken. It was evident that the youth who had conducted the deputy to the window was a someone in the eyes of the people; and one might have guessed as much, had one only looked at the blue eyes of the fair-haired lad. There was a warrant in them for everything merry or hairbrained. He was surrounded by a set, as is generally the case with a ringleader in frolic; but he was addressed by the elder burghers also with familiarity, and even respect.

"You have done a good turn for once, you good-for-nothing," said a whitesmith to him, clapping him on the shoulder; "or was it to make things worse, and start them again from the beginning?"

The youth shook his head. "I set them on!—why? If they will run their empty heads against the wall without occasion, they can do it without Henning Mollner."

By this time order was beginning to be restored. There were more in favour of peace than one would have thought. It may sometimes require more courage to speak pacifically to a mob of enraged citizens, than to hurl a stone at the head of any one of them;

but as soon as a few leaders are agreed, there will soon be quiet amongst a crowd. The people of both towns stood once more mixed together. True, there was plenty of arguing still, but with laughing and tapping of shoulders. When a storm overhangs the sky, and hail begins to patter, the rainbow, with its fair hues, spreads itself over the dark mass, smiling comfort to the timid, whilst each heart is cheered and relieved by it. Such a rainbow had Niclas Pernewitz spread across the clouds which darkened over the Spree.

Henning Mollner was about to depart, but more than one stopped and spoke to him. A party leader is not always anxious to be known as such, and he replied to Balzer Boytin, with not more mildness than he had done to the locksmith—"Let me go my way! What have I to do with your snarlings? Niclas Pernewitz is my godfather—that's why I did what I did."

Balzer Boytin, however, did not choose to let him go, but got hold of his arm, as if he were a familiar friend. As soon as they had turned a corner, and got out of the crowd, he began—"Tell all that to another. Have I forgot how you wanted to ride my roughest horse? Why? Oh, to ride before the window, like one possessed, that she might see you. I've not forgotten, nor have you forgotten the pretty Elizabeth. And quite right," he continued, "let the proud gentry stumble on a while; when the rich shake themselves, crumbs may fall for the poor. Take your time, young man. To be sure it is not crumbs you want, bread you want, a cut in wherever you like. Right again, only, precaution! But what am I gossiping

about! Are not you the most cautious, clever lad of twenty-two years?—have set them on, and taken them off again; and now to take in the old pander, who will stroke them down and make all straight again;—for a time. Quite right, you wait for a better opportunity. Think you I don't know you?"

The young man's large eye betrayed his ignorance of what the man was driving at, but he said nothing.

"Henning Mollner," said Boytin, taking his hand, "the silk weavers will come to sit in the council some day, and we do not always want burgomasters with grey heads and old-fashioned wisdom. But you do quite right to frown and screw up your lips, for you haven't known Balzer Boytin long enough to judge whether he means well with the people; you do quite right not to trust him. After pressing your hand and hearing what you have to say, he might creep up the back stairs and whisper to their worships, 'Look after Henning Mollner. It was he who set the Koeln folk against paying—it was he who gave the Berlin people the wink to talk of breach of agreement, and boast of having the upper hand.'"

"By Saint Christopher and his child, I did not do it!" exclaimed the young man.

"They wouldn't believe even that. But if I said to them, 'The other day, at the gate, at the Polish hotel, he snapped his fingers so; and swore, by a pot of beer, that if he could put four or five of the worthy senators in a miller's sack, he would cleanse the town, and carry outside of it what did it no good,' they would believe that; and if I said to them, 'You dullards, what are you doing, fighting about your trumpery,

not seeing that the ground on which you build your proud houses is hollow under you? the burghers grumble, and you know it, and say, let them grumble, we are rich and have the strong hand. But suppose some one should take a fiddle, and put harmony into their grumbling—how then? One may blow out the fire of a pine shaving with moderate lungs, but if there are ten thousand pine splinters in a blaze there is then something to do, and who will say that the lungs of all you fine masters are strong enough. And are you then, in your pride and high-mightiness, too deaf and blind to see who this fiddler is? He is but a tradeborn child, but ambitious and soaring, would like to wear Ritter's spurs, and he is rich too, and has his followers at his whistle; and just such a one you have thought proper to give offence to. To refuse him when he applied to be towns-ensign, and not only refuse him, but with jest and scoff;—think you he will forget it? And yet, in your sleepiness, you let him loose about the town, leaguering his friends both inside and outside. And the young man might be bought up with a bit of sugared bread or a rag of honour!—hardly knows himself what he is yet, nor what the burghers think of him; but look, when he sees how he was able to bring about an understanding to-day, he will learn what he can do. If he had set on the people of Koeln and Berlin, many is the drop of warm blood that would this day have trickled from the long bridge into the Spree. But, thought the young man, what good will it do till trades and guilds are united, and all as one man against the senate? They'll believe that, Henning;

if I tell it them ; and should the town clerk bring anything up against you, do you suppose they would be long in rooting up something to throw you into a dungeon, into such a dungeon as many a burgher's son has drank muddy water in ?”

That which crossed Henning's mind was not the thinking what the council might be able to bring up against him ; all the town knew his doings well enough. He wanted to be rid of Balzer Boytin, the yellow bilious mischief maker, the litigious bankrupt, pedler, and horse-dealer, who was ever in difficulties, and yet always had money again nobody knew how, and money brings honour and credit with it.

Balzer smiled as he squeezed the young man's hand at parting. “Never mind, Henning ; you will get to know me some day. Balzer Boytin is not the man to betray you for any credit or profit of his, to those proud turned-up noses. But every one is not as I am. If anything crosses you, do not let it be seen ; think what you will, but bear an open forehead, and for the rest, be as merry and frolicsome as you used to be—before you were in love. One does not expect from a madcap that he should—But never mind—you see I know how to be silent, even between us two.”

Balzer Boytin disappeared in the crowd, but Henning Mollner could still not comprehend what there was to be silent about. Henning, till now, had never had a single thought which it had seemed necessary to make a secret of. But now, at once, it was otherwise. A spark had fallen into a magazine, a flash had lit up a dark cell ; Henning felt, for the first

time, something like fear—felt, for the first time, that he had something to conceal. It irritated him that Balzer Boytin should have been the first to let the spark fall. The yellow face had continually before been thrust into his, and the man's familiarity been oppressing him. He had diligently refused his intimacy; now he felt as if he dared do so no longer. He was his confidant, though it were only of his new-born thoughts; and yet those thoughts could not have been so very dark. His brow was open, his eye sparkled, and every one who greeted him he greeted again, with an air which said plainly, "I know something that you do not."

CHAPTER III.

IN the meantime, the worthy Niclas Pernewitz, with some difficulty truly, but without much risk, had made good his entry into the council chamber, and, quite out of breath, had sat him down on a bench, where he occupied himself in wiping his forehead with his linen handkerchief. The looks of astonishment, and the hundred questions as to how he came there, had no effect in hastening his answers. He sat puffing and groaning, perhaps to prepare what he was about to say, but more probably that he might have time to gather how matters stood; and he soon perceived that if he was warm, they in the room were ten times warmer. They seemed, indeed, in good mind again to renew the dispute, even though Niclas now stood up to speak.

The aspect of the people outside was strongly contrasted by that of the assemblage here. Dignity and habit of command were demonstrated, as by the golden chain, the tassel, the black velvet and fine

cloth, so in the corpulent figure, the round face, and the trimmed and ordered beard. Surrounded by such fulness of proportion, the eye glared more expressively. Perhaps the eye has in all centuries been the same, different only according to the excitement of the time; and the painters of bygone days, in aiming at portraying this, have hit upon the fierce expression, which appears to us so unnatural and frightful in old pictures. But at that time the massive dignity of the burgher magistrates expressed itself in their breadth of seat; a chair of our modern days had failed under their weight; their dignity descended even to their legs. The shoes of those days are no more; such harnesses of ox leather, one would think, would have left their mark wherever the foot was put down. If a senator of those days rose hastily, there was some reason for it, and if he put his foot on a bench, it did not actually break, for it was made of oak plank, but the cracking of it gave announcement of a storm.

And thus a speaker on the Koeln side put his foot on a bench; his face was red, and his eyes sparkled. He took no heed that Niclas was standing; he had forgot that such a one was there at all. "Will you complain?" he cried. "About what? That ye receive everything, and pay nothing! But we are not going to pay—we will not, and pay we shall not!"

"But you both shall and will pay!" roared out a Berlin senator, his fist clenched over his head; and at once many of both parties sprung forward,

as when volunteers are called for from a willing army.

But between them there stepped *one*, from the side of Berlin. On his forehead was written such dignity as station and rank, age and experience, are wont to give. The crown of his head was sprinkled with grey hairs, but his full beard shone still as glossy black as it had done in the prime of life. He had sat till now gloomily in his chair of honour, pressed down, as it would have appeared, partly by age and corporeal weakness, partly by the grief which the present proceedings caused him. But his youthful force seemed again to have returned to him; his eye glistened with anger and sorrow, and as he stretched his arm, it seemed not yet unfit to wield the sword in time of strife.

“By God, the Father, and the Son, and by all the holy saints which guard this city! if brawling bring enough shame upon us amongst ourselves, and danger to us from our enemies, spare us, at least, before our friends. Back with thine hand! In the name of our free towns of Berlin and Koeln, your burgomaster commands silence and peace. Back to your seats, ye senators and ye sixteen! The deputy from Brandenburg, our ally and friend, stands here, and would speak to us. In the name of that ancient friendship which is our strength, give him hearing, or I break up the sitting.”

Niclas Pernewitz did not hurry himself. He began by saying—“Virtually, he is still sitting, and it would be more proper if you handed him the grace-cup; for the gums should be moist, if one

wishes to speak well, and wine is better than gall. But, indeed, what is called propriety seems here to have been forgotten, for it is usual that an envoy from Old and New Brandenburg should enter by the door, and not by the window, and that a trumpeter should blow whilst he is ascending the stairs. But music is not an item in your towns' expenses; you are yourselves the musicians, and one can hear you to the Spandow gate. Now, such a performance may be agreeable to you,—to us it is not; and this is why the towns of Old and New Brandenburg have sent me to learn what has got into your fifes and fiddles, that you should make a noise to oblige all other good towns to keep their fingers in their ears. There comes a grating and grinding from Berlin, so that Frankfort and Spandow, Prenzlau and Stendal, are ready to sound the alarm; and our Hanse friends in Hamburg and Lubeck ask us, 'Are they in Berlin and Koeln mad?' What is it, then—what is it that is the matter again now? Has a butcher of Berlin cut off the offal too short, or has a witch out of Koeln brushed her sweepings to where the old women of Berlin were wont to sweep theirs? I wait your answer, good senators. I ask in the name of Brandenburg."

Twenty voices made answer at once. The town-clerk of Berlin held his long roll of charges high in the air. Niclas Pernewitz listened to just as much of it as he thought proper. The noise was beginning afresh, but now it was he who at once sprang upon a bench, and holding out his arms, gave them a very different tone to hear to that

which they had been favoured with before by the deputy of Old and New Brandenburg.

“Back upon your benches; shut your mouths, and open your ears, ye wise councillors, old as well as young; you burgomaster, and ye sixteen of Koeln and Berlin! The town of Brandenburg speaks to you through me; the town, rich and ready of counsel, the oldest in our land, the town which is to you in the Mark as is the mother hen to her chickens. Open your archives; did not the old Margraves and your ancestors write therein, ‘When counsel shall fail you, ye shall seek it in Brandenburg?’ Your stalwart fathers came and sought it; to you we have to send it, for your weakness’ sake and irresponsibility; but not as a mother forces it on her children, when they would not have it. Ye have grown great, and stand in your own strength; ye are haughty and proud, and will give no heed. Ten years ago, we had to bear with you, and now ye have broken out afresh; and now my town, as a bosom friend who suffers when a friend is ailing, sends me to you with requests and expostulations. Away with your paper; I know what is in it. Peace there! I know the trumpery. You, say you, give too much; and you, you say the other pays too little. Are ye then so poor and needy that ye must measure your mutual contributions with gold weights? Are ye not, on the contrary, strong and well to do, since ye have grown together like two cherries on one stalk. Ye are fat, and therefore ye kick; ye are stubborn and litigious, not perceiving that whilst ye are quar-

relling about the smoke in the chimney, the house itself is falling under you. Your fathers, a hundred years ago, did otherwise. They threw all together into a common fund, and did not reckon what one lost or the other won, and both were glad that by being together they were strong against robbers and plunderers, against nobility, land-interest, and princes. And this ye would undo again? And why? Because a fly out of Koeln stung you! because a flea from Berlin bit you! That is what ye are quarrelling about; and are ye so thick-skinned—have ye pulled your quilted and slashed doublets and your tassel-caps so over your ears, that ye have not noticed what is coming from outside to sting ye and bite ye? Because ye have cut down the woods round your town, and driven away the wolves, are there, think ye, no stronger beasts? The wolves are gnashing in their coverts, and only waiting the opportunity to pay you for helping at the wolf-hunt. But prick your ears still more: hear ye not what is rustling in the wind? The eagle soars loftily, but his eye sees far. Through the chinks of your roofs he sees, and through the crevices of your ceilings. Your division is his strength. And how strong are your walls, how deep your ditches? Ye are rich, and rich through industry and union. Are your riches a shield against cupidity, a shield which arrows and stones will not pierce? Your riches are a bait, a glistening lure, to tempt and draw on the powerful who envy you; and ye brawl and quarrel, and now, just now, ye would disunite your-

selves—now, when ye should be back to back, ready for the danger which is impending over you, ye know not from what quarter.”

A deep quiet reigned as the speaker paused. His speech had had its effect, and many an eye was bent downward; some nodded assent. The orator descended from the bench, and his manner became more confidential as he continued—

“My dear brethren, your bickering is vexatious. What shall we answer to our brothers of the Hanse-league, to our friends in Lubeck and Hamburg?—‘That they of Koeln and Berlin are at issue as to who shall wind up the town’s clock, as to who shall pay the town’s apothecary, about wood-money and stead-money, whether the secretary of Koeln shall sit to the right or to the left of the judge?’ And this at a time when lords and princes are looking with covetous eyes upon our towns, to take from us what they gave!”

Signs of displeasure plainly manifested themselves among the audience; some shook their heads proudly.

Hans Mœves of Koeln stood up: “Your nobility and your powers know us, and what we are. We fear them not; and his highness Frederick the Other well remembers that his father, of sacred memory, when Burg-graf of Nürnberg, had been slain had it not been for us.”

“But he will remember too,” interrupted Niclas Pernewitz, “that the towns of Berlin and Koeln shut their gates in the face of his noble highness, his father.”

The senators nodded to each other self-appraisingly, and many uttered the words, "Our rights."

"Our father's rights have descended to us," said Konrad Ryke, of Berlin, "and we should say to Kurprince Frederick, the son, whom God preserve, what we said to the father, when he came to the Spandow gate, and asked entry for man and horse, 'It is not convenient.'"

"But suppose," said Niclas Pernewitz, "he should not quietly go his way, what then? His father housed himself in the open country, and came to us but for a visit; Frederick the Other might make himself at home amongst us, and I fancy he thinks it better and warmer in the towns than in the field. They say he has iron teeth."

"Our gates have iron nails," cried the impetuous Pawel Strobant. "Let him try his teeth on them."

This, however, found no echo, and they gave ear to Pernewitz, who approached nearer, and assumed a still more confidential tone.

"Good friends, the times are gone when they dandled us and stroked us, and heaped privileges upon us, that we might increase and grow strong. Now that we are grown up and become great, they look on us with far other eyes. We do not serve them as we did before: those, namely, have disappeared whom we were to scare away, or keep in subjection. The landed nobility is weakened; we did our share towards that. But we are poor courtiers to go buzzing in their ears every day, of

our good works. This same nobility will keep rising to the top once more, and whispering into the prince's ear, 'Why persecute us, seeing that we are of your blood, whilst all the time these proud shopkeepers puff up their cheeks within their ring wallings, and in their pride of wealth treat you with scorn?' So it is, good friends; be not deceived because all seems to go well, because your barns and storehouses are full, because your colours wave over gate and tower, and your streets swarm with carriage and horse. They have no good will towards us; our wealth sticks in their throats, and not only here is it so, it is so everywhere. Shall I repeat the names they give us? Let them call us what they like, we have our laugh too, at their starveling knights and windmill-tilters! Could we but only keep our eyes open, and see how they watch us and set spies on us;—by all the saints and patrons of our towns, how in the whole kingdom they do set us on! How they close in here, and shut up there! how they pull and twitch back again, what before their fathers gave! Open your eyes and see; they are making ready to a great hunt, and they whom we hunted out, will be foremost in the pack, to tug, and to bark the loudest."

The Burgomaster of Berlin, Johannes Rathenow, who till now had sat without motion, his eyes directed to the ground, now rose a second time. He shook his grey head impatiently, and his wrathful look fell this time on the speaker.

"Your tongue is running away, Niclas Perne-

witz. Should such turmoil as you prophesy begin, we should throw off our furs and velvets, to buckle on our harness as heretofore; we should shake ourselves as we did before at Cremmen and elsewhere. Many is the hound might turn tail at our coming."

"The bear of Berlin fears no bulldog!" shouted Pawel Strobant.

"Nor do we of Brandenburg," joined in the deputy, holding up his head, proudly. "Against our walls, these hundred years long, may be counted more cracked sconces than before any other town in this the Mark. Our fathers struggled against beasts of prey and plundering nobles, when times were at the worst, and yield they never did; yet shall we on that account say we ourselves alone can bear the brunt? Whence is the strength of the towns in dangerous times? In union alone; in holding firm together, master to master, and apprentice to apprentice, and trade and guild to trade and guild, and trade and guild to the senate. But that is not yet enough. In villages they go together, and drive out wolves and robbers, as they well can; but what can one village do, if not assisted by the others? We of the towns made compacts, two, five, ten, a hundred—and thence our stability. The small ones met together, and chose of the larger who should elect, and the elected met together and took counsel for the common weal. It was this, good friends, that gave us strength. From the apprentices who threw their mites into the general fund, to the Hanse-league which rules

the sea, and gives laws to kings and nations, all is one chain, which surrounds and secures us. Let but one link fail, and the whole is in two; the chain is broken. Princes have harder teeth than nobles. How would it please them to get us away from the Hanse, that we singly might be dependent upon them! And yea and verily they will do it, if we maintain not a firm grip of each other. Here, on this bridge, that both towns may see it, your fathers built this senate-house, where each may bear equal rule. But if ye will undo your fathers' work—if you will tear it down, then tear down also this bridge which is between you, by which the one and the other of you take and fetch what the one and the other want."

The effect of this speech was not wanting. The hall was again quiet; some few looked sneeringly, but Pawel Strobant was the only one to speak. "For what I care," cried he, "down with the bridge. What do we want from Koeln? If they of Koeln want aught of us, they are fishermen,—they can swim."

Niclas Pernewitz looked at him sternly. "Sir Pawel Strobant, when the Köckeritzers drove our fat cattle, you, if I remember, cried out among the loudest. The Brandenburg clothiers on the green could, to your good luck, swim, nor did they hesitate to jump into the water as they were. Pride is ever found wanting; our first thoughts should be of our neighbours."

Many voices murmured assent. At such a moment, an able peace-maker will know how to seize

any exact point upon which a communion of feeling may seem likely, even though it be without direct reference to the matter in dispute. Bridges may be built to span the deepest gaps; union upon any point is a step to reconciliation upon the whole. So now, as disparagingly as Niclas Pernewitz had spoken of the causes of dispute between the towns, he shewed himself well informed about them; he went into this and that particular, and gave attention to all. To each he seemed to assent; he nodded his head to either party as they spoke, and he had funny stories to tell; for instance, when they came to the payment of the town apothecary, he told them of Æsculapius and Hippocrates, how they attended friend and enemy alike, and how the ancient Greeks had set up monuments to them. And of a certain surgeon he told, how he could put heads on again which had been cut off; but because, in one instance, he was not paid what he deserved, he changed the heads, and so of the two each had his enemy's head on his own shoulders, which had caused sad confusion. "Neither knew whom he was doing harm to," continued Niclas, "just as is the case with you; neither knew whether he was himself or the other person, whether his wife were his or the other person's, whose were their children, whether he should attack the other person, for it was like attacking himself; and when he saw his face in the glass, he felt inclined to give himself boxes on the ear. And all this because they had not paid this wizard of a surgeon. Now death will come

to ye all gratis, but no doctor, ye men of Koeln, without money."

When there is anything about which both sides can laugh, there is a great step gained towards reconciliation; and thus the principal points of difference were put upon "the long bench," which was the old way of saying, "postponed *sine die*." Would we could get as pleasantly over all our present difficulties. We ought not, however, to conceal the fact, that there were other circumstances which came to the assistance of the deputy; one was, that the sitting had been a very long one; he, for one, had done what he could to drive it to the dinner hour. Four hundred years ago, the regularity of meal-times was considered a matter of burgher propriety, such as the most important occurrences ought hardly to interfere with; both Berlin and Koeln held the same opinion on this point, and impatience had long expressed itself by continued coughing.

But another thing that assisted him, was the accident that a great marriage was on foot between Berlin and Koeln; for, however suspiciously the two towns might regard one another, still they were not like the parties of the Red and White Roses, nor the Guelfs and Ghibellines. A marriage at that time was a ceremony a good deal thought of; and when it was in high life, the whole town had reason to rejoice, for they who were not invited had confectionary and fruits sent to them, and the whole town was supplied with music, dance, and masquerade. Riches, to be sure, married

riches, and poverty married poverty; but the long marriage processions over "the long bridge," with their fifings and fiddlings, were often the means of bringing back extreme parties on either side. Such a marriage was now in contemplation between the son of the rich burgher of Koeln, Bartholomew Schumm, and the only child of the worshipful the Burgomaster, Johannes Rathenow. Such an event would be accompanied by a festivity of which children's children might well talk, though there were many who were not pleased that the Rathenows were the parties. For Bartholomew Schumm sat like a lord of glory in his stone house in the Friar's street. To the citizens who lifted their bonnets reverentially, as they passed under his window, he scarcely vouchsafed a nod, and any one to whom he had said, "How is it with you, good gossip?" might well hold himself a foot higher; but on rent-days, many thought him more than a prince, when the farmers from his many estates came in long rows, each with his money-bag under his arm, taking their places in the antechamber, and when the door was opened, treading forward with a low bow to where Herr Bartholomew sat at his great oak table, two clerks on either side, with their notched sticks, books, and money boxes. The crossing out of the book by the clerk, or the notching of the stick, was by no means so satisfactory an acquittal as when Herr Bartholomew tapped upon the table with his middle finger, as he did without fail when the exact amount had been told down. Like the rich

merchant of Bremen, he was one who could pave his ground-floor with hard dollars, and in those days a hard dollar was worth something in Berlin, worth waiting for in the market when a buyer was seen to pull one out. His estates went far over the Berlin boundary, away to the Oder and the Uckermark; at his own cost he had carried on a feud of a year long with the rich Itzenplitzens; five villages had been burnt and sacked, and never had Herr Bartholomew stirred himself from his arm-chair in Friar's street. Such an one was Bartholomew Schumm. And as to who Johannes Rathenow, the burgomaster of Berlin, was, had any stranger ventured to ask a citizen the question, such an one would have been looked upon curiously, and have done well to hurry to go his way.

The alliance of two such families had been enough, one would have thought, to create concord between two towns, which were really not other than what are to-day two wards of a town; but then, though a marriage was determined on, yet no friendship was entered into in consequence. The Schumms were the most wealthy in Koeln, and the Rathenows were powerful in Berlin: wealth and power have ever sought alliance with each other, and with a marriageable son and daughter on either side, an agreement of this sort seemed to make itself. But then, Bartholomew Schumm was a councillor of his town of Koeln, and Johannes Rathenow was burgomaster of Berlin; their honour was concerned in this, their private interests in the other. Neither would give

way an inch in supporting the pretensions of the towns they represented, in order that their children should marry.

Whilst then there were many who were not pleased that the Rathenows should marry into the rich family of the Schumms, and many who did not think that the Schumms should come thus in equality with the Rathenows, the majority looked forward to the event with satisfaction. What would not be bought and given away on such an occasion, for Bartholomew was not the man to do things meanly ! Herr Niclas Pernewitz knew how to avail himself of all this ; of one and another he asked whether his wedding-dress was made, and if he had prepared the toast he would give, and with peculiar unction he told of a dish of fish which his Highness's cook, Herr Czeuschel, had prepared in Franconian fashion, at the diet at Spandow, such a dish as had never been seen before in the Mark. " It melted," said he, " on the tongue, and smelled like muscatel nuts and Indian spice, and outside it looked like a tortoise shoving itself along on its legs ; but when you came nearer, the scales on its back were the coats of arms of the towns and castles of his gracious Highness, and amongst them were Berlin and Koeln, and just these his Grace took out for himself with a spoon. They tasted right good, I'll warrant, for they were made of eels and small shell-fish, with bacon and spice. His Grace smiled, and the courtiers with him, for he divided them, and said, ' These are two mouthfuls, they are too much for one.' And now

mind, I said to Herr Wyns, of Frankfort, if ever there is a marriage amongst us, we will have a fish pasty like that; it shall be outside like the city of Troy, which the Greeks besieged for ten years,—yes, and they might have waited ten years longer, if the Trojans had not quarrelled amongst themselves.”

. And a good deal more he found to say about the city of Troy and the fish pasty; how he should be able to get the receipt from Herr Czeuschel, who had stopped a fortnight at his house in Brandenburg; he hoped, too, there would be no lack of mummers; and he reminded one of the senators of his having imitated a cow at Hans Zeidelberg's marriage, and how he had lowed so naturally that everybody thought he was a real cow, till he began a congratulation in verse, and made people laugh till some had fallen under the table. The younger ones were not to be wanting on their parts; and for himself, he had something in his head which would be talked of for many a long day.

And now, as the assembly was breaking up, and in perfect good humour, the secretary of Berlin seemed the only one dissatisfied. His draft of the points of difference had served no purpose. Just then, however, he remembered a matter which had not been brought before the meeting, and with a loud voice sufficient to be heard by all yet in the chamber, he called out—“The forty and seven score* Bohemian groschens for the ransom of

* Schock, in the original, means three score. As we have no single word for it, I have preferred calling it score.—TRANSLATOR.

Henning Mollner, the father, taken prisoner at Cremmen, their share of which the Koeln senators dispute—what does the present sitting decide as to that point?”

There was a dead silence, and each looked at the other. It was the key of all their differences, and long had been so. This time, wisely enough, it had not been brought forward. Herr Bartholomew Schumm struck his hand on his bonnet: “Not one copper penny!” They of Koeln who were in the room followed his example; and Mathis Blankenfelde, the head of their party, of whom we shall have much to say in this book, he said, as a matter of course, they should not.” It was like a new challenge for the Berlin party, of whom there were not many in the chamber.

The secretary seemed not a little glad that the thing was beginning anew, and would have soon produced cause enough for another contest, only Niclas Pernewitz nodded and winked to him, that for God’s sake he should not do it.

Johannes Rathenow, with a frown on his brow, for the very mention of the thing gave him pain, began—“It is a weighty matter, and it is a disgrace to the council of either town that they should have let it hang over from father to son, these thirty years.”

“Then why don’t you pay the young man?” cried Bartholomew Schumm. “You allow you are indebted to the father.”

Johannes Rathenow answered—“What falls to our share for true and faithful service, we are willing

to pay. Had it not been for Henning Mollner, we had been put to the sword in the marshes."

"Yes, you of Berlin," cried the Koeln party.

"He threw himself betwixt us, and was taken in effecting our rescue."

"They of Koeln had cut their way through the left," said Herr Bergholz, who had not been there; "they had no need of Henning Mollner."

"Because you left us in the scrape," cried Konrad Ryke.

"Enough; it is for you to pay the ransom-money, for it was you alone he helped out of the scrape," said Herr Bartholomew.

"And we have nothing whatever to do with it," put in Mathis Blankenfelde.

"So is not right and good," answered the burgo-master. "What we did for the gain or loss of both towns, we did singly or collectively against the followers of the Burg-graf; what one suffered was suffered by the other; what one gained the other helped to gain. But we have borne the loss, and the profit has been yours."

"Good neighbour," whispered the Brandenburg deputy, "I think we all had profit from the Cremmer Dam."

"There is no just claim on us for it," said the Koeln party, in concert with their alderman.

"By God and Saint Nicholas," cried Herr Rathenow, "the young man must be paid—he must—he must."

"If you feel so much anxiety about the weaver's apprentice, why did you refuse him the ensignship?" said Herr Mathis Blankenfelde, ironically.

“For what I care,” said Herr Bartholomew, “make him your burgomaster.”

“And,” added Herr Bergholz, “we of Koeln will try to maintain our rights against Berlin, though they do make their boys into masters, and their kettlemenders into senators.”

If it had not just then struck one o'clock, and had not Niclas first got hold of one as he was going to speak, and then of another as he was going to answer, the tumult had certainly commenced afresh. Johannes Rathenow was a wrathful man, but one who could restrain himself when he would. Herr Bartholomew Schumm was indolent by nature, for he was very heavy of body, with a double chin and rubicund countenance; but when he did take fire, it sputtered and crackled within him enough to choke any one who did not keep out of his way. And this Niclas Pernewitz knew. He let him crackle and sputter, only he took care that the sparks should not fall on combustible matter; and where there was danger, there he poured water beforehand. One who abuses is easiest quieted, when any one is ready to abuse with him. So Herr Niclas abused everything which Herr Bartholomew abused; and worse still than he, he abused weavers and drapers—the trades and the whole pack—and Herr Bartholomew had nothing left to abuse, for Niclas took the words out of his mouth, and so at last he was got quietly down stairs.

The crowd outside had dispersed, for the people agreed with their senators in one point, that noon was the time for dinner. Herr Bartholomew hung on his sword, which his servant handed to him,

and, with a very short "Good day," went to the left over the bridge. The burgomaster turned to the right towards Berlin, and the deputy of Brandenburg accompanied him.

Their conversation was of a serious nature, but they did not agree in opinion. Herr Johannes Rathenow stopped now and then, and shook his head, when Niclas Pernewitz, as it would appear, was making representations to him. In the front of the inn they separated.

"If we gave them a finger, they would want the hand; if we gave them the hand, they would want the arm; and if we stood beside their chairs to receive them, they would surely seat themselves, and leave us standing. That would be their delight," said the burgomaster. "Do not recal other times, Herr Pernewitz. We are the gentry, they are the tradesfolk; it has ever been so, and will be so. What is 'right,' is more worth than what you call expediency, time, or circumstance. We know how to rule, they must know how to obey; if they have forgot how, we are willing to teach them."

Niclas Pernewitz's meditative countenance said that he had much to offer against all that, but suddenly, with a change of expression, he asked—"If they of Koeln will not pay, who is to satisfy this Henning Mollner? He makes a noise about it; and what is worse, he has a right to do so."

The burgomaster's face clouded over.

"The report amongst us is, that he is going to Westphalia," continued Pernewitz. "That would

be a bad job for Berlin: with those sort of *free nobles* it is not good to plead; or some say he will go to the Kurprince, and that would be worse. It would be bad for Berlin, and for us all, if the Kurprince should become judge in our matters. Consider it well, Herr Johannes Rathenow."

"Henning Mollner will not go to the Kurprince," said the burgomaster.

"Do you think not? Then who will pay him? Bohemian groschens do not drop from the clouds. The Kurprince would be glad to pay it; that is, to advance the money, which he will want back from the towns, for who have profited more from the burgher's bravery, sacrifice, and perseverance than the Mark-grafs! Henning Mollner's father was as brave a man as here and there one. Kurprince Frederick would make the son an ensign on that account, were he to be asked."

"The profligate boy, the madcap, the good-for-nothing!"

"I said his father was a brave man. That time at Cremmer dam, when he threw himself, with twenty riders, before you of Berlin, when you were in the marshes, and had enough to do to save yourselves from drowning in the moss, without thinking of the enemy—you yourself, as I have heard, were girdle deep in the bog, when he pulled you out, and got you another horse, and cried, 'Save yourself and the standard, and I will keep them at bay;' and he did keep them at bay, till he was taken by the Bredows, and slain. Now I should say, that if the Koelnern will have nothing

to say to it, and the Berlin folks say they have done their share, that you were the man, Herr Johannes, to make it up to the youth."

As the burgomaster was about to answer, the deputy took his hand. "Some other time, Herr Johannes; the matter is too lengthy, and the table is covered. Master Minnewinkel is beckoning to me there impatiently; the poor man has been waiting for me an hour. If you will be my guest to a partridge-pie, which I ordered yesterday when in bed, and which my host has been preparing for me whilst you were holding the sitting, you are right welcome." But as the burgomaster declined, Herr Niclas hastened alone into the open-standing door of the Blue Pike, with an air as if he had never a thought, save of the partridge-pasty, and of the sweet wine which Master Minnewinkel was about to tap for him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE chroniclers have not given us the street and house where Johannes Rathenow lived, but it was not far from the church of Saint Nicholas, the oldest in Berlin. The house, narrow and high, built in the ornamented style of the old times, for it was very old, was situated, we rather think, in one of the corners of the buildings surrounding the church, a place where no burgomaster of the present day would fix his dwelling, nor any patrician, of rank equal to those of that time in Berlin. But in the pious times when it was built, the richer families thought it a point of honour to live near a church, and to have an aspect of it from their high narrow windows. What they suffered in the loss of the light of the sun, they gained in the hallowed light which streamed forth through stained windows painted with a hundred saints. It is likely that the family of the Rathenows, formerly more wealthy, had done a good deal towards build-

ing this principal parish church. To live in crooked corners, and out-of-the-way narrow passages, was, in the earlier times, no sign of poverty. Wars and tumults were felt less in these narrow places than in broad open streets; and what was the history of a town of those days but a succession of riots and affrays betwixt tradesfolk and men of rank, the one seeking the upper hand, the other trying to maintain and defend it. The narrower, more hidden, and more crowded they were, the more snug they thought themselves. The town itself was like a nest, whilst the neighbourhood was the airy circle around it, for the flights of the idle and lawless.

Wise and learned men say, that the towns of those days were not built, but that they grew like a tree near the water. Had it much moisture, it grew and increased; had it little, it remained small. That it was in no man's power to say, "Here there shall be a great town;" and however vain all the wisdom of the learned is, still the chronicles of the old towns bear them out, ever since the tower of Babel, which could not be built, because the people, in their pride and darkness, thought to build a large town where there was not enough trade nor means of subsistence for the many. Therefore they were driven asunder, that each should locate himself where best suited him; and in this way, and not because one person willed it, have the great towns, Paris, and Naples, and Brandenburg, been built. Who can tell who built them? But in the Mark it was, they say, otherwise, in order to drive out the old inhabitants. The towns which we know

now were not formerly hermitages and villages, which grew by degrees through trade and mutual correspondence ; on the contrary, they were settlements of free German men, to whom the lords of the soil gave patents and privileges, that they might ground substantial towns.

These free and virtuous people built their dwellings in Frankfort, and Prenzlau, and Berlin, each in a narrow circle surrounding the church, whilst they built it on an elevation sufficient to be seen from the flat country round about and the dispersed villages. The honour of a German town and its minster were one and the same thing. Their dome, or their cathedral, was the jewel of their town ; the higher it peered and glittered in the rays of morning and evening, the further its clear bells sounded, so much greater was the tide of worshippers which knelt before its saintly images, and so much greater the fame of the town. Now and then the burghers might quarrel with the servants of God, and sometimes, when their cupidity grew too great, or their irregular living gave too much offence, the citizens massacred and burnt them. But the reputation and credit of the church suffered thereby in nowise. The dome was fitted out with silver and gold, with tapers, and altar-cloths, and precious stones. The leading families established private altars, and endowed them with lands and revenues, all for the honour of God and his saints, and for the souls of the donors, but still more for the honour of the town itself. Of how much importance were these German churches in

the land of the savage Vandals, who were overawed by their solemnities, allured by the sounds of the bells, and taught propriety and citizenship by the very grandeur and regular structure of the building itself.

As long as the dwellings round their churches were snug and safe, and just large enough for necessity, the Berlin people thought of nothing more; but in Koeln it was otherwise. If it was older as a native village, it was younger as a German town. The later colonists who rose to authority there, and were rich, or became so, sought to display their wealth in more stately and roomy dwellings; and to do this, the first thing was to cover more ground, and thus the Broad-street and the Friar's-street sprang up, though but few of the buildings now standing date back to the period of our history. Johannes Rathenow's house, close to St. Nicholas's church, was narrow and dark; Bartholomew Schumm's, in the Friar's-street, was large and roomy, and considering the times, lightsome. A large hall, a broad oaken staircase, a court, with warehouses, stables, and a crane, bales, casks, ladders, bustling servants,—all bore witness that, besides landed property, wholesale trade was the ever-bubbling spring whence arose the owner's wealth. "Wealth is power," says an old saying, and has held good amongst pagans and Christians. But however influential the Schumms were on both sides of the Spree, there was that about the dark and dismal house of the Rathenows, about both the house and its masters, which gained the

Rathenows more consideration. As old as the memory of man, and earlier than there were chronicles of Berlin, the Rathenows had stood their ground as independent men, who lived on land and hereditary property. Their hands had never been made callous by using the punch or the chisel, the brush or the yard measure. The Schumms were extensive merchants; but their being so added nothing to their patrician dignity, and there was a rumour that their ancestors had founded their fortunes as brewers in Hamburg. A family flaw creeps on from generation to generation, though reverted to by no lip. An unpleasant recollection may be driven into the lumber-room by splendour elsewhere, but it cannot be got out of the house.

From what has been said, we must not think that the burgomaster's house was unsightly or uncomfortable; on the contrary, there was all that about it, which low rooms, small doorways, and passages running backward and forward, could give it. And these tell their tale in winter time, and thus the small chamber in which Johannes Rathenow was sitting, on the cold morning in February, was indeed most habitable. To be sure, it was so low that his daughter standing on her toes could almost touch the beams with the tips of her fingers; but the beams and the ceiling were nicely pasted over with picture-paper from Nürnberg, representing towns and countries, heroes and saints. The walls, it is true, were only washed, but there was scarcely a single spot where the plaster could be seen through; and it was crowded with smart tables, cabinets of

ebony and walnut-wood, richly inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl; sundry clocks and old pictures hung above, and in two-arched recesses were sculptures in wood of the Virgin Mary and Saint Nicholas. On the floor lay a splendid carpet of Bruges, upon which was depicted, as large as life, the pilgrim Gotfried of Bouillon making his way barefoot to the holy sepulchre. But the greatest ornament of all was the huge black stove, many wise adorned with coloured tiles, portraying the building of the tower of Babel; but yet better than all, on a morning like the one we tell of, was the sight of the clear blazing fire shining into the room through its open door.

A red light fell on the high forehead of the master of the house as he sat in his fur and velvet, immersed in thought. There was many a deep wrinkle on his brow: sealed parchments and many books and writings, on the ebony table beside him, told of the duties of his office as burgomaster. Not perhaps quite such a mountain as weighs down the table of a burgomaster of the present day, but a goodly heap, considering the little that was then written, and the difficulties in deciphering. But Herr Johannes was not occupied with these, his eye was gazing through the window, and might seem to be measuring the masses of snow which covered the church roofs, weighting the buttresses and the stony shoulders of the great Roland.

They were singing matins in the church, and the windows were lighted from the tapers inside. One of these windows belonged to his family, that

is to say, the costly coloured glass, stained with heraldry and various pictures, had been the gift of his ancestors, and the Rathenows took the trouble and had the honour of keeping it up. Next to it was another more gay in colours, but in worse preservation. The donors of this were the Wardenbergs, relations by blood to the Rathenows, and once very powerful in old Berlin. The coloured reflection from both windows shone on the statue of Roland ; his rude features seemed grimly smiling, and the iron sword in his out-stretched hand was tinted red.

If any one could, unseen, have observed the burgomaster's features, they might have perceived in them an ominous twitching. Had it been the custom in the fifteenth century, in the Mark Brandenburg, to soliloquize, Johannes Rathenow would certainly have been doing so now. But at that time it was not usual. He smoothed the wrinkles from his forehead, and turning round, saw a person standing beside him, who had been some time in the room busy with the fire, but whom he had not before noticed.

It was an old woman, plainly dressed, but not altogether in the guise of a domestic ; and though the rough petticoat and coarse girdle seemed suitable to one in such a situation, the faded fur hood, which covered her wrinkled forehead and grey hairs, shewed her a matron who had once been a mistress. There was something unsettled in her gaze, and a painful expression laid upon the furrows of her colourless face.

“Are you looking at Roland, Master Johannes?” she asked.

He made a motion for her to leave him. A smile came over her face; on any other's it would have looked like irony. She did not go.

“The stone statue is the same as he was forty years ago; yes, and eighty years; yes, a hundred, and longer back still. Just the same great shapeless mouth, the fixed dull eyes, and not once has he lowered his iron sword, even so much.”

“Go back to your bed, Nurse Gertrude, it is early. I will attend to the fire myself.”

“Just what they said forty years ago, the masters: ‘Go to bed, Gertrude, it is early, and we can manage for ourselves.’ And when I got up, they had stricken off his head.”

“Those are old, long-forgotten things,” murmured the master of the house.

“Old enough, but forgotten? See, see, the man who did it is there yet, just as he was, and holds his sword just as he did then, and is ready to strike. Take care, Master Johannes, you do not go near in passing.”

“The moon is at the full,” murmured Herr Johannes Rathenow.

“Do you know what my good man said to the proud gentry as they led him to the scaffold? ‘Your presumption,’ cried he, at the block, ‘will meet its punishment; the blood that you shed will be upon you; as ye are proud and merciless, so will they be to you.’”

“ He did but receive his due,” murmured the master of the house.

“ His due !” half-screamed the matron, ringing her hands. “ Was it his due that your father Matheus should sit in judgment on his own blood, and pass sentence on him ? His due, that he let it be fulfilled, and made no prayer for mercy ? My husband Martinus prayed to both emperor and the states, but the emperor and the states had no ears ; they could not hear him, they were too far off, and the proud tyrants had gagged his mouth. Wise folks said, ‘ They do not that which is right ; they are both accuser and judge.’ But they said, ‘ We do right, for we have power to sentence.’ ”

The burgomaster pointed, without speaking, to the statue of Roland.

“ He was a king’s son, the people say, of France, and he had no heart, only an arm, with which he could weigh whether a thing was light or heavy, and according to that, he acted ; so when he came before the judgment-seat, Saint Peter sent him back, and said, ‘ You are of stone ; they of stone cannot enter heaven.’ And when he felt at himself, he was really stone, and so was obliged to go back to earth, and keep watch in the market-places, and before the senate-houses, where they decree justice, just as the pagans did. But the pagans have no hearts, and they weigh over, and judge, and speak, in the senate-houses also, without heart. The stone Roland cannot go away and enter heaven until he becomes soft, and his heart

touched ; indeed, he will stand there for ever, as long as the proud masters sit in judgment."

"For ever !" echoed the burgomaster, with a hollow voice.

"No ; he will not stand there for ever," answered the matron ; "he will to dust and dirt, like the snow on his shoulders, before his heart gets soft. Do you see, Herr Johannes, how the Wardenberg's window shines so dim ? The flies have dirtied it, and the spiders spun their webs across it, and where are the hands which will clean it and wash it ? They cannot reach so high from out their graves ; and yet I have seen it glittering like ruby and emerald. Yours will be dark some day, Master Johannes ; there will be no hand to wash it and clean it ; hail and storm will beat out the windows, and the chest will be empty to pay the glazier and painter ; the wind will pierce through, and the faithful will shiver on the naked benches."

"We are all but dust," said Herr Johannes ; "but dust lasts out the life of man, and the house of the just will survive the house of the unjust."

She laughed. "The world's justice is no dust-clearer from before the throne of the Almighty. How firm stood the house of the Wardenbergs, with its red balconies and many-coloured escutcheons, three turrets overhanging the street, and two small balconies between, so that the passers-by stood still to ask, 'Whose fine house is that ?' Oh, but it looked merrily when the evening sun was upon it. And two giants stood on the threshold to support the door-way, the Pagan

Hercules and the Hebrew Sampson. Heigh! the strong Ritters! could they keep it, and defend it, when the raging mob came with staves and bars of iron. How flew the slates and tiles, the spars cracked, the windows clattered, the handsome cut window panes from Venice and Augsburg. Not two days, not two hours, and it stood there sacked, and the dust flew as high as the steeple of Saint Mary's; and yet on the door was written—

“ ‘ This house is Wardenberg's by right,
And stands in God's own hand and sight.’ ”

“ Where does it stand now? The hand of God was upon it. Where is Wardenberg and his rightfulness?”

Herr Johannes sprang up, and his eyes lit with displeasure. “ God withdrew his hand from them, because he would punish them; and the right of the Wardenbergs was rooted out, because the son inherited the sins of the father, and drove usury with the wages of sin. For that reason the council beheaded Martinus, just as it drove out Tilly for misdeed and treachery.”

As Johannes took it in this way, the old woman crouched back into a corner, and covered in a respectful manner her face with her apron. The burgomaster had spoken, not her relation; nevertheless, as Herr Johannes trod the chamber with thoughtful step, she began again in a low voice, and her courage rose with every word she uttered.

“ But the Wardenbergs were connected by blood with the Rathenows. One brother should not

bear witness against the other ; one brother should not judge the other ; the stains of brother's blood will not be washed out. Oh, Master Johannes, our grandfather, Albertus Rathenow, was not he guilty in the matter for which Tilly Wardenberg was seized and condemned ?”

“But Matheus, his son, my father, did not revenge himself as did Wardenberg's son Martinus, for what his father justly suffered, but reconciled himself with the council, and was chosen amongst them again, and died in honour and right. In honour and right we take root, and shall remain, let come what will.”

“And has not a good deal come to us, too, Cousin Johannes ? Where are the bagsful of silver pennies which your great-grandfather threw out when Markgraf Waldemar made his entry into Berlin ? Where is the stable with three and twenty chargers, all with scarlet housings and polished armour, on which the three and twenty Rathenows rode to meet Emperor Charles as he came from Tangermunde ? Has not death made holes in this house, too ? He has not come with storm, but he has gnawed, and is gnawing, like the worm. Had you not four brothers ? and where are your three first-born ? Two heads constitute thy house ; one of them is old, the other is that of a girl. When the maiden's eyes are old, like thine, perhaps they may seek in vain the threshold and lintels of the house of her fathers ; yet it is built in righteousness. You reckon that over every day, and in your prayers every night. Oh,

Johannes Rathenow, your righteousness is self-righteousness, with blood is your sentence written, and the seal to it is a death's head ! Even were righteousness the foundation of thy house, who will say of what are the stones and mortar ? One bad stone, and the whole wall is undone. You turn over many books, to search out what is justice ; turn back the book in which your own life is written, and if there be one page on which is something against you, then clasp your hands, and ask the Almighty, ' Am I, then, a just man ? ' ”

The bell of Saint Nicholas proclaimed the matins over ; and the untiring bell-clatter of Aunt Gertrude's tongue now also ceased. It was ever the same, morbid and out of tune ; but they who live near a church cease to notice the passing-bell. She clasped her hands devotionally, and bent her knees and looks to the ground. Herr Johannes wiped from the windows the moisture which had condensed on them, and watched the train of worshippers issuing from the temple. Just then, a maiden trod through the portal, and reverentially curtsying, dipped her finger in the holy water. Her figure was straight and well-formed, and her face, as if February had strewed it with roses ; she was such an one as others, so much more her father might joy to look upon, and in doing so, forget much else : and thus it was, that even on the threshold of the church, where one ought to have other thoughts, old and young looked round or stood still to see her pass. There is a likeness of her, which many have seen, but I will not name

it ; but whoever had seen the picture, could judge that that fine-formed face was not one to keep the eyes always so humbly lowered, and indeed it was only for the first moment on leaving the gate. After that, she was not so sparing of her glances, of which she might perhaps know the power. Might she have been meditating under her half-closed lashes where her next glance should fall ?

In the circle thus intuitively formed round her stood a young man, seemingly lost in beholding her. On seeing him, a slight tinge spread over her cheeks, and perhaps she might have made a false step, for her prayer-book fell from her hand. The young man went on his knee to pick it up, and in the same attitude he gave it to her. She half smiled as she took it, and drawing her many-folded dress together, which rustled against him as she passed on, she nodded to him kindly, but somewhat haughtily.

Amongst the many who beheld her as she took her way direct towards the house of the burgomaster, upright in her gait like a queen, yet lovely and gentle as ever a maiden of eighteen years, and not appearing to notice the admiration she elicited, though surely not unconscious of it, no one looked upon her with more interest than the burgomaster himself, for he was her father. But it was not with fondness alone ; there was anxiety mixed with it. He made an involuntary motion backward with the hand, which one would scarce have been able to account for, had it not been at the moment when the young man handed

her the book and she received it; and Herr Johannes did not regain his former attitude until the girl, without looking round, had continued her way: then, he sank back in his chair to await her approach, with that dignity and calmness which befits a father who is at the same time burgo-master.

She trod in; and it was as when grace and nobleness enter the lowly hut; where they are, the spot seems larger, and indeed the room did appear magnified; that about it which was indifferent seemed to draw back, and the more pleasing objects to come forward. But the appearance of self-esteem seemed to vanish at once from her bearing as she approached her father, and kneeling down, took his hand, and kissed it. He let her do it, and then he gently stroked her forehead and her parted hair. He asked her indifferent questions, and her answers were modest, short, but to the point; a father's joy was more and more perceptible, and a smile played about the old man's lips. He made a sign to the matron to leave them together, and when she was gone, he imprinted a kiss upon his lovely daughter's forehead.

In the fifteenth century, a child stood in a far different position towards her father than it does now in the nineteenth. His words were to be listened to with submission, they were infallible, and no contradiction was tolerated; but in this case it was not exactly thus. The bright conscious eyes of the girl, the lips half-roguishly open, the

high forehead bounded by light tresses, the upright carriage of the beautifully arched neck, seemed to exercise a power, as she met his eye, to which even the authority of a father might at times have to yield. The serious expression which the visit to church had spread over her manner soon disappeared ; she played about him, and he did not hinder her, one could see how her cheerful, beautiful presence did him good.

Every one knows that the piety of the catholic times allowed of much real merriment. Our readers will not, therefore, be surprised that the pretty church-goer had shaken off, in one quarter of an hour, all thoughts of church, and was able to give expression to the uppermost thoughts in her heart ; and to-day they were occupied with festivity and diversion. This same evening there was to be a great banquet and ball at the house of the rich senator, Thomas Wyns, and the invitations were both to Koeln and Berlin, as was often the case on such occasions. Elizabeth was telling her father how that the girls of the family would be dressed in velvet ; what sort of head-gear Meehtilde Bergholz would wear ; what jewellery Eva Schumm would have on ; and how the Hoppenrades of Koeln meant to dress their hair ; and of course the burgomaster's daughter must do something. What would folks say if the senators' daughters should be dressed in gold and silver, and velvet and satin, and the burgomaster's daughter go like a burgher's child ?

Herr Johannes sighed ; it was only a little sigh,

but the daughter understood what it meant, as he shook his head and looked round him.

“ I know, my dearest, best father, that the times are bad ; our chests are not as full as they were in bygone days. There are others richer than we are, but the beautiful, beautiful necklace is still in the cupboard.”

Such blue eyes, like stars in the dark water, such light fingers playing over his withered face and rough beard, such coaxing ways in a hopeful daughter standing on her toes before him, not even a burgomaster of the middle ages could withstand. Her openness was more worth to him in that moment than all his jewels, and their worth to him was not a little. But he had a good deal to say against it. Who ever knew a father, who, moreover, was a burgomaster, give way to a child at once, in a matter, too, in which he had always before refused her ?

“ You know, my child——”

“ Yes, father, I know what the jewels are worth ; that Emperor Charles of Bohemia gave them to our ancestor at Tangermunde. I know, too, mother Fides’s dream ; but then shall I lose them ? How can the chain be lost ?—how can I lose it ?”

He began to talk about the seven ordinances in council, in which profuse ornament worn by women was taxed. How it was set down exactly, what value of spangles, chains, and rings, the widow, the wife, or the maiden, might wear about them.

“ But my departed mother wore the necklace ;

she wore it on all feast days. I am sure she did, father. No one said anything against it."

"That was in other days, my child."

"And you are burgomaster now."

"The ordinance was only published after your mother's death."

The girl answered, "Well, but they who made them can unmake them."

The burgomaster shook his head, but he smiled.

"But, father, are you going to punish all the senators' wives? Every one will have more upon her head and neck."

"Well, then, every one will have to pay the penalty, if an accuser is found."

"Who would appear against us?" said Elizabeth; and she held herself up like the daughter of a burgomaster. "Is it not right that we should dress as we like, and as we can? For other women it may be seemly and wise, that it be ordained what they shall wear, and how they may adorn themselves. They ought to be thankful, and their husbands and brothers, that they are restrained from pride and extravagance. But you will not refuse me the chain, dear father, will you now, for this one evening?"

The father said it had been his intention to have kept this, the most valuable ornament they had, for the day which he hoped was fast approaching, and which would give to his Elizabeth an ornament which beseemed a daughter better than gold or jewel, the honourable myrtle wreath.

Elizabeth hung her head, and began to pick the

loops of her bodice. "That day will come notwithstanding, father, and the necklace will lose nothing by being worn once. Melchior is away in the country, and if he were to see it——"

The father looked at her, gravely. "If he were to see, Elizabeth, what I saw awhile ago:—Melchior is hasty."

"What, father?" said the girl, opening her eyes to the very full.

"That Henning Mollner, how he is always getting near to you. Even at the church door he had the assurance to tread in your way."

"Why should he not? the church is for every one."

"It does not please me, Elizabeth."

"That Henning Mollner is glad to see me! Why do you look so cross, father? Why should he not see me; he was my dear playfellow."

"Elizabeth," said the burgomaster, "a maiden's reputation is more costly than the costliest eastern pearl. The very talk of the idle detracts from it. I know you are only attached to him because he was brought up in the house with you, and was the playfellow your parents let you have. But you would blush for shame did you hear what is gossiped in the street, and what the women whisper in each other's ears: that he is seeking your favour; and, more, that he is bold enough to seek your hand. Elizabeth, there are those who say it, yes, and people who believe it, too. What do you say now?"

If he thought that she would blanch before his

look, which was pointed at her like an arrow, he was deceived. Elizabeth's eyes met his as cheerfully and openly as before.

"It would rejoice me, father, if it could be true, that Henning Mollner aspires so high."

"Has he had the assurance to say it to your face?"

"No; he did not do that."

"And had he done so, would you——"

"Smile at him, and say, 'You are not in your senses, Henning;' but still it would please me."

"And you would chastise him with word of speech for his boldness, and threaten him with your father's displeasure, and the authorities of the town."

"Heaven forbid! I would laugh at him, and say, 'Good Henning Mollner, another time look better before you. Like and like goes well together, but such as we are not for one another. Were you of rank, or were I a tradesman's child, we might think about it. But as God has not made us equal, the best for you is to close your eyes to me, and look for some fair burgher's daughter, of whom there are as many among the tradesfolk of Koeln and Berlin, as among the higher classes.'"

The burgomaster kissed his fair daughter's forehead. She now saw how serious the matter had appeared to him, and she continued with more seriousness, "Father, you did not expect otherwise of Elizabeth Rathenow. Dear father, I hope you did not; for has your daughter ever forgotten who

she is and who you are, and if I liked him three times more than I do, I know who the Rathenows are, and who were the Wardenbergs. I will kiss that ugly wrinkle from your forehead."

He answered, "I knew it well enough; but Henning——"

"He will be somebody some day," she interrupted him, "that I promise you, father. He is a noble lad. Oh! I wish he was what he deserves to be, and wishes to be, and as much as a silk-weaver's son can be. But the hand that has used the heckle—it is a pity, father!" and she held out her beautiful white hand, on which many a gay ring glistened, and the father took the maiden's hand and kissed it.

He then took the bunch of keys from the cabinet in the writing desk, and opened the handsome chest, secured with heavy locks and secret fastenings, where the necklace was. The girl uttered a cry of joy as she weighed in her hand the glittering rubies inlaid in the golden chain. With a quick dexterous motion she nestled the chain about her neck, and her first utterance of delight gave way to a delighted tremor, as she saw in the glass the jewels sparkling round her neck. She curtsied to herself gracefully, and murmured, unconsciously, "I wish Henning could see me in this!"

The father would have had no time to reply to this remark if he had heard it. The summoner had entered the room with an air of great gravity, yet most submissive in his manner; he came,

according to duty, each morning to give account of the state of the town, and to receive the burgomaster's commands. Such duties as were his to perform, when we think what a town like Berlin must have been in those times, and that he had the right of entry without announcement at all times to the burgomaster, and was the confidant of much which no one but him must know—such duties as he had to perform would, in our times, have earned him a title, and, moreover, one with the word "Privy" before it.

The maiden had no longer any business there, so she slipped away into her own chamber; and Herr Johannes gave audience to the town servant; sometimes he nodded, sometimes he shook his head. At intervals he interrupted the confidential communication. The subject to-day was not as to this or that decree.

"So they are discussing the late difference of opinion. No wonder that so much noise should be mentioned again; and the commonalty are dissatisfied; quite right. Who are the commonalty?" he added, with a smile.

"They are putting their heads together in every corner, honoured sir, and if two stand still to speak, comes straight a third, and there is a mob directly."

"Is that anything new in Berlin?"

"Your reverence, just now it is not the idlers and vagabonds, the most of them are rich and people of character. They are saying everything

against the council, and that it cannot go on as it is. Both say the same, Koeln and Berlin."

"To be sure, they want everything otherwise. It was what they wanted ten years ago, twenty, fifty years ago. Things were worse then, yet we did not give way. We will stand our ground this time too."

"They say not," said the summoner. "They have lists on which is written all that has been done wrong since the two towns were united."

"Have they written in them," said the burgo-master, "what has been done right, and what has been done and gained for the towns?"

"That, they say, the great men have done, and gained for themselves alone. That little of it has reached the pockets of the common people."

"What are their pockets? Are not their substantial houses, their cellars and barns, the barges on the Spree, the waggons on the high roads—are not meadows and forests, fish-ponds and bee-hives, better purses than the leather ones in their pockets? Is not trade flourishing; are not the highways every day safer? The ungrateful villains forget how all this has been done for them; that we have made them rich—yes, richer than ourselves."

"It is just because they are rich," answered the servant, "that they say they ought to have voices. That is what they say in every public room and tavern. The tailors and the butchers hold each a meeting to-day. They are going to forget all about the Jew's flesh and the sausage-making.

Boys are sent about from master to master to tell them of the appointment. The report is, they will put all their complaints against the council, point by point, on a large sheet. Councillor Garnekow will have a difficult post."

"Then we shall have bad meat the week through," cried Herr Johannes. "Has not the council already granted them enough? Have not their voices been heard loud enough in our sittings? Have we not driven away nearly all the cattle-dealers from round about, by making law after law in favour of those of the towns? Do they want the eternal privilege of selling at their own price? Enough, Andreas! If the butchers do hold a meeting, both towns will hear of it soon enough. Who is the ringleader?"

"Barz Kuhlemey is at the head of them, your reverence; he whose sister was Henning Mollner's mother. But they say the tailors will make the most noise. They are to take up the matter of Henning Mollner."

"Will they?" said the burgomaster to himself; "they need not, I think, trouble themselves about that;" and then aloud, "Is there no other news, Andreas?"

"The two women are to be flogged, and one of them seared, and they are to be drummed out of the town."

"Ha! I had forgot that. What is her name, the wretched woman?"

"She has no name, your reverence. She is

only a gipsy from Storkow. They call her 'Red Hannah.' "

"Red Hannah, to be sure ; she bewitches cattle."

"And lets nothing lie that she finds, your reverence ; and only to be burnt between the teeth and flogged a bit!"

"It was not clearly proved, if I remember."

The town servant stammered out something. "Yes, yes, sir, they always say that. But the people are mad enough that she gets off so easily ; and complain of the judges ; and right, too, she should have been hanged."

"And who is the other?"

"The other? The other is Salome, with the long ears, the harlot. Many have wished her this, and she is to have it at last. Such a creature, and to be so impudent ! She has led many a burgher's son away with her black eyes."

The burgomaster made a deprecatory movement with his hand ; he seemed to have heard enough, but the summoner was not of opinion that he had talked enough.

"Such an impudent hussey, to greet a burgomaster's daughter in open day, in the open market. And as the lady Elizabeth turned indignantly away, to call after her—'Oh, there goes mistress Rathenow, my sister-in-law, and she will not greet me!' I can tell your reverence, the citizens' wives are out of all patience that the hussey is only to be flogged, and not seared and pinched with hot

irons. They say, that if things like that are to happen in the public streets, and sheriffs and judges only flog for it, that Sodom and Gomorrah were not worse than Berlin will be. Our ancestors did different, say they, to Konrad Schutz of Magdeburg. He did but address a married woman improperly in the market-place, and they took him and cut off his head, though he was chancellor to the archbishop."

Johannes Rathenow bent down his head. He said to himself, "Is the girl alone to be blamed. Did not my own son lead her away?" and he asked aloud, "Which of the senators will preside?"

"Herr Dietrich Wyns is next on the list."

"He bids them strike hard," murmured the burgomaster; "can you not arrange it that Herr Dietrich give up his turn?"

"To Herr Marcus Trebuss," said the man, considering; "he is next in turn. Herr Dietrich is only too glad to be there when women are to be flogged, but it might be possible to-day, for he has had three tailors at work, and is not satisfied yet with the slashed jerkin he is to wear at his brother's banquet."

The burgomaster stood up, and, in a scarcely audible tone, said, as he passed close to the summoner, "Andreas, say in my name to Herr Marcus Trebuss, that he be not too hard with the girl."

The servant appeared only half pleased. "It is too bad, your reverence, one who has wife and children has a feeling about these things. A man

who is a father likes his children to be able to walk out without any risk of being spoken to by any sort of people. You are burgomaster, Herr Johannes Rathenow. It cannot be got over without a few weals on her shameless hide, and a few drops of blood on the sand, the people murmur too much."

Herr Johannes stood beside his cabinet. He opened it, and handed a few silver florins to the officer. "Give that to her, Andreas, when the beadle has let her go; she was once a faithful servant in my house; let her shake the dust off her feet and turn her back on Berlin. Say it to her from me."

The man looked at the money in his hand with an expression of disgust, and hesitated to put it into his pocket. He grumbled to himself—"Will they leave her any shoes to shake the dust off? I will throw the money to her; she may pick it up; and if they put me on the rack for it, no burgomaster shall make me put anything into the hand of a beaten harlot."

CHAPTER V.

WE read in Shakspeare, that in the days of Othello the Moor of Venice, the lieutenants' wives filled the office of ladies of the chamber to the wives of their captains, without the husband feeling it a degradation. If this was the custom at a time when gunpowder had not only been invented, but was also generally used, the reader will not be surprised when I tell him, that in a far earlier period the servant of the senate of Berlin performed the office of valet to its burgomaster. At the conclusion of the above-related conversation, we see him busy helping Herr Johannes Rathenow on with his sword, with its handsome silver hilt of Nürnberg manufacture, and then with his overgarment lined with sable and fox-skin. Next, he brushes the velvet bonnet, in the chain of which the proud heron-feather is fixed. The last office is to hand him, with an obeisance, a silver-headed staff, almost as tall as the burgomaster himself,

and open the door for him. But, however respectfully he does it, he does not let the burgomaster go out first; his duty is to precede, and two domestic servants close the door, and follow.

Thus, then, the procession left the house: first, the summoner, with his staff of office, next, the burgomaster, and, at a respectful distance, the servants, following the master to whom such honourable escort was due. It was no procession to the senate, nor was it on an occasion of ceremony; it was simply a visit to a friend; but the rank of Johannes Rathenow could not dispense with such attendance. It was not pride, it was necessity; but necessity has no laws, and we shall see him soon going out in an altogether different manner.

It is not necessary to describe how some stood still to look at him, some greeted him reverentially, others scarcely lifted their bonnets, for he had friends and enemies; or how, when he met the host, he himself stood still, and took off his bonnet, bending one knee to the ground. In all towns this was the custom at that time. We will not be minute as to the way he took, whether he went along the old Milldam, or over the long bridge, on his way to Koeln—a way which, though the distance was not great, was in those days by no means easy to get along, for several reasons: for one thing, a burgomaster went slower, for he was generally fatter than a burgomaster of the present day; and then again, his dignity required him to do so. Then again, the narrow, crooked streets, were (not

withstanding the comparative smallness of the towns) much more busy than they are now, for there was a good deal of trade and barter going on, and many strangers usually there, and the citizens were oftener in the streets than in their narrow, confined houses. Each one had a word to say in the government, each one was a living limb of the town; and can one shut a republic between four walls? No, in the free air is its place, and the fur cloak will keep out rain and snow. Neighbour talked to neighbour in the street, they worked side by side before their doors, and the stroke of the bell invited them all alike to their meals, or to the holiday feast. The houses were but as sleeping-rooms, or as cupboards and storehouses. The whole town was their dwelling-place.

And so the ruling burgomaster was obliged to give way here to some journeyman coppersmith, hammering away nearly in the middle of the street, here to a tinman, whose goods were equally in the way, and again to a cobbler's stall. In some places, where the streets were broader, some of the burghers' houses were fronted by small pens made of boards or staves, whence the pigs grunted or the geese cackled at the passer by. Great a man as a burgomaster of those days was, he had to go round these pigsties, benches, and counters, avoiding kettles and anvils, and painfully picking his tortuous road through the mud. They would have opened their eyes, had it been proposed that pigs and geese should not be tolerated in the streets. It was two centuries later before Kurprince Frede-

rick William was able to effect as much as that. Porters with loads on their backs (such as they carried in days when ardent spirits were almost unknown) made way for themselves equally when met by tinkers or senators. Donkeys and mules jogged along, loaded as high as a house with bales or barrels; pedlars, with goods on their heads, went through the crowd, crying their wares, running against every one, and every one running against them. All danger and hindrance was encountered by Johannes Rathenow, save just the one which is to-day the only object of terror, fast careering carriages; for the only vehicles in use then were the long waggons of the peasants, and they were seldom seen, and unwieldy litters borne by two horses, one before and one behind; and the course of such as these was slow enough along the crooked passages.

In their stead there might be seen every now and then some gay-apparelled burgher's son sitting stiff upon his horse; and again, sometimes the country nobleman, with his leather collar; sometimes, too, a Ritter, harnessed from top to toe. Such an one came to shew himself to the citizens, or may be to fetch his patched cuirass from the armorer, and thus get it home on his own body, instead of sending it by the empty market-wagon. Many a quarrel had the horsemen with the handicraftsmen, salesmen, and foot-passengers, and they had as much to do to save their heads and helmets as to keep their spurs and horses' feet from doing harm, or getting into harm's way; for

sign-boards and pictures of every colour and shape dangled from long poles in every street; they swung in the wind, coming in contact with helm and plume. Sometimes, too, a knightly maiden, from the country, might be seen ambling through the street, opening her eyes at the riches of the booths. The father or bridegroom had no money for her to take in and buy what she liked; perhaps, however, her lover might whisper that she should wait till the next foray, it was much easier to deal with tradesfolk and pedlars when one had no need to pay them.

There was less bustle on the other side of the Spree. The streets were wider, and consequently not so crowded; yet Herr Johannes could not but feel himself of less importance when there. Was it that it was not his own town, or perhaps that his business was unpleasant? They reached the Friar's street, and on arriving opposite the house of Bartholomew Schumm, the messenger who had been sent before, met them, to announce that the owner was waiting to receive his respected visitor. Indeed, he met him on the top step of his broad staircase, surrounded by his head domestics, as the credit of the house required on receiving such a visit. Many too of the inferior servants, all who could anywise be employed, were brought into the foreground, to add to the appearance of wealth and splendour. In the reception room were placed two arm-chairs and a covered table, whilst on the table stood a silver tray, bearing a chased bowl of malvoisie, glasses, and sugar. They sat

them down, and ate and drank, and not for the sake of ceremony only, for the vessel of sweet wine was nearly empty ere Herr Bartholomew asked the question—

“To what am I indebted for the honour of this visit?”

The “beating about the bush,” which is now a science in diplomacy, was in those days little in practice even amongst rulers. But still a preface is always required from the one who has the most to gain. Herr Johannes began about the sad disaffection of the two towns, how that such, considering the trifling provocations, was of too long duration, how the interference of emperors and others had been required even down to the last century, to preserve only a temporary peace. He then went through the consequent disadvantages which the trades lay under, yes, and the stigma upon the respectability of the towns, the worst sufferers being the authorities, who came into contempt by such things. He argued warmly and earnestly, that the leaders should hold together, that their rights and respectability might alike be preserved; and how incumbent it was on the senate that all causes of irritation should be got out of the way.

Herr Bartholomew rocked himself comfortably in his chair. “I think,” said he, “if our two houses go hand in hand, there will be a better bridge over the Spree than are the ‘Long Bridge’ and the Mill-dam both together.”

“Still it would not silence the tradesfolk.”

“Let them shout,” said Herr Bartholomew. “The trumpets and fiddles of the marriage will make more noise, I reckon, than all their dusty throats together.”

“Hunger and injustice have a louder cry, Herr Bartholomew. Something must be done to stop their mouths. The rich man, too, must be willing to make a sacrifice.”

The Koeln alderman raised himself up, and opened a closet wherein stood two baskets full of silver coins. They were all fresh from the mint, and sparkled to do one’s heart good. He put his hand into them, and let them run through it, like a corn-dealer sampling grain.

“These two baskets, Herr Johannes, stand ready for the marriage of Melchior and Elizabeth. On the progress of the procession to Saint Nicholas’s, which is not so very near, my servant Matthias, riding on a white horse, and dressed in scarlet, will throw the contents of this basket among the people, as he comes back, of that one. And see here again.” He opened, with some difficulty, a large drawer, which was full to overflowing. “From noon-time, when we are at table, Matthias will stand at the corner-window of the senate-house, next to the town-trumpeter, in a dress embroidered with silver. Every five minutes there will be a blast, and every five minutes Master Matthias will throw two full handfuls among the crowd. Do you think it will run dry before the feast is over? If it does, I have more ready. Will it stop their mouths, think you? Can you reckon what I am

sacrificing there, or shall I shew you the mint-master's reckoning?"

Herr Johannes bowed involuntarily at the sight of so much money—for money has ever had a power to be respected by every other power; nevertheless he shook his head.

"I do not doubt that the mouths of your women and boys, your kettle-menders and gipsies, may be stopped with this. But the burghers are rich, the trades-people stubborn. They complain of oppression: there they are not right. They complain of injustice; pity were it, should their complaint be just."

"Let them complain," grumbled Herr Bartholomew, "with their croaking! Whom will they complain to? The Secret Council? Let them do it. To the emperor and the states? 'Tis a long cry. To the Markgraf? He may thank God if he keeps his own, and let us keep ours."

"But if they only complain," interrupted the burgomaster, to the "still voice in our own bosoms. By God! the claim of Henning Mollner is just! It meets me in the morning, and I cannot close my eyes to it at night."

"I owe him nothing!" exclaimed Herr Schumm, and with his foot he kicked to the closet door.

"I do," said Johannes Rathenow, solemnly. "What we owe to his father you know well. You may say or think what you will of it, to him I owe my life. After his death, I took the lad to my house till he was above my hands. I am no longer responsible for what he does, but for his claims I

am responsible, and shall be so still for his sake and ours. Forty-seven score Bohemian groschen, his father had to give ransom-money to the Bredows. He paid it from his own estate, though it was for us to pay it according to agreement and promise. You of Koeln dispute your share of it, and our side will not give theirs till you give yours. From whom must the lad ask it? Who will settle with him? And by the saints he must be settled with, and that right soon!"

Herr Bartholomew's face betokened his temperament. Its expression seldom altered, for it would have been inconvenient, and he liked quiet. However, his massive cheeks wrinkled themselves into an ironical grimace, as he replied, "Give him your daughter, Elizabeth, to wife, and he will write you quit. They talk a good deal about it in the town."

The burgomaster looked sternly at him.

"Is that your real earnest? But it is not. I am sure it is not. Still there is some meaning in it. Think you there is anything in the report, or that my honourable and virtuous daughter, Elizabeth Rathenow, has given ground for it, were it only by the moving of an eyelid! Though you take offence, Herr Bartholomew Schumm——" he said, rising; but what he was going to say died upon his lips.

Herr Bartholomew laughed. "Offence!—I! Why? What care I what the gossips chatter? I know my own mind. My son Melchior is to marry your daughter, Elizabeth. The contract is written in the council books; and if there come ten such

silk-weaver puppies, and fall ten times in love with the girl, and the girl, for what I care, with them, it will not alter one jot, one dot of my intention. But, friend, I beg you think better, next time, of my son, Melchior, than that he should have to fear anything from a shop-boy. At any rate, I think better of your daughter, Betsy."

Herr Johannes Rathenow was pacified. He went at once into the object of his visit. He felt himself bound to take upon himself what the town and council owed to young Henning, in order to remove, as far as he was concerned, any object of complaint which the dissatisfied might seize on. He intended, therefore, himself to pay Henning Mollner the sum in question, and the sooner the better.

Herr Schumm looked at him with piercing eyes; indeed, any business transaction considerably sharpened them; and his features, which, we said before, delighted in repose, were nevertheless in the habit of perking themselves up whenever he made a profitable bargain, or was witness of any one else making a considerable mistake; and just thus his face now drew up, and his eyes appeared smaller and smaller.

"Then they of Berlin may prize themselves on their burgomaster—so generous, to pay the debts of his town."

"When I have paid him," said Herr Rathenow, "I take the place of Henning in his claim upon the towns."

"So you think the claim will be more substantial

in the hands of a burgomaster than in the hands of a tradesman? And you may buy it cheap from young Mollner; so, after all, it may be a good speculation."

"Neither the one nor the other," answered Johannes Rathenow, "I would relieve my conscience of a weight which presses on it, and do my share to repair an injustice."

"You will do as it pleases you," answered Herr Schumm, very quietly.

The burgomaster was now forced to come to the unpleasant part of his visit. To pay out the whole sum was more than the present state of his funds would allow. He wanted Herr Bartholomew to advance him the forty-seven score of groschens. "It is a large sum," he said, "I know, but your means are great."

The Koeln senator rocked his head thoughtfully. He then rang, and ordered up his clerk with his ledger. "His reverence of Berlin would do us the honour to take forty-seven score of Prague groschens on loan from us. Have we as much as that on hand?"

The clerk put on a serio-comic look. "As no loan has been entered into since his princely highness of Meissen took out, on his earnest application, and on good security, one hundred marks, there will be so many score groschens on hand, that forty-seven, more or less, will not be missed."

"Markgraf of Meissen? Right, now I remember," said Herr Bartholomew. "And who

else is down, that one may know where to apply if the stock should fail?"

The clerk read over a long list of well-known names: princes, lords, and corporations were debited with such sums, that forty-seven score groschens appeared, in comparison, a small amount; but all had given large plots of land as security.

Herr Johannes stood up quicker than was his wont. Was it that the respect for such assets might not seem to put him out of countenance? Taking his hat, he said—"God be with you, Herr Schumm. As to the rest, I will give you as security my half-share of Buko, the ten hides of land in Osdorf, with the right of seignorage. But if that is not enough, you might have my portion of the village of Meere, which is freehold, or the hides in Lichterfeld, and the three in Schöneberg; I cannot offer you my unmortgaged house in Berlin, for you are too good and true a citizen of Koeln to have anything to do with our troubles."

The security offered, so much above the worth of the requested loan, was, as may be imagined, only detailed in revenge for the list of Herr Schumm's debtors. Herr Bartholomew understood it—a friendly nod shewed that he did. He therefore dismissed his clerk, bidding him send the money according to the burgomaster's order, together with a ready-written form of receipt, to be filled up at convenience.

When the servant had left the room, he approached his guest in a more friendly manner: "I ought by good right to have a word to say

about this, for every score of groschens which you are going to throw away will lessen by so much the dowry of my good daughter-in-law who is to be. But give away what you think proper, and should there ever be a hole in your locker, only come and knock in Friar's-street; our chests are full, and the Rathenows' house shall never know what it is to be short, as long as the Schumms are anybody in Koeln. I know what it is that pinches you. But do you expect any good from what you are going to do? Will Henning Mollner, when he has got his money, be less pretentious? Quite the contrary. So many score groschens, so many more adherents; so many more dollars in the pocket, so many more friends in the streets. When want will not quiet, what will profusion do?"

"Riches perish," said Herr Johannes; "but righteousness exists through time eternal."

The Koeln senator smiled. "Gold has in every time its value. What you call 'the right,' if it were as strong as iron, you may bend it on the anvil. It will be sharp here and blunt there, just as the striker would have it. What power cannot always do, the tongue sometimes does. The fairest directest right will be bent as crooked as a sickle by a lawyer. Whom was in the right thirty years ago, when the landed nobility came flying into the land, one knows not from whence? The Bredows, Quitzows, Puttlitzes, Rockows—had not they a right of their own, bought, stolen, filched, or how it might be, all with patent and seal, from the late Mark-graf? What a cry they made about injustice,

when they were to give it up again; and did not your lawyers say, that neither emperor nor the states could take a tittle from them? What became of their right? So blooming as it was, the gibbet made hole after hole in it, and it was blown away down the wind. No one says a word now-a-days about their right. They say Burg-graf Frederick was in the right; we of the towns helped him faithfully, and so we are also right. But how long shall we be so, think you? No longer than we have means, Herr Johannes, to defend this right of ours. So long as there are rich folks at the helm in Koeln and Berlin, in Frankfort, Brandenburg, and Prenzlau,—so long as they keep it out of the hands of the rabble, so long shall we maintain our right, but no longer. Let the tradesfolks and the rabble creep their way, as they have done elsewhere, into the senate, and there will be so many tongues, that we shall not hear our own voices. Where the weak point is, you know as well as I. Can any one to whom, at his earnest request, I lend three hundred marks, buy me with a bribe, to give my voice for him contrary to the welfare of the town? Let in your smiths, your tanners, to sit in council, such as earn daily their daily bread, and let them see a five guilder piece—‘This you shall have, if you give us your voice.’ Would they refuse? No, Herr Johannes; keep a firm hand on them, give them what is due to them, or what you cannot withhold; but once give way to them, and the game is up. We must pay the piper, that they may have the dancing.”

All that Herr Bartholomew had said had been long a matter of consideration with Johannes Rathenow. Just now, however, he thought it better not to answer; but still it had not all been brought to his mind to no purpose. For instance, as he walked homeward, he turned over in his mind the necessity of paying Henning Mollner on the spot, whether it were not more judicious to withhold it for the moment, and pay it at a more suitable time. The most disagreeable part of the business was accomplished; he could give himself time about the other part; so he went along with a contented mind, and Bartholomew Schumm was also contented. First, he had had an opportunity of shewing his wealth, the proud and haughty burgo-master had trod as a suppliant over his threshold, and had had his request granted. The stubborn, unyielding man owed him both money and thanks, was therefore under obligation to him; and secondly, and still more, together with the money, he had given, good advice, and Herr Rathenow, taking the money, had been obliged to take that too.

CHAPTER VI.

THE spacious and cheerful place which now takes its name from the castle, was at the time of our history neither spacious nor cheerful, nor was it called the Castle-place, for the reason that at that time there was no castle. The way from Berlin to Koeln, after crossing the Long Bridge, lay over a large unpaved place. The left side of it only was bordered with wooden houses, which turned their backs to Broad-street and Friar's-street, their gables looking to where the castle now stops the view. At that time, the prospect was extensive, for from the spot where the tilt-yard joins to the Friar's-street there ran only a moderately high wall, covered with tiles, drawing a half-circle to the banks of the Spree. It had probably been a convent wall, for it surrounded what had been formerly the territory of the Blackfriars' convent. It also joined the fortifications of Koeln, which came down to the Spree, and were provided with gangways, loop-

holes, ladder stairs, and a wooden roof. These walls of the old towns are seldom of a very agreeable appearance. Rubbish and weed gather about them; fuel, and all sorts of things, which are not regularly wanted and not stealable, get heaped up against them, and give a look which may be called picturesque, but certainly not comfortable. The intermediate space was a wilderness, for the few booths and wooden buildings built up between the floods, and standing amongst the long grass, the cut turf, and the rubbish heaps, only served, by their littleness and scantiness, to make the size of the place more perceptible.

The wall was going to decay; at least, it was not in such keeping as it should have been in a well-governed town. Was it that the dissensions between the towns occasioned the funds, which ought to have been so appropriated, to be wasted, or used in other ways? The banks of the Spree, on the Koeln side, were not as yet bordered by a wall. The piles were rotten, and giving way; the banks, sloping to the water, were covered with weed and rubbish. Yet the place was populated, though we have called it a wilderness. Many frequented ways crossed amidst the mud and grass,—ways not made by a roadmaker, but by necessity only. In the midst of what is now the Place, stood the church of the Blackfriars, whose convent was in the Friar's-street. It was the second church of importance in the rich town of Koeln. Wherever there was a church, there was no lack of trade, or of passing to and fro. A market was a thing ne-

cessary at first for such things as were required for the service of the church—as tapers, images, rosaries. But a busy trade in one article awakens ten others, and many booths were put up in consequence, with articles for sale which were not exactly belonging to any particular guild or trade, and could not, therefore, infringe on their licences.

The earliest apothecary, before his profession appeared so rightful and necessary as to justify his reception within the walls, had his booth here. Pedlars from a distance, and foreign Jews, exposed their wares here, as being less subject to legal inspection than they would have been in the market-place; also, the followers of fairs, rope-dancers, and jugglers, used this place for their temporary booths. To all this the church shut its eyes. It was not the custom, in the fifteenth century, to cry murder and damnation, should a harlequin in motley run against the sleeve of a monk; indeed, the harlequin might wear a cowl on the tight rope, did he but add his mite to the treasury of the church.

A barber's shop was at that period an object well worthy of notice; the barbers' shops were the cafés, the restaurants, the divans, and news-rooms of the middle ages. To be sure, there were no newspapers there; but that did not matter, they told as many lies without them as we do now. Nor is it known what refreshments they offered; but in such places the spirit of curiosity was nourished by every sort of news which could possibly reach a town of those times. The barbers, who were also surgeons, had a good job of their

newsmongering. There were no critics in 1442, and on that account there was more credulity; they were at liberty to luxuriate in the miraculous, and lather the imaginations of their customers with froth as freely as they lathered their chins with soap-sud. The more adept narrator a barber was, and the more incredible his stories, so much more custom came to his shop. The barber's profession was at its height in those days; they are now quiet fellows;—I know some who scarcely open their mouths.

Just at the point where now the “Altes Schloss” touches the Spree, and close beside the bridge, stood, at that time, a barber's booth. It belonged to the corporation of Koeln, who rented it on lease. Its situation was very favourable betwixt the two towns; but still more in its favour was the reputation of its occupier, Hans Ferbitz. The *beau-monde* collected there, and listened with avidity to the fluent and biting tongue of the stirring occupier, for he possessed the talent of being able to say something to tickle the ears of one and all. Sometimes he had something to say agreeable to the hearer, but more generally something bitter against the absent; sometimes the guest himself came in for a share. Some took offence, and some did not, for what a fool says, seldom pierces the skin, and what is a barber but a fool, thought the good folks; and who, having daily intercourse with the quality of both towns, would not be able to smell out every fox, to have his eye on every patch, and his ear at every key-hole? Things that

were forgotten were fresh with him, and all that was to happen he foretold perfectly. Sometimes it came true, and then folks stared ; but who could follow the knave to see how he got to know about things ? Had he been anything but a barber, it might have gone worse with him—wizards got burnt, and witches drowned, but a fool might say what he thought proper.

His shop was nearly always full, and there were balconies built outside upon pillars for those who preferred to be shaved in the open air instead of under the low roof ; and it was only when the sky was not blue, (and it rained in the Mark more then than it does now,) that the folks drew within the trellis-work, or at the worst, into the chamber itself.

On the roof of the house there was a flat part, railed round, whence they who were waiting the barber's services might ascend and look out. Let no one, however, suppose that flat roofs were in fashion ; on the contrary, they shot up almost like perpendicular walls. But colonists from Holland and the Netherlands had introduced some of their notions into the Mark, and where there is a navigable river, the Dutch are fond of building a turret, whence they can see what passes, and salute the vessels arriving, with flags and signals. At that time the navigation of the Spree was not inconsiderable ; the river was like a great street of business, and Berlin was a bonded port for many staples which came from, and went to the north. The barber's roof could not only command the

view of the Spree and overlook the town walls so as to see the surrounding country, it had also the senate-house full in view, and one could see from it, all that came out and went in.

On the day we write of, it was particularly thronged, and many customers were waiting to come under the master's own hand. He was engaged in performing his office for a senator, one who was in his best years, but who from his manners might be judged wishful to pass for younger than he really was; his red tight-fitting doublet slashed with silk, his open-worked shoes, the studied ease with which he sat with one leg thrown over the other, the arrangement of his neckcloth, and his sprucely-curled beard, all bespoke the exquisite. When was there a time without such as these? Hans' pliable face assumed a different expression to every customer; at the present moment, he put on a look of seriousness, as due to the dignity of a senator, though the senator might think less of his dignity than of his age and good looks.

"You are dreadfully slow," said the senator, as the barber opened his scent-box to impart a fragrance to the well-arranged curls.

"Your reverence, I know whom I have to serve. Do you think I give myself this trouble with the stumpy crop-heads who have never trailed as far as Magdeburg? Your reverence should see how I lather the Koeln folks! Rip rap on the one side, rip rap on the other, razor right, razor left—finished! Think you a drop of this precious musk comes

upon their bristles? How can the women judge how such as never leave the beer-barrel are combed and shaved? The Emperor Charles of Bohemia, when he was governor of the Mark, wanted to civilize the people. 'Too early yet,' said the court-barber to him. 'Hops and malt thrown away. Begin in Berlin, not in Tangermunde. A better sort are springing up in Berlin. Berlin will shew some smart people some day, particularly amongst the young men in the senate. But everything wants time.' Does your reverence know what the Emperor Charles dreamed when he was there? I mean in Tangermunde, that was *anno domini* — but no matter; he dreamed he saw a young man in Berlin, so dressed, and so well-made, carrying himself in such a manner, and taking his hat off so to the ladies, people would have sworn he was a Frenchman, and not a Berliner. The emperor had studied in Paris, and understood such things. 'Who is that young nobleman?' asked the emperor. 'A councillor of Berlin,' answered the marshal. 'Impossible!' cried the king, namely, in his dream; 'my Berlin senators are bears, every one of them.' 'Nevertheless,' said the marshal, 'the gentleman is a councillor of Berlin.' 'What is his name?' cried the emperor, naming every name but the right one. Just then he awoke. It is a pity the emperor is not living now — he was a man, was the emperor."

The senator had risen, and was viewing his figure in the glass with great satisfaction, as much of his figure at least as the miserable tin-framed

morsel of glass allowed him to see. The barber brushed the dust from his flaming breeches, and articulated again, "It is a pity!"

The senator turned round with a smile, "That the Emperor Charles of Bohemia is dead?"

"Oh, yes, that too, Herr Dietrich; but I was thinking of Herr Dietrich's brother, the honourable Thomas Wyna."

"What of him?"

"A man, Herr Dietrich, such as there are too few of. He meant well to the Mark, and to the towns above all; he brought up the fashion of the shooting girdles; and he was none of your old stern mar-sports, like they of Nürnberg. No, no, he lived, and let live. Bringing young men and young girls together, there was no pleasure to him like doing that."

"Fool! let the emperor alone in his grave, and tell me what about my brother?"

"He gives to-day a great banquet; it will be overflowing. Four and twenty strong men are engaged, every two with a torch, and every four with a trumpet, sixteen from Berlin, and eight from Koeln, to take them home."

"Whom?"

"Only the gentlemen, Herr Dietrich Wyna. It would be a nice thing if the noble ladies did not know the right from the left. They of Koeln will be unloaded here, to see whether blood-letting or a wet bandage be necessary."

"Hans, your tongue runs away with your wits! What is my brother to be pitied for?"

“Nothing, Herr Dietrich; he ought rather to be proud to have such a brother. He said this morning, ‘What good will this festivity do me? Though it be my birthday, and the guests are invited on my account, what does it signify? The ladies have nothing but my brother in their eyes, for such gallant words, such shapely legs, and such flaming breeches, has no one but himself. Is it wrong in a brother? Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s wife. Why should he have such legs and breeches?’ Forgive me, your reverence, I could talk half a day of such a customer; but they tear me in pieces with their hurry to be served.”

And away he darted to serve other customers. Here was one wanting news from him, and there another, though one dish was enough for a good many. But of all recitals, such as told of murder and robbery were always the most eagerly listened to; the ignorant and the educated had alike ears for them. That which touches flesh and blood comes home to every temperament, whether coarse or fine; and accounts of crime, such as might be perpetrated in every street, and at every door, appealed more strongly to the fears than, than they do now when a feeling of security accompanies us on our darkling paths, and we know that the police is near us whenever we open our money-drawers. Hans judged rightly, that what he had to do was to amuse his hearers, and as long as he could do that, he was never particular about time or place, or about what the learned call the

bounds of probability ; at that time, these were not marked out. His conscience did not accuse him, even though he should transplant a murder from the times of Hercules in Greece to yesterday, or mark out the spot on the road from Frankfort to M^{un}chberg as the scene of some affair which happened in Paphlagonia—yes, he himself had seen the reeking limbs, if he thought that his having seen them would give his hearers pleasure. The taking of robber-knights, bringing them in, and hanging them in chains, was naturally a very pleasant incident to relate to the burghers of towns who had suffered so much from the like ; it was nothing to him to make a dreaded highwayman turn his eyes round and implore forgiveness of his victims after lying three days on the rack. At the same time, he took good care to lay the scenes of executions like these, far enough away, as, for instance, in the Thuringian or Bohemian forests ; for it would never have done for him to put a Ritter on the wheel to-day, who might to-morrow be seen peering into the burgher's windows. But again, Master Ferbitz knew that it was well to mix a little of what is true with what is fictitious—one must do a little for one's conscience' sake ; and besides, there is a gain in it, for where there is truth the people believe the more, and the more they believe, the more one can lie to them. It is so now, and it was so then.

In the booth where he was now whetting his razor were plain honest burgher folk, wishing to be not otherwise estimated. In such company, any-

thing frightful and horrible, perpetrated by knights and nobles, or any misuse of power by the upper classes, were just what was wanted.

"Are you aware," he asked; "where Koepkin Zarnekow is hiding just now?"

"He was last seen among the green hills near Rudersdorf," answered one. "The news came by the market people from Woltersdorf."

"Pooh, pooh! green hills!" laughed Master Hans; "he is sitting in red houses. It is in the town where he is; different people, and good people too, have seen him. Who can mistake Koepkin Zarnekow, who has seen him once? I could tell you more, but who likes to burn his fingers for nothing?"

His hearers' attention was awakened. Some disputed his statement; others had heard it elsewhere; for it was nothing out of the common way for a thieving ritter to steal into a town and lodge himself for weeks. One and another had daring feats of his to relate. "What can he be after?"

The barber whistled, and rolled his eyes about comically.

"Zarnekow? Perhaps he has turned penitent, wants purification and absolution!—going to do penance in sackcloth and ashes!—stand barefoot at the church-door! How do I know? Perhaps going to turn monk, with the black or grey friars? One may hide a good deal under a cowl!"

Only very few of his hearers laughed at the joke.

"If the council know it, why don't they ferret him out, and catch him, the villain!"

"The wise council are probably waiting," answered Hans Ferbitz, gravely, "till he set fire to the town at the four corners, like Finkenaugé did. The beadle could see him better then, and catch him, as the doctors would say, 'in flagranti.' The wise council wouldn't wait long, if it was a common fellow they had to catch. Well, who can tell why they let Koepkin have his run? One may make any one useful sometimes. Koepkin is any one's servant for a piece of money; for money he will fight for the Kurprince, or the grand Turk; why not for the senate of Berlin and Koeln? It don't matter to him where his blow falls, if it rings upon money. Do you think that he likes you better than the gentry folk?"

Koepkin Zarnekow in the pay of the senate! That was rather too much to believe.

One whom we have already had cause to mention, Balzer Boytin, said, "If the senate let the wolf into the sheep-stall, where would be its own wool? Tell me that the gentlemen are going to stop the Spree, and keep the water for themselves, and I'll believe that; tell me they are about to kill us like sheep, and roast and eat us at the burgomaster's table, and I'll believe that;—but that the council have bought Koepkin Zarnekow, that I'll not believe! The council knows another way of managing us—giving us good words, which we take for sterling coin!"

"Well, but then, Master Balzer, why don't they catch him?" asked a third.

"Why don't you catch the fox when you know

he's in the hole?" said the barber. "Because he has holes every way out. Does any one know all the holes in Berlin? Herr Balzer Boytin sees how it is; but I know too, that the senate has stuck its nose into many such a hole, though not perhaps to catch a fox. How was it in the days of Tilly Wardenberg? Whenever he sat down to meat, two trumpeters had to blow at the door, that the town might know, 'Now the burgomaster is eating'—'now the burgomaster is drinking.' If any senator wanted him, he had to wait an hour; and when they were met in council, he would send them word—they might go home, he was going to ride a-hunting."

Balzer Boytin laughed: "I like burgomasters like that; they speak out, and let us know how they harass us. The burgess may know then how it is with the common weal."

"That *was* a fashion of governing!" continued the barber. "The Wardenbergs and Rathenows held together like burs; no one dared say a word against them. If any one made a complaint, they pitched him down the council-house stairs. They had their partisans in the towns, armed from top to toe, drinking and rowing to their hearts' content; no one dared lay a hand on them, and so proud were the gentry, they had even young noblemen in their service, who rode behind them. But outside were the finest goings on. There they lay in the inns, and when anything which passed by pleased them, they bid it halt, to see whether they would have it or not. That was the time to

appeal to the town for justice! If the senate seemed inclined to listen, the Wardenbergs would say, 'The senate cannot trouble itself about everything, and have its eyes everywhere;' and straightway their friends made such a noise, that no one else could be heard. Only just once—you all know the history of the fair pilgrim who was returning from Rome. The fair pilgrim would have said nothing, had it been left to her, for one comes wiser from Rome than one goes there, but the folks themselves could not keep their own counsel. In Barmin, out there in the pine forest, they watched for her. It has not been called the 'Maiden's Wood' for nothing ever since; and they talked about it in the cellars and beer-shops when they should have held their tongues. They were rich, for they had taken all she had; the matter could not be kept quiet, for the cocks crowed of it on the walls, and the sparrows chirped of it on the house-tops; and when it came before the council, then the old story began again—'One can't trouble oneself about everything; one's eyes cannot see everywhere.' But some of the better ones stood up, and took courage, and talked about breach of peace and sacrilege, and insisted that the plunderers should be hung for crime against God, the saints, the towns, and pure virgins. Tilly Wardenberg rubbed his nose. 'Rome,' he said, 'was a long way from Berlin, and there were a hundred forests betwixt, and who knew but what some of those were 'Maiden's Woods.' In Italy and the Empire they always picked out the best of

what was on its road, and only sent the refuse to the Mark. Who could know whether robbers in the hundred forests had not robbed the lady of what she said she had lost here; besides, one did not go on a pilgrimage when one was pure, but when one had sin in one's bundle.' Then there arose such a laugh amongst his party, that the others couldn't put in a word. But the matter cost Tilly Wardenberg his neck for all that."

Balzer Boytin shook his head: "She was a lady of rank, and was going into a nunnery, and passed for a saint, so the priests took it up, and brought it before the emperor and the states. That's why it cost them their necks. Had she been a burgher's child, no cock would have crowed about it; do you think that the great folks were done up because a girl got into the devil's claws? But they are cleverer in these days, not better. Tilly Wardenberg and his set went too far; but against whom? Against the burghers? I never heard that one of them earned less in their days, or eat less bread. It was the people of rank that they jogged against; they tapped upon their fat paunches, and asked, 'What are you idling about, when the burghers are working for you?' But now, there is a regular all-of-a-mindedness sprung up amongst them, one hand washing the other; one senator holds the looking-glass for the other, that he may make himself look good and holy, and we poor people in Berlin and Koeln believe them, when they pretend that all their quarrels in the senate-house are for the town and the common weal."

Master Ferbitz had long ceased to be a listener, for another respectable customer had beckoned him into another room. The barber, the moment before to all appearance a good burgher, stubborn and steadfast, was now balancing himself on his toes, and accompanying the strokes of his razor on the leather with the most obsequious grimaces. Before him sat Pawel Strobant, with his hands upon his massive thighs, vouchsafing the operator scarcely a look. But even a patrician must be shaved if he wishes to have a smooth chin; and the haughtiest countenance loses much of its dignity when enveloped in soapsuds.

"I wonder," began Master Hans, as the suds glistened on the face of the senator, and his stumpy red nose hung out, like a cliff, over the icehills of soap—"I wonder what the emperor and the states will say to this?"

"To what?"

"That we are to have an ox for burgomaster."

Herr Strobant put on a face very like the animal named, when furious.

"Last night there was a lowing for joy in all the shippens. Such honour was never paid to a beast before; and when the ox is once alderman, then the cows and calves are to come into the council. There will be a roaring!"

"What do you mean by your barber wit?"

"No wit at all, your reverence. Do you not know that the butchers and sausage-makers have a meeting to-day? The senate and burgomaster do

not suit them ; they are going to complain, to come in, and choose another."

"Whom?"

"One who is nearest to them, they say ; one who will help them to earn something ; and one who will be heard. Now, what is nearer to a butcher than an ox ? Who lets them earn more than an ox ? Whose voice is further heard than that of an ox ? Ergo : The butchers could not do better than choose an ox ?"

"Are there any more reasons ?"

"Why has the town of Berlin a bear in its arms, your reverence ? Because the bears, till now, have had the upper hand ; but now that the bears, buffaloes, and such like wild beasts are driven out, the domestic animals, they say, should have their day. An ox would roar louder than a watchman, and would be nearly as powerful as a learned senator—against the people, I mean, who demand their rights. An ox kicks straight out : then why wouldn't he do for burgomaster ? And when an ox passes by, do not the people say, 'There goes the ox ?' And when the burgomaster passes, do not they say, 'There goes the burgomaster ?'"

Pawel Strobant's hide was none of the thinnest ; nevertheless, the sting of the barber's words pierced quite as far as a senator of those days could bear, and pass it for a joke.

"And what would they say, Hans, if the burgomaster shut up your head three days in the pillory, and made your back taste the rod, for your loose tongue ?"

"They would say, 'Well! well! the butchers have won the day!'"

"How?"

"That they had got their burgomaster."

"If you were not a fool, I'd have you arrested for talking to the prejudice of the common weal."

"Can the common weal take harm, now that the Council has taken it under its protection?" said Hans Ferbitz, in a compassionating tone; "for it lies there as warm and as quiet as in Abraham's bosom. The tradesfolk and burghers do well to let it sleep on, for how they would be frightened if it were to awake, and shew how thin and small it has become—it, that before was so strong and great."

"That the council should be silent when such rogues talk!" put in another man of quality.

"When the sacristan ran the race with Saint Gertrude, she was silent then. If the saints hold their tongues, surely the senate may hold theirs."

"What race?"

"You don't know the history, and yet you sit in the senate! Saint Gertrude had once a hospital in a town like Berlin. Pious hands had filled the shrine and coffers, just as they do in Berlin; and the halt and the lame were to find bed and board there, as they do in Berlin. But the sacristan thought to himself, the saint gets too much, and the accounts I have to lay before her get every day heavier. This reckoning might make her head ache, and turn her mind to earthly things; it might detract from her sanctity; so he thought he

ought to take it away. But he was an honourable man, as they of Berlin are. So one night he took two sacksful from under the shrine which was beneath her picture, and put them down at the other end of the aisle. He then returned to the picture, took off his bonnet, and kneeled down. ‘Saint Gertrude,’ said he, ‘if thou hast no objection, we will run a race for these. Whoever gets to them first, takes them. If thou objectest, have the goodness to say, distinctly and intelligibly, No.’ Saint Gertrude remained as still as a mouse; so the sacristan set off and ran; but, being an honourable man, he bethought him that Saint Gertrude was a woman, and could have no chance with her many petticoats; so he went slowly, that she might come up with him. But she didn’t do so; therefore he took the sacks as his own, and was still an honourable man, as he had been before.”

“What did Saint Gertrude say to it?”

“Just as much as the populace of Berlin say, when the senate take things for themselves.”

The conversation was here interrupted by a noise in the street, the cause and beginning of which demand another chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

WE conducted our readers just lately into a meeting of the senate of old Berlin. If it cost them some pains to realize the physical greatness of the senators, how much more will it cost them, when they have to contemplate the ponderous proportions of the master butchers ! Could one but have seen them sitting round the benches, one surpassing the other in girth and compactness, with looks as if they could have swallowed the world, only that their fulness of cheek might have prevented them seeing very much of it ! People would hardly have believed that these same carcasses, squeezed into armour, had done military service ; that they had been horsemen, and had bravely struggled in the field and on the walls, for the town's honour, and their own ; still less would one have thought to find councillors, orators, or statesmen among them ; but in every emergency there are men such

as are wanted for its necessities. Who, who sees the iron bits of the knight's horses, in collections of armour, would suppose that the present breed are such as could endure such machines? Surely there were muscles then of a different nature to ours, and nerves which could bear more than ours can. There was not much spoken; but in time of need each man was an orator. He had his right to defend, and he chose the shortest word, and such a word had weight.

Of the guilds in Berlin, four took the pre-eminence. These had the oldest grants, and were the most powerful, and they long continued so, taking under their protection the other guilds, and the burgher populace. These were the bakers' company, the shoemakers', the butchers', and the merchant-tailors', corporations under which smaller companies were understood. Among the bakers, there were the pastry-cooks and confectioners; the shoemakers, so called in the chronicles, embraced the large company of cobblers; whilst the very worthy guild of butchers took in the sausage-makers, a company which since has disappeared as a guild. Our forefathers must have been fond of sausages, for there were not a few makers in Berlin. But still the most important of the four was the merchant-tailors; they were also called woollen-drapers. In those days clothes did not make men; and I would have advised no one to wear a dress which did not become him. Each one knew what he ought to wear, and, still better, how it stood with others. This guild not only embraced

those of the needle and shears, but also most probably, all who used the heckle, also the rich and important company of clothiers, and the manufacturers—so one may think of what importance this guild was.

It not unfrequently happened that, when there was a meeting of any guild, or corporation, other subjects besides those of its own immediate interests were introduced; and, as things were sometimes said to the prejudice of the others, and few meetings passed over without excitement and tumult, it was the law that the senator who more particularly represented the guild should preside on such occasions.

A difficult task had Herr Zabel Garnekow on the day we speak of. It was in vain that he put on his gravest official face; in vain he advocated the necessity of order, as they stormed, and crowded round him with dissatisfied looks; it was in vain that he protested that the matters in dispute were for the consideration of the senate, and not for a meeting of butchers. His weak voice was drowned in the tumult.

On the contrary, when Bartz Kuhlemey stood up to speak, you might have heard a pin drop.

“For the senate! says the honourable gentleman? So say I too. But when the senate is deaf, who is to hear for it?—and when the senate is blind, who has eyes in its place?—and when the senate quarrels within itself, and begins pulling its own lugs, who is to stand between, and mulct it for fighting?”

A laugh, which sounded as of knives and butchers' axes, rang through the assembly.

Poor Herr Garnekow was confounded. He forgot what would have been a prudent line. He who defends himself is his own accuser; and so he began to defend the council. He made excuses for the heat of the other morning: the senate meant well; they were there to see right done to the towns, let the offence come from where it might.

"Let them believe it who like," shouted the crowd, and a powerful voice bellowed out, "We won't be set on like dogs, or fighting-cocks!"

"One may fish well in muddy water, for when it is dark the fish don't see the net," said Bartz Kuhlemey. "The night is no man's friend save the thief's; he finds then what he looks for. When the weak knock each other down, then the strong have the lifting of them up. When the frogs fight, the storks have good feed. But we don't want to be always quarrelling. We won't fight for what we don't gain by, nor find meat for others' eating! We want to fill our own mouths!"

Herr Garnekow forced a laugh: "If you want to eat all you kill yourselves, the council will not hinder you; they may hope, however, that it will agree with you."

"Nought of the kind," said a very old man, suddenly, who till now had sat silent, leaning on his hazel stick; and as he rose, his half-closed eyes sparkled with indignation, lighting up his lifeless features, whilst the trembling of his limbs disappeared with every word he spoke—"nought

of the kind, ye masters. Customers and trades-folk are not one, but two, just as the hands do not work for the hands alone, but for the whole body. If each limb did but think and act for itself, where were the body whose top is the head, which only remains clear when each limb does its own work? And just so, if each guild worked only for its own masters and apprentices, what would become of the others, and what of the town in which we were born, which we have sworn to protect, and which should protect us as a mother does her children? If the tailors only weave and cut out for themselves, the rest must go in bear-skins and buffalo-hides, as they did before they lived together in towns. If we only dress flesh for ourselves, the others must eat crows or such cattle as die in the highways. Now, just as we are pledged to the senate and commonwealth to bring only sound meat to the shambles lest any suffer, even so is each one who has a voice in the towns bound over and sworn to do his best for all, and not seek his own interest only, or that of his apprentices and connexions. That is what towns are for, that we may live according to statute, and hold with one another, each with all; not shifting and turning, like those who lived in the land before, who turned and shifted, as the wind turned and shifted, and were nowhere settled. That was why our forefathers founded the towns, that there might be law and order to stand by, and they wrote it down and it was called statute."

A murmur of assent ran through the assembly.

“These statutes were made that we might stand by them,” continued the speaker. “The old princes held by them, that is why they are called princes of Anhalt:* and they did more for us; they founded guilds and made corporations, and gave them letters of privilege which contained the rights of each; they put tapes to them, and sealed them with wax; and when troublous times came under the Bavarians and under the Bohemians, the letters were not burnt, nor the wax melted. No, the towns clung together and defended what was their own, though all around was confusion. The princes of Bavaria and Bohemia were glad of it, and called us their ‘dearly beloved towns,’ and confirmed to us all we had, and gave us still more.”

Tremendous huzzas greeted these joyful reminiscences. Herr Garnekow tried, indeed, to put in a word, to the effect that these statutes were still in force, and that there was no ground therefore for discontent; but he was put down on all sides.

“On all great occasions,” continued the speaker, “if there was war, or if our forefathers made new institutions, to be written in the statute book, and to be law for child and child’s child, in no instance did the senate do anything without the consent of the citizens. Again, when anything was to be paid, we were called together and asked—‘How it would be with such an one? and whether one or another would lose?’ and every one had a voice.”

* Anhalt, from the German word, *Anhalten*—“to hold to.”

“Every one had a voice!” shouted fifty voices together.

“And when that could not be done, when there was not time to hear all, then the senate called the elders and the rich and notable people together, and that was the General Council; and the four guilds, and the sixteen, sat in it, and spoke as representatives of the people; and there was brought before it all that was for the good or ill of the towns, and that was right.”

The orator was in train to bring forward the whole history of the towns and their constitution; but the secret movers were perhaps of opinion that the picture of Paradise which he had drawn, was quite enough for those who had lost it—more said about it, the effect might be lost; so, at the wink of Bartz Kuhlemey, another sprang on the bench. He was not so corpulent as many of the others, but his appearance was wilder.

“It was what was right! But what is right now?” he cried. “That they have rights, and we have none! that we take our bones to market, and they eat the flesh! that they make laws for us, and live themselves as best pleases them! In one word, that we are oxen, and they respectable gentlemen! Will ye continue such? That is the question now. Will ye to all eternity pull off your caps, and say, ‘As you please, your reverences,’ or will ye shew them what ye are, and what pleases you?”

“We’ll let them know what pleases us!” sounded as one voice from the crowd; but this again divided

into many tones. Each person had taken courage. Each was ready to speak out just what his own idea about it was.

Herr Garnekow, with more tact than one would have given him credit for, took advantage of the moment. He did not disallow the movement; on the contrary, he challenged each, in the name of the senate, to give utterance to his opinions, plainly and undisguisedly. They should be written down, and he would pledge himself to bring all before the senate.

But the guild secretary would have needed ten ears to hear—yes, and ten hands to write. One wanted that the Jews and their small shambles should be driven from the town, and without the boundary; another, that the villages should be compelled to bring their best cattle for show, and for the forestallment by the corporation's; another, that there should be an ordinance that patricians and burghers should be compelled to take what they required from the quarter in which they happened to live. All this was not what the ring-leaders wanted. Their requirements went much further; but the grand stream of dissatisfaction was divided into little rivulets. What they wanted was their ancient right of suffrage, a seat, and to be eligible to the highest places in the town and senate: but how could one guild get this without awakening the envy of all the others. But in the present meeting it was as when the sluices are opened, and down with the flood comes all sort of rubbish. How, then, could the stream be clear.

When every one cries out, the orator had best be silent.

Things, to be sure, took a turn, when a deputation came from the merchant-tailors, to report what had been done at their meeting. It had a charming sound. The senate, the Kurprince, and indeed the Emperor and the states also, should be appealed to, to stand by the oppressed community; the rights of the trades of Berlin and Koeln must be established on a new footing; from now, as it was in good old times, every free citizen must be eligible for the senate, and have a voice in the conduct of affairs. Talking over long endured wrong is always an intoxicating pleasure to the oppressed, and, indeed, there was no lack of flagrant instances of injustice; but the emperor and the states were a long way off, and the people of Berlin were not used to care much about the Kurprince; and there were other things more pressing; whether, for instance, the principal cattle market should be in Koeln, by Saint Peter's, or in Berlin, by Saint Mary's. This was a something again to quarrel about, and the gestures once more became threatening. Claus Martinecke, the last speaker, had seized the superannuated Hildebrand by the shoulder, and was shouting at him, "Is that justice? Do you want to have all your own way again?" And such words might be heard as, "Koeln dogs!" and "Do the bulldogs want to snap up that too?"

"Keep the peace!" "Order!" It was all in vain. They were already hand to hand. Herr

Garnekow sat snorting on his chair. The old differences between the towns were burning up in the very assembly which had met to quench them for ever.

Just then, a single word broke in upon the affair at once. It was but a single voice, but it sounded like a cannon amidst a fire of musketry. "An ox! The great ox is loose!" It was but a moment, and every one had sprung away, some to the right, some to the left, backwards and forwards. A struck ox escaping from the slaughterer, in a town with narrow streets where everybody knew everybody, was a circumstance in which every one felt himself called upon to lend a hand; and if it was everybody's duty, surely the butchers ought to be the first. Anger, they say, makes blind. It was, perhaps, on this account, that one person saw the animal going here, another there, and all rushed in pursuit, one this way, another the other.

When Bartz Kuhlemey returned breathless to the spot, which the ox had cleared without being seen by any one, he found nothing but empty benches. Even Herr Garnekow and the secretary had withdrawn themselves. The only person there was Henning Mollner, sitting quietly on a curb-stone at the corner, with his head on his hand and his elbow on his knee.

The master started, and a suspicion crossed his mind on the instant.

"Henning, that was your voice, or my name is not Bartz Kuhlemey."

"To be sure it was, uncle," was the answer.

"And where is the ox, boy?"

"If you didn't see it, I am sure I didn't."

"But you called out?"

"As loud as ever I could, uncle."

"The ox never broke loose, Henning?"

Henning looked up quietly, and then all round him. "Are they all gone?"

The master wiped the perspiration from his face, and put his cap in order. "Boy, what ever will become of you?"

"That is just what I was thinking of, uncle."

"If they found out it was you, they would never forgive you. When will you become steady and sensible?"

"I think I did the most sensible thing I could do."

"Stand up, boy, and I will embrace you," said his relation, giving him his hand. "I never see you, but I think of your mother, my dear, dear sister. You are as stately as your father, and as bold as your grandfather. There is blood in you which goes like a mill-stream, and you are sharp enough. But what will it all bring you to?"

"To the outside of the gate," answered Henning, blowing a march through his hand.

"You are a fool!" interrupted his uncle. "Your pasture is in the town, you are a town's child, you have father's friends, and mother's friends, and your own friends. If you do good anywhere, it must be here."

"With the heckle, the yard-stick, or the shears?" asked the youth, with bitterness.

A sort of tremor went through the master's frame. "That from you, Henning? Shame, shame! If you were not as you are, something might be made of you; but it is your bringing up, sitting on the form amongst the friars, and learning your *a, b, c*. No, it's not that, that you've sweated out again; but being with the quality in the house yonder, fine manners and fine talking—that's what has spoiled you!"

It is impossible to give any idea, with pen and ink, of the faces which Henning made to all this; but they were so comical, as quite to quell the ire of Bartz Kuhlemey. The good man could not go on, and he seemed not sorry. He laughed heartily, and laid his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"No, boy, you are not spoiled, nor polished, nor coxcombified either; you are a regular wild, downright good-for-nothing. They'll have to tell of you and yours fifty years hence in Berlin."

Henning lifted his bonnet with a respectful mien, and made as if he was going.

"A moment, lad. You are not in the right way. I cannot tell what you should do, but I know what you should not do. Stop, stop! I am not talking for your sake or my sake, I am talking about us all, the town, the general good. Boy, he who is gifted as you are, who can do what you can, with eyes in his head like yours, one who can set people on and separate them again, fol-

lowed, too, by all the vagabonds in the streets, and looked after by the girls from the windows, whilst their fathers wink at it, and say, ‘There goes one who will be somebody!’ Boy, less folks than you have turned greater towns than these upside down.”

“God defend us from Turks, pestilence, riot, and anarchy!” said Henning Mollner, with great gravity.

“And make priests continent and zealous, and young lads, with bones like buffaloes, into quiet lambs,” continued Bartz Kuhlemey. “Will you be a monk? Will you pray, ‘Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors?’ Will you make them a present of the forty-seven score groschens? Henning, look now, if you do that!—you are my sister’s son—thy father was my sister’s husband, a man, boy, such as there were few in the Mark; he would turn him in his grave, and climb—may God and all the saints forgive me!—a naked skeleton to the top of Saint Mary’s tower, and cry, ‘Curses upon the town and upon you,’ so that no honest man would notice you. Henning, will you leave in their jaws that which is yours?”

“No, uncle.”

“It is blood-money! Your father’s blood sticks to it, and your reputation and good name. You may knock where you will in Berlin and Koeln, there is no house-door where you will not find backers. And why don’t you knock?”

“I get both the capital and the interest by waiting.”

His relation expected this answer, and it pleased him ; but something struck him which checked his satisfaction. " Interest ! But the claim is not legal. One who refuses payment at the time may be chidden, and a letter of accusation nailed against the pillory. A creditor may assault a fraudulent debtor. Many an honest man has stormed a scoundrel's house, and set fire to his roof tree. But usury ! why do you laugh ? What interest is it you claim ? Listen, boy, what they tattle. Master Ferbitz, they say, said it."

" What did Master Ferbitz say ?"

" That pride had got into your shoe-soles, and wanted, like a bubble in the water, to burst out at the top garret. I never liked your being taken into Rathenow's house ; but your mother, with her widow's tears ! who was ever proof against woman's tongue ? they are all full of pride—She thought God knows what ! But what can come of a burgher's child but a burgher ; and if the emperor took one into his house in swaddling-clothes, could he make an emperor of him ? But it is as might have been expected. They have pampered you, and then turned you out of doors ; they have promised you, and you have waited and waited till your fair right is become musty. Boy, like and like together, otherwise there is no good. He who is in trade, let him stick to it ; he will make himself strong and his trade strong : not beneath it and not above it. Do you understand ? Should your eye fall upon a girl who is not of your rank, and

you were to lead her to the altar, your tradesfellows would spit on you ?”

“ Uncle, uncle, what does all this mean ? I and a beggar-girl ? Fie !”

“ I said nothing like that, Henning ; but I have my thoughts. I tell you, boy, a lady remains a lady, and a proud person a proud person. Henning, do not disgrace your family. Your name is a good honest name, and you will let no one sneer at it. What are you staring so at ?”

“ There, there, uncle—don’t you see ?”

“ The ox ?”

“ No, the burgomaster.”

Whilst Master Bartz turned to look round the corner to where the youth had pointed, the lad was gone ; but whether towards a crowd which had gathered on the Place, or round the corner, he could not tell.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE butchers had found no ox, but noise and confusion everywhere in the streets. The resolutions of the meeting of the woollen-drapers had been quickly spread over both towns. There must have been some ground for discontent. The sound of rejoicing descended from the steep narrow stairs of the dwellings, and rose from the cellars. In cases of marriages, burials, or christenings, there were strict ordinances as to how many tables and covers, cups and cans, the serf or free man might lay before his guests ; but even the rigid domestic laws of the middle ages had not been able to determine how much a man might be allowed to drink on other occasions. It is true that a drunken journeyman, if too often drunk, might be punished by his guild ; but our forefathers made no cross faces about the one or two glasses over and above one's thirst. A toast could never be refused ; and, indeed, the man who remained sober on some par-

ticular occasions, risked the loss of his good name amongst his fellow-burghers. One need not wonder, then, that on the occasion of meetings of guilds the tap and tavern-keepers had a good business, and to-day they had drained their barrels even to the tilting.

And any one might have seen it, for the streets were full of people rolling along, and running against one another. The marks of elation caused by drink may be recognised in all countries by the same signs, such as red faces, moist eyes, indistinct utterance, hats on one side, and unsteady gait; but it must not be forgotten that every outbreak of joviality in the middle ages was sure to be accompanied by its symbols and its masks; there were no public theatrical exhibitions, each one, therefore, gladly played comedy for himself when he had a chance. Processions and public masks were, so to speak, the show-windows of the dull grey common-place, in which sense and nonsense hung out their best displays; sometimes they were got up, at other times they were impromptu. The temptation was great, for at that time every rank was shut up in itself, and in truth the barrier between each was almost insurmountable. He who is least the great man likes to play the character the most—likes, at any rate, to see how he looks in fine clothes. To such neither the senator's robe nor the priest's cowl were sacred; and more than that, office-holders and gentry, indeed people of the highest standing, might be parodied by the mummers, without feeling themselves thereby injured.

Our forefathers laughed themselves, and allowed others to laugh ; they stood, they thought, so firm, that their footing was not to be shaken by ridicule.

Just as is always the case, there was a sufficient mixture of jest and earnest ; whilst a man at the corner of the street was lifting up his voice in fierce declamation against oppression and ill-used power, telling how burghers in other towns fared, where each had a voice in the government, a set of mummers came by, who said the same thing only more plainly and oddly. All turned away from the angry denouncer to see the harlequin, who, carrying a monk on his back, and making way with his mace, offered chastity, poverty, and obedience, for sale, because they were too burdensome for him. A senator, with a paunch constituted of barrel-hoops, and mounted on a stately charger, began to bargain with the harlequin ; but to take all the three articles was more than he wanted, so he proposed to cut the monk into three pieces : chastity might be disposed of to the bagnio-keepers, the nobility in the country would take the poverty, all he wanted was the obedience, to present to his town of Berlin. He would give the price of the whole for the one part. But when the sale was concluded, and they pulled the cowl and other garments from the monk, behold there was nothing underneath save some crows. What a shout there was as obedience flew into the air. An old wife had a cheap senate in her basket, and was talking, to the great amusement of the crowd, to some starlings sticking their heads through the

wickerwork, addressing them by the well-known names of the senators. And then came the cardinal virtues riding on apes, with versical proverbs written on their breasts, complaining that they could not find reception anywhere in the country. They had been told that somewhere in Berlin or Koeln there was an order which entertained the wandering servants of God gratis, but they had been sent from Peter to Paul, and had found neither of them at home. And again, there was no lack of the favourite characters of those days, to wit, the devils, riding about in every frightful costume, and making fun of the crowd and the cardinal virtues; it caused great laughing when these gentry pretended to recognise their friends and relations amongst the gazers from the windows, and made inquiries about private and family affairs, which in towns like Berlin or Koeln might easily be got to be known about.

A shapeless, heavy, and immense figure, with shoulders towering as high as the first stories of the houses, came hobbling on, just as a figure may be supposed to do composed of linen and poles, kept in order with difficulty, by people concealed within it. As it approached, it became evident that it was double-bodied, for it had all its limbs twice over, only they were put on in an admirably distorted manner, so as to hinder each other in all their movements. There was, for instance, a belly and a back together, and the four legs stepped out different ways, so that they would have gone as much backwards as forwards,

if some impulse from within had not dragged on the whole. That this impulse was in the huge head which wagged about upon the shoulders was not easy to be believed, for the head seemed sufficiently busied in receiving into its huge mouth all that the four hands were continually feeding it with. Everybody could recognise, by the colours and coats of arms painted on the monster, that it was intended for a caricature of the united towns of Berlin and Koeln; and how the head was being fed was a palpable joke, the youngest children could see the point of it.

Had there been a doubt as to what the puppet was, the harlequin who was busy about it, made it plain enough, for he climbed up to its shoulders, and hollowed into its ear (for it was understood that it was deaf) all that the public wanted to say to it; and then he interpreted its replies to the crowd in the same tone. Thus, when the Virtues applied for reception, the answer was, that it had nothing to do with such wandering vagabonds. The devils, when they made application, were more favourably received, for it winked at them with its rolling eyes; but just then the harlequin lifted up its huge skull, and, behold, what should peep out but some devils just like those requiring admittance! The street devils were now very boisterous, maintaining that these others were counterfeits; but Hans Wurst disputed very learnedly with them, and called the burghers to witness whether those in the body were not genuine devils, and had

not been long domesticated with his honoured master.

Just then, a procurator came up to the procession, seated on a chair carried above the people's heads, holding in his hand a long roll of parchment, whilst the cushions on which he sat were thick folios, lettered as imperial and ecclesiastical edicts. He proclaimed on all sides that he came as accuser, and demanded divorce of the marriage as being against sacred and profane right.

"Before what court do you bring your accusation, Herr Doctor Canonicus?" demanded Harlequin.

"Before the sheriffs, the judges, and the senate, that there may be a proper Diet," answered the Doctor.

"Where are the sausages then, the bacon, the eggs, and the pastry?—these are the only proper diet we have at present on either side of the Spree," said Hans Wurst.

"Then I'll go before the Emperor and the states. Where are the Emperor and the states?"

"They are on the long bench, Herr Doctor."

"I will go then, and sit with them there."

"Don't do that, or you'll never get up again."*

"Then I'll call them before 'the secret council.'"

"On no account, Doctor, you'll never come back. The senate has already laid all the town funds before its own secret council, and not a groschen has ever come back to the community."

* "The long bench," as named before, is the postponement *sine die*.

"Then I'll accuse them before the ecclesiastical court," said the attorney. "Where is the ecclesiastical court?"

Instantly, by a conjuring trick, the devils on horseback sat on their horses dressed in capuches, with breviaries and rosaries across their saddle-bows. One of them, whose cap was between a bishop's and a pope's, was about to call a court, when an old woman with a besom maintained that they were not bishops or church dignitaries, but out and out Beelzebubs. Many chimed in with her; some, indeed, could distinguish which of them came from the Blocksberg, whereat the fathers made most pitiful and distressed looks; others, siding with the pious council, denounced all the curses of the liturgy on the old woman. As the noise increased, two of the devils changed their dress, and appeared as respectable tradesfolk, to testify on their oaths, as citizens, that their companions were not Beelzebubs, but indeed true servants of the church.

The tumult increased as the procession proceeded. The old woman tried to pull off the monks' hoods, the Devils defended themselves, and a regular struggle ensued. But now the procurator announced that, whether they were devil's servants or pope's servants, he would bring no accusation before them, for they were at each other's throats, as bad as the gentry on the Long Bridge.

"Where, then, will you take your case?" asked Hans Wurst.

"Before the commonalty of the two towns," an-

swered the attorney, raising himself in his chair, and spreading wide his arms. "There will I seek for just judgment, for there alone is justice to be obtained."

Here the acclamations were tremendous; this was the great climax of the performance. The lower classes, to whom the appeal was made, tossed their caps and hats high in the air, and there was a universal waving of flags and handkerchiefs.

"How long ago did the marriage which you wish to annul take place?" asked the harlequin, becoming the mouth-piece of the people.

"A hundred and fifty-three years," answered the attorney.

"What are your reasons? Do not the married agree, or are the pair too nearly connected?"

"They are too nearly connected, so that it is scandalous; and they agree so badly, that it is scandalous."

"How is it to be mended?" asked Hans Wurst.

"By putting them another head on; for the head consumes everything which the limbs work for and provide. The head takes care of itself, and gives the limbs nothing. If any complain, and say, 'Such and such was for me,' answers the head, 'Another has got it;' and no one gets what is his own, for the answer is always the same; 'one of the others has got it;' and there is continual disquiet. I therefore demand of the judge, 'Shall they remain together, or shall they be separated?'"

The answer which might be expected was given by a thousand voices. And now a new character

appeared, a meagre, tall man, with a red mantle, and a huge sword across his shoulder. This was the headsman who was to annul the marriage by separation. But still the trial was to be conducted with justice, and therefore the monster was challenged to answer for itself, and make its defence. The clumsy, awkward puppet, which all the time had turned its back on its accuser, was now wheeled about, and the deformed, stupid countenance, which continued opening its huge mouth without giving utterance to a word, excited universal merriment. Whatsoever was asked of it, it did nothing but grin, roll its eyes, nod and shake, just as it was pulled. As therefore, to the delight of the people, it gave all the answers just as they would have them, as to its faults and weaknesses, and abnegated all virtues and capabilities, it declared itself guilty, and sanctioned the separation. The headsman therefore raised his sword, and wielded it over the puppet.

In the meantime the spectators had considerably increased. The procession, whilst all this had been going on, had got as far as the open place, the confluence of the Broad and Friar's street, and it was joined by all who were on the place, and those who were at Hans Ferbitz's. The novelty had also attracted many from the other side of the bridge. The headsman had hewn off the immense head, and the puppet thereupon had divided into two parts, from each of which grew, to the delight of the crowd, a new head; and the two embraced, and began dancing together. The severed head

rolled on the ground like a great pumpkin. Hans Wurst took it up, and demonstrated what an empty thing it had been, yet the people had been afraid of it; and he made a speech to it, how it ought to have done differently and better, if it would have remained where it had been. He asked it what it meant to do now; and as the head made no answer, he boxed its ears, to the delight of all, and asked what it could do: how did it mean to maintain itself?—by governing? giving advice? acting as judge? combing wool? soap-boiling? using the spade? watching at the gates? The poor head could do none of these; it was separated from its body. Hans Wurst now asked, “Would anybody take charge of it? If it can’t do anything else, there’s one thing it can do—swim.”

“Try the water ordeal!” was the cry. “Fling it into the river!—into the Spree! into the Spree!”

Just, however, as the harlequin was bearing the head to the bank of the river, he was interrupted by a man attired in black, who wrested it violently out of his hand. At the same moment, a murmur ran through the crowd, “the burgomaster!” It was not Johannes Rathenow himself who had interfered, but the town’s servant, his attendant, not able to control his rage at seeing anything, even a puppet’s head, on which were the united arms of Koeln and Berlin, treated so ignominiously.

“Now, God forbid,” cried he, “that wicked hands should damage so good a thing!”

“The head is my property,” shouted Hans Wurst, who, being masked, pretended not to notice

the presence of so high an authority, and wanted to recover it again. "The judge decreed it to be mine."

"The gallows, wretch, is thine," answered the summoner, "and the judge stands there;" and he pointed to Herr Johannes Rathenow.

Herr Johannes was also angry, and cried, "Is it thus that you treat the honour and the arms of the two towns?" and in a severe tone he bade the crowd disperse, if they wished to avoid worse consequences. But many did not see him, for he stood on no higher ground than the rest, and if they had, many who had had to do with the exhibition little liked to have the thread of it all broken, and that what had begun and gone on so well should terminate so abruptly. Therefore, those behind continued to press the front ranks forward, and again the cry arose from all sides, "Into the Spree with him! Try whether his worship will swim!"

But Johannes Rathenow now drew himself up, and springing on a stone abutment at a corner, raised his voice, so as to be heard from one end of the place to the other.

"Burghers of Koeln and Berlin! respect for law and powers that be! I, Johannes Rathenow, your chosen burgomaster, command you instantly to disperse, in the name of the senate, judges, and sheriffs of both towns."

As may be supposed, a momentary calm ensued; but there must have been less inflammable matter had such a severe tone not struck sparks.

“Who chose him?” cried a voice out of the crowd. “Did you choose him, Niclas? or you, Peter?” Then there was a smothered laughter. Many made mocking faces, but not those who were close to Johannes Rathenow, for his look was so stern, and his eye so fiery, that they who beheld him were glad to drop their eyes, not to meet his.

“Let him go and command on the other side yonder; we want no croaking here.” And the sense of the murmurings which broke out by degrees into tumult, was—“This is Koeln, and we are masters here;” and from all sides there was a bending of angry looks to where the burgomaster stood. The town-bailiff held up the badge of office as a protection before his master, and the summoner asked if he might call out the guard. But before anything could be done, the menaced authority had gained protection from a nearer quarter.

A heavy-bodied brewer, who had been among the heartiest to laugh at the puppet-show, and had shewn his private opinions by not even raising his cap to the burgomaster, though he was standing close to him, now took umbrage, for he was of Berlin. There were two cobblers’ lads foremost in the crowd, who came too near the burgomaster and himself with insolent gestures; these he caught hold of, and shook together in such a way, that when he let them go they both fell sprawling—“Measure your shoes to your feet, ye lubbers!” he cried.

The crowd drew back for a moment, but it was only to make place for a struggle. The Koeln people had also their Hector, and the cry was, "Berlin beer-barrel, wilt thou dare insult Koeln children!"

"He who touches pitch dirties his fingers," was the reply; "but come on any who have a mind, I can wash me!"

The contest had begun in some quarters, but before it had become serious, there was all at once a general laugh heard, for the two puppets, who had been such good friends, began all at once to abuse and beat one another; they pulled the paste-board and linen rags from each other's bodies, and the joke was more perceptible, for it was a Berlin lad who had represented Koeln, and again, from the figure of Berlin, stuck out a face well known in Koeln.

Whilst all, even the late combatants, were laughing, Johannes Rathenow had collected himself, and assumed the most serious earnestness. He had descended from the stone, and penetrated into the crowd, everybody making way for him, and now again, with knitted brow and stern countenance, he repeated his command, that they should instantly disperse, and throw away the mummeries; and he ordered the harlequin to be seized, for having uttered insult and contumely against the towns. There is no doubt that he would have been obeyed, had the harlequin let himself be caught, but he had crept amongst the crowd, and was not to be found. Instead of him, appeared on

the scene the principals of the merchant-tailors' guild, with a Koeln patrician at their head bearing the list of matters wanting redress. His name was Mathis Blankenfelde, and we have named him before as an alderman; he was a somewhat tall man, and of studied address; and he came along with a courtly face, betraying astonishment at what was going on, though he knew well enough what it was about. To some of the burghers he raised his hat, others he shook by the hand, not as if they were in contact with authority, but as if they were two parties quarrelling about a doubtful matter.

He shrugged his shoulders when he heard that offence had been taken at their masque, and spoke of it as harmless sport, which was not to be taken in earnest.

Herr Johannes Rathenow pointed to the cloven head-piece, bearing the united arms of the town—"Is that harmless sport?"

"Well, my friends," said Herr Blankenfelde, turning to the crowd, "we can put this head on again, if there is any occasion for it."

All laughed, and cried, "Long life to Herr Mathis Blankenfelde, who wishes well to the poor folk!"

"I, however, will on no account hold honourable office longer, if such misdemeanor is to be tolerated!" said Herr Johannes.

"Such as keeping carnival before the time?"

"Folly is at all times folly," continued the burgomaster; "but the chief of folly is, when they who should stand by one another treat each other

as fools, and rebel against those who defend and protect them."

"Only that here in Koeln," said Herr Blankenfelde, looking round, and speaking with emphasis, "the burghers can defend and protect themselves."

The town-clerk asked in a rage, "Herr, shall we tolerate this?"

But Herr Johannes took the word. "You, an alderman and senator! you to nourish dissension! When they who should be guides to others lead in the path of folly, the fool's pasture may well be fruitful."

"Lead!" said the president of the merchant-tailors' guild, with a smile, for Herr Blankenfelde held that office. "The senate always leads, and ye," said he, looking round, "remain behind! The contents of this petition for redress say so? Give it to his reverence, it will save you the walk to the senate-house."

"What is it?" asked the town-clerk, to whom the roll was offered, looking inquiringly at the burgomaster.

"Our complaints!" cried a dozen voices, and it was a signal for an immense tumult. "Our wrongs!" rang through the crowd; and the stern, unflinching look of the burgomaster might seem the challenge to them to shout it to him at the top of a hundred voices. It was like a regular shower. Had Herr Johannes had ten voices, he could not have answered. Even from the windows around the cry against him was echoed. Women

were as uproarious as men, and all that was healed up and forgotten was torn open again.

The firm bearing of the burgomaster embittered the feelings of the many still more. A daring face was stuck close to his.

“And who is to pay Henning Mollner?”

And with that the cry became “Henning Mollner!” and abuse, as expressive and as vile as could be poured out four hundred years ago, was showered upon the senate, the enemies of the commonalty. It would have appeared that they demanded instant payment from the burgomaster himself, in such a manner did they surround and push him. Herr Mathis Blankenfelde endeavoured now in vain to mediate, though he did not seem to care much about it. He merely said, that “the senate would perceive its own neglect: one must have patience, for good things were of slow growth.”

And now, whilst some cried, “No delay; we’ve had enough of that!” “If one does not bait them, they wont come out!” “Fling the old senate over the wall, we have senate enough amongst ourselves!” “The trades must into the senate!” And some even said, “Make Henning Mollner burgomaster, he will know how to do better for us!” Whilst all this was at its height, the burgomaster became so excited that he tore the petition of the woollen-drapers into pieces, before them all, and cried, so that it was heard above all—

“As I have done to that, so shall be done to Henning Mollner’s claim!”

It might have gone badly now with the burgo-master, for one hasty action generally provokes another, and when they who ought to be an example of moderation give a proof of their want of it, they who see it know no bounds. Herr Johannes Rathenow was not as much hated by the lower classes as was many an one of the leading men in authority, but beloved he was by no means ; for though no one could accuse him of tyrannical conduct, or of forestallment, as they could many other heads of families, still his haughty carriage, his manner of returning salutes, and the fact that he was seldom seen at the shooting-butts, or at marriages, and public festivities, these things chilled the burghers' hearts towards him. All knew the relation between him and Henning Mollner ; he who should have been his advocate had now publicly condemned him, and had torn, too, the petition of the woollen-drapers, before the eyes of all men. It is ever dangerous to go in the face of an excited populace. There had been instances already in the towns of Saxony and of the Empire, when, in the ferment of parties, blood had been spilled in the open streets, and magistrates been the victims of infuriated mobs ; indeed, it was only a century before, that their ancestors had slain the Abbot of Bernow before his own church door, and torn his body in pieces, and burnt it, for offence he had given them ; and he had scarcely done worse than what Herr Johannes had now done before the eyes of all.

Just as the tailors and cobblers, the women at

the windows, and the whole multitude, began to lift up a fearful yell against him, and the cry arose, "Into the Spree with him!" a thundering voice from behind cried out all at once, "Insurrection!"

It was Pawel Strobant, who, with flaming looks, and a face glowing with indignation, burst his way through the crowd. He had a sheathed sword in his hand, and cried out, "Will the villains dare to speak? Is there no one to stop their mouths?" And he set to work pushing and jostling the people back most unceremoniously with the hilt of his sword; and it seemed as if his anger-beaming countenance implicated even the burgomaster himself for being amongst such proceedings. Herr Strobant, who was always hasty and enterprising, could venture what the burgomaster could not have attempted, for he had a good many respectable folks from Berlin at his back, who had been in the barber's house; a few other strong fellows had also joined him, who were armed and he knew would stand by him; so when he began, according to his custom, to abuse everything that was in his way—and he was now face to face with well-known Koeln tradesfolk — his followers of Berlin followed his example, and first amongst them our friend the brewer.

The Koeln people answered well all that was said; and as Herr Pawel, who thought a great deal of himself, called them Koeln fishwives, and asked them what their husbands would say to them if, owing to this gossiping of theirs, the soup boiled over, they replied, "The soup is cooked

already, we want you Berlin folks to taste it," and they took to throwing stones and snow.

"Hold that tongue of yours, Herr Pawel Strobant," cried Herr Mathis Blankenfelde, drawing his sword.

"Put up that tape-stick," answered Herr Pawel.

"The soup in Koeln may chance to be over salted for you," cried the Koeln councillor.

"It is but for such as you, and we will stir it up," said Herr Strobant.

And so it went on. The burgomaster in vain besought this side and the other to keep the peace; the two senators abused one another so that it would have been a pleasure to hear them, only the noise was too great. They were borne along from one side to the other of the place, for the crowd had gathered from everywhere. Herr Mathis cried out furiously, "He would shew he was of noble blood." But Herr Strobant shouted still louder, "Ye of Koeln are nothing but Vandal savages; the little German blood you had, leaked through your fish-tubs, and nought is left save slavish spawn." It was well that the two could not get at each other. But their friends kept up the wordy war, and what the quality folk of Berlin said in ridicule and contempt of the lower classes, they got back in curses, whilst everything that could be said against rank and birth was brought up, and there was as much hot blood on either side: it might have been August instead of February.

CHAPTER IX.

WHILST this was going on in the open place below, the roof of Master Hans Ferbitz's house was not altogether deserted. A party had been there since the beginning of the tumult; not that they had gone there in expectation of what had happened, they rather appeared to be strangers, whom accident or the fineness of the weather had tempted to ascend, whilst the proprietor was engaged with customers below.

One, who appeared the highest in station, had been sitting a long time muffled up in his furs; his arms were crossed, and the piercing but quiet gaze of his blue eyes had followed the occurrences of the scene below. Of the two others, one leaned on the back of the chair on which the first-mentioned sat; the other stood out on the balcony.

The morning sun was still lighting up the towers and gable-end of the senate-house on the Long Bridge, and the motley-coloured carved work and

pillars, with their ornaments, glistened brightly, and the flags waved in the fresh morning air.

“Is it not too cold for your Grace?” asked the one standing behind the chair.

“Grace me no grace here,” replied he who was sitting down; “besides, it is just what I prefer. It is a good place that this barber has chosen—only it should be a little higher. One might overlook both towns, and my good Spree, which unites and separates them; at the same time one might overlook the good folks in the senate-house. Is it not a gay house which the burghers have built them?”

“Why do you look so discontented, Konrad?” continued he, turning to the young nobleman behind him. It was evident that they were all three noble, one might have seen at the first glance that they were differently cast to the burgher people below. “You are always comparing everything with Franconia, and therefore nothing here appears tolerable to you.”

“True,” answered the knight; “it were better to keep one’s eyes shut here, and to content oneself with imagining, for the reality one sees is disgusting and intolerable.”

“What fault do you find with the elegant senate-house yonder?”

“That the Kurprince’s flag stands not otherwise than does a quill on a porcupine, or an ear of wheat in a sheaf, like—but what need I say—like it ought not to do, nor as is right.”

The younker in the sable cloak turned his eye

thither, and rocked his head contemplatively. "It might have stood somewhat higher; it need only be mentioned to the senate."

"Mentioned," cried the other, in a tone of irritation; "let me have my way, I would clamber up that roof and plant it on the highest summit, and I should not care much if, on my way down again, my axe came too near some of those other bedaubed clouts. What have the Hanse colours to do there?"

The one who was sitting down bade him moderate his zeal. "We are not at home, Konrad. But why do you find fault? When we first looked down from our castle of Nürnberg on the town, did we see our princely colours on the roofs of the burgher's houses. The town's arms were shewn us on every pillar and post."

"What displeased us in Nürnberg need not please us in Berlin," answered Konrad; "and what are these crows'-nests, these mole-hills, in comparison with a capital town? Mud puddles, buildings on props, everything of yesterday, with vermin in them, which stink of the sand and the quagmire from which they wriggled themselves."

The other laughed: "Let our learned friend there put in a word against that. Johannes," he said, addressing the third, "the burghers of this town disclaim Vandal descent? they call themselves Germans?"

The one addressed assented without speaking,

for he conceived that the question was not pointed to get a learned disquisition.

“And if it be so,” continued Konrad, “they are nothing but the squeezed-up plump Saxon faces of the Flamands and Frieslanders, driven out by the water to seek their natural element again in this quagmire. It was, indeed, a regular break up to the Vandal wanderers. Fat, stiff-necked, idle, drunken, here they remain, plump where they first sat down. Just as they are on the other side of the Elbe, bedded in the rich slime, so here in the moss, as near the mud whence they sprung as ever they can get.”

“If you had your way,” answered he in the fur, smiling, “we should mount our horses and say good-by to this Mark, which we have been at such trouble in acquiring. What would our brethren say to that?”

“A country without mountains is no land for a free soul; where one cannot get up to look round, how can one feel at home?”

“Well, but one might build oneself mountains,” said he who was sitting down, turning his eyes to different sides, and looking up into the clear frosty sky; “this place, as I said before, pleases me.”

At that moment a bird of prey rose into the air, and the eyes of the speaker seemed involuntarily to follow it in its flight.

“You can build no mountain to where yon has risen,” remarked Konrad, “though the Emperor and the states help out of their coffers. What

sort of castles are those of the gentry who call themselves nobles, God knows by what right?—wolves-lairs and fox-earths!”

“In a flat country,” said the other, “a very trifling elevation suffices to gain a wide prospect, one doesn’t need to pile up Alps to see all the way from the Elbe to the Oder. Let me have good architects, masons, and joiners, the Spree has a patient back, and will carry wood and stone to wherever we choose, and in months, or years, a castle such as I like will stand here.”

He rose up as he said this, and again looked to all sides, just as Master Ferbitz, who had dismissed his customers below, came stumbling up the narrow stairs. He had not, it would seem, noticed these guests of his particularly, and now that he looked at them more nearly, he saw he should have hurried more to attend them.

It did not require Master Hans’s discernment to discover that they were not townsfolk or neighbours. One thing was, they spoke high German; though this was nothing uncommon, and so many knights and gentlemen had come from Franconia in the time of the Hohenzolleren, and that house’s connexion with the Lords of Anspach and Baireuth had brought yearly so many strangers, soldiers and priests, merchants and artists, into the country, that this was no great novelty.

The barber could not tell with whom he had to deal, but whilst he busied himself strapping his razor, he talked away volubly about the beards of the people thereabouts: “Like bristles, honoured

sirs ; by every barber's sign in the holy pope's dominions, I would rather shave hedgehogs than these burghers ; notches, nothing but notches ! I do not exaggerate when I say every beard costs me a razor ; and as the beards, so are the people—nothing pliable, everything stubborn and bristly ; they do not give way, make no approaches ; stupid, and will not learn ; conceited about what they have here, and not willing to receive what comes from elsewhere. You may bring it into their country, you may take it to their houses, they leave it in a corner, and remain as they were before."

"Are beards, then, otherwise in other places?"

The barber hastened to tell of his travels, and to praise Saxony, Franconia, and Suabia, without altogether confining himself to the subject of beards ; but say what he would about fair women, proud nobles, princely courts, and rich towns, nothing seemed to excite any interest in his hearers. It was as when one strikes a fly-flapper against a steel coat, no sparks come from it.

"Are you not, then, of these parts, that they please you so little?" inquired, at last, he in the cloak.

"Unfortunately, honoured sir, I am sprung from this bear's nest ; but I must never have travelled"—and here followed again a list of names of towns and cities—"I must never have travelled where there are elegant manners and elegant men, had I not——"

"Come back like a travelled ape," interrupted

the younker behind the chair; "and now you shew the stay-at-home apes your fine manners, and they don't thank you for them."

"Just as with my most gracious lord and Markgraf the Kurprince," answered Herr Ferbitz, quickly. "What do not he and his Franconian nobles shew to this uncivilized people, and how do they receive it? how return thanks for it? how repay him? But he should ask me how I would serve them."

"Well, then, how?" asked he in the sable cloak.

But Hans Ferbitz had just got a handful of lather ready, with which he was going straight to the knight's face, not thinking otherwise, than that as he sat there so still, he was awaiting his services. However, with a single motion of the hand, and a look which said more, the knight repulsed him in such a manner that the barber was nothing less than frightened, and the question, "What he then might desire?" died away on his lips.

"Not to be shaved," answered the knight, sternly, yet his lips drew up half into a smile. The others, however, laughed, and Hans Ferbitz, for the first time in his life, was at a loss what to do, either with himself or his lather, for the other parties seemed equally unwilling to undergo any operation.

But the one seated, nodded to him, to offer his services to his companions—"Ask them, master; perhaps they may want what I do not."

"Put up your notched knife," replied the proud Master Konrad, harshly. "It may do to shave

burghers; when *we* want your services, we will ask for them."

The third fairly turned his back, and gazed into the street. Hans Ferbitz was not at his ease, nor is any one who does not know what to do with his company, particularly when he has been long used to do just as he likes with them. As, therefore, it was clear that there was no shaving to be done, he put his hand hastily to his hair, forgetting to disencumber himself of the lather, and asked, "This?"

The knight sprang up, and shook his head. "Away, away with your barber arts! My hair stands on end enough already, with what I am here forced to see and hear."

Hans Ferbitz had many trades, but he felt that none of them were in this instance in demand, for his guests were not come to be cupped or bled, to have teeth drawn, or corns extracted; the only thing he could do, was to let things take their own way. So, not knowing what to say or what to do, or whether he should stay or whether he should go, he attempted to conceal his embarrassment by making low obeisances. The three strangers were now standing together, and at the nod of him in the furs, who stood nearly a head taller than the others, one of them threw a silver coin into his cap.

Though this was more than he would have received for shaving ten burghers, yet he thought himself neither greater nor richer for it; on the contrary, less and poorer; for, as early as in the middle ages, self-esteem was a considerable

possession; and Hans Ferbitz had done penance enough in these few minutes for the many times he had thought himself better than people whose weaknesses had put them at his mercy. The parties before him stood now in a position which it was his habit to occupy; they were either greater, or they understood how to conceal their littleness.

He was about to go down, when the tall knight beckoned to him.

“You are in our debt yet.”

“I am at the service of gentlemen like you, with all I have and can do,” was his answer, with a low obeisance.

“What are the pranks, then, that you would play with these burghers, if you were the Markgraf?”

“I would treat them according to their deserts,” answered Hans, with one look at his questioner, and another all round, to see if there were any listeners.

“Well, and what do they deserve, master beard-clipper?”

“It is written, ‘What you sow, that you shall reap; as your deeds are, so shall be your rewards.’ If their deeds are good, let them have praise; and give them freedom and rights, as princes have done before. If evil, then blame them and punish them, according as they are deserving.”

The serious-looking knight, who had been addressed by the name of Johannes, drew up his lips, for the first time, into a smile: “Look at the fox, how many holes he leaves himself.”

“Stubborn vagabonds!” murmured the younker Konrad.

“Were I his grace the Mark-graf,” continued the barber, after pausing for a moment to collect himself, and long enough to form an opinion that he had not to do with ardent admirers of the senate or the citizens—“were I the Mark-graf, I should ask the senators and the people, ‘Who are you?’ and who am I?’ and if they answer, ‘We are your servants, and you are our ruler,’ I should ask, secondly, ‘Who, then, must have his will?—the lord or the servant?’ If they could not but answer, ‘The lord must have his,’ it would then be for me to mete out what was according to my will.”

“Put first, supposing you were Mark-graf.”

“The Mark-graf must always be put first. Without doubt, the Mark-graf wills that he be put first, and that the others follow after him. That it may be so, he should be a greater man than the others; for a lesser man is not seen, especially from a distance, just as happens to our burgomaster. That’s the reason the people have so little respect for him.”

The knights laughed. “What must the Kurprince do to make himself great?”

The barber put on a knowing look. “In Paris they have ways to do everything, but the people here wouldn’t understand their ways. To be a head taller would be nothing. If he be not above everybody’s head, like the tower of Babel, they will never doff to him, and ask him, ‘What is your will and pleasure?’”

“Then he would have to mount the tower of St. Mary’s, and cry to the citizens, ‘Look on me, and obey!’”

“Or he would have to build a tower for himself,” interrupted the barber; and the youngster in the fur cloak looked on him approvingly.

“May God forbid that ever a tower of Babel be built in this Roman-catholic kingdom, and, above all, in this land. We have confusion of tongues enough already;” so said Herr Johannes.

But the fur-clad knight replied, “Well, but why need it be a tower of Babel? The tower of Babel could not be completed because the people built it in defiance of the command of the Lord, so they were driven asunder. Should a prince build one for himself, on firm ground, and just so large and not larger than the circumstances require, who can say whether it might not be a tower of union?”

The conversation seemed now to be at an end, for the youngster wrapped himself closer in his fur, and his companions made ready to accompany him, but his eye rested still, as if chained, upon the banks of the Spree. He appeared to be calculating the distances. First his look went down, then directly up, and then he turned to the other sides, where the town wall, with its turrets and gangways, as already described, drew a vast irregular circle behind the church. Master Ferbitz might well have supposed that he had before him some first-rate architect, such as dwell at the courts of kings and princes. And the questions, too, which were asked of him, might lead to the same belief: whose

this house was, or that, whether corporate or private property?—what the land was rated at?—who had to keep up the wall at that port?—which guild had the defence of this or that tower? To all which questions the barber replied in a far more respectful manner than agreed with his usual wont.

One question, however, struck him with astonishment: “And what would you take for this house, if a buyer should be found?”

“Honoured sir, the house is not mine. It belongs to the illustrious senate; and as long as I pay the rent, as did my fathers and grandfathers, the right of it is an heir-loom in my family.”

“But suppose I offer to buy up your heir-loom, as soon as I know what it is worth to you, so that you do not lose?”

“Your worship is wishful—?” asked the astounded barber, and his small eyes peered out, as if to find out the full meaning of the question.

“Don’t you hear! He would buy thy shop!” put in Herr Konrad abruptly, with a sneer.

Hans Ferbitz smirked, and made a low obeisance. “Too much honour, gentlemen, but the place would do you no good. The citizens here would not be pleased to be shaved by people of quality.”

The Ritters laughed.

“And the reverend the senate would never sanction it, and the burghers and common people so much the less,” continued the barber. “The place has been a barber’s shop, since, yes, and before, the time of the Mark-graf Waldemar; the council and the commonalty of both towns have confirmed

it as such ; and, since Louis the Roman's time, my family have dressed the chins both of Berlin folk and Koeln folk, of senators, tradesmen, and working people ; yes, and when there have been cracked skulls, and many minds, both parties came here under the razor, and it was the means of restoring peace. Heads were patched up here, as well before as after, and what looked black at the senate-house often looked red here, and what looked red here looked black at the senate-house. For the senators sometimes like to appear to the commonalty as if they were quarrelling, whilst at home they are laughing in their sleeves. Or it may happen the other way, that before the people they make smooth faces, but when the doors are closed the cheeks become red, and the sweet words curses. But in my room, when the patricians get sat down in a corner, and pour out good wine for one another, they settle things in an hour, which have stood over for years in the senate-house. I can say, with truth, that truth is at home in my chamber. There is a saying, that 'One comes wiser out of the council-chamber than one goes in,' and so it may be said of my room in Koeln and Berlin."

"You are from Koeln?"

Master Hans smirked : "As you please, gentlemen ; in my house it is alike Koeln and Berlin."

"Do but see how important a thing this barber's booth is," said the young nobleman. "The stone of contention which the wisest have not dared to touch, which has set towns by the ears, yes, and,

indeed, emperors and empires—see, it may here be lifted up! The rogue may well ask a high price.”

Hans Ferbitz shrugged his shoulders, with a look which betrayed him to be what the younger called him. “You will not pay the price, Herr.”

“Why not?”

“Because no one will sell his birth-right.”

“Then you think that these wretched laths are to stand for ever, even if a man wanted to build a palace here?”

“So long as Berlin lies on the right, and Koeln on the left side of the Spree, this will be a barber’s shop on the Long Bridge; and when Hans Ferbitz is dead, his right will survive him.”

The young nobleman in the fur cloak assumed a meditative air, and then looked at Herr Johannes, who was much older than himself. “Should not an ancient right, which is prejudicial, be as removable as an old house, which threatens to fall?”

“With permission,” interrupted the barber; “suppose the gentleman wished to build a stately house here, a private house, or a warehouse, with offices, and cellars, and halls, or with turrets and high balconies, and, to be sure, there is no situation in either town so suitable; the gentlemen there,” and he nodded towards the senate-house, “would not allow it. Hans Ferbitz is a good neighbour to them, but a greater man might peep into their windows, and bawl something across the Spree which might not please them; he might, too—but what do I know—I know it is not well

to crack nuts with great folks; that's what the burghers say, when a senator invites himself to visit them. The senators are great people, at least, with us, but outside there are greater people still, and if such an one were to invite himself to their table, they might, perhaps, be afraid. The morsels might be too small for such a guest."

The younker now drew his cap deeper over his brow, and was about to descend the stairs. Herr Johannes had been impatiently waiting a long time. The fact was that many people were coming up Friar's Street. The younger knight had also noticed it, but had supposed the crowd would be longer in approaching. But now it came on pushing and hustling, and heads were being stuck out at every window, shouting and laughing at the spectacle, and a multitude ran together from every corner.

Herr Johannes said, "It is the last moment if we are to cross the Long Bridge. I see them approaching in masses from the Berlin side."

Master Hans, however, decided that it was already too late; that before they could get down the place would be full, and there would be no getting to the bridge. For anything in Koeln attracted the people from Berlin, and so also the other way. And there was nothing to be afraid of here; on the contrary, it was the best place from which to see all that went on, whether it was a comedy or a tragedy, or, as was generally the case, one following the other. But if, as it appeared, it was a carnival masque got up by the trades, there would

be plenty of fun, for there had been a rumour that there was something of the sort getting up, to have a hit at the senate, and nobody could know where it would end. But everybody would envy them so good a place.

The parties were, therefore, compelled to remain where they were, for it just happened as Master Ferbitz predicted, and they had the opportunity of hearing and seeing most of what we have before related: it was not, however, with any good-will that they stayed. The one in fur pulled his bonnet down closer over his face, muffled himself up in his mantle, and sat in a corner so as to be able to see all without being seen. Nor did he seem indifferent to what was passing, for a flush came now and then over his pale, settled features; and sometimes, as if involuntarily, he held his clenched hand forward.

The tumult increased, the crowd grew denser, and fists and sticks were as busy as tongues and throats. The press came at last even to the walls of the house where the party sat, and the cry of murder was raised. Herr Johannes now approached the young nobleman, and said, in his ear, "I counselled you against this ride, sir; would to God we were once more outside the walls!"

Herr Konrad, who heard him, laughed out—"Do you think that because they don't hear their justices, that they will hear no one? Might I say but one word, you would see how it would go with them."

The young nobleman looked him sharply in the

face, and shook his head: "The word would be too good for a noise like this."

At this very moment, some one, who was squeezed up against the pillars of the house, cried out, "In the name of our gracious master and Mark-graf, the Kurprince, keep at any rate the peace!" It was the lieutenant of the castle in Berlin, an old man and a good knight. He had crossed the bridge not knowing what was going on.

But no one heeded him. "That looks bad," said Johannes, looking at the other two. Just then, a relation of Mathis Blankenfelde's was struck down by a flying piece of wood. His party cried out—"That was Pawel Strobant's servant! Break their bones, master and man! Into the water with them! Let not a single Berliner go over the Long Bridge again!" It was fortunate that Herr Johannes Rathenow, having had way made for him by the sturdy brewer, was already upon the bridge, for at a time like this the burgomaster would not have been respected, so furious was the rush against all who were of Berlin: they had already cut off the retreat to the bridge of those whom they had driven up against the barber's house.

"Ye good people of Berlin and Koeln," cried the lieutenant again, "see what you are about. Whatever be your quarrel, this is not the place and way to settle it. What will the Kurprince say to this, and he is not far off, holding diet in Spandow."

"See yonder!" was the cry. "Up there! Down with those youngers!" and the eyes of all were

turned to the balcony. Any one standing close to the taller knight might have fancied he saw signs, if not of fear, at least of something approaching to it. Yet there was a firmness in that face which told of dangers still more imminent that had been already encountered, and there was a dignity in it such as can never be assumed, but is either born with one or is the result of a life of stormy event and changeful fortune; but even such as he may be momentarily startled. The mightiest spirit may be crushed by circumstances, and only display its pre-eminence by being able to rise again. But even had a shadow come over the young knight's countenance, the crowd could not have seen it, for the two others threw themselves immediately before him, their hands on their sword-hilts.

A voice was heard in their immediate neighbourhood, far over-shouting the rest of the noise. Herr Pawel Strobant, like the wild huntsman pursued by his dogs, had rushed up the stairs followed by some of his party. Others joined him by climbing up the trellice-work. His hair was clotted with blood and sweat, and hung dangling over his face, and thus he made his appearance on the balcony shaking his fist, for he had lost his sword; it had been struck out of his hand.

“Come on there, you rat-catchers and fish-wives! Throw your rotten apples, you miserable mice-hunters. There are other apples here for you: come up, come up, here are broken heads and bloody bones cheap! if you have any blood in your fish-guts or bones to break. But you haven't.

You have nought but fish-bones in your wabbling linen hides. You cobbler's blocks, you wax threads, you bristles for besom-makers, you tearsheets and cutpurses—you want to sit among the quality! you want to come into the senate! If I were the senate I would pull your houses about your ears; dog-kennels are good enough for you. You want to go to the Kurprince with your pitch fingers and blubber breeches! he would answer you with a kick down stairs; he would kick you if you had the assurance to shew yourselves before him. What are ye without us? The pavement which we tread on, the ciphers which we make count, the stones on which we grind our knives!—rights do ye want? Hold your backs up here, I'll write on them what you want. You call him your Kurprince, and if ten thousand Kurprinces gave you seals, and letters, and privileges, what would ye be still but the dust under our shoe-soles!"

In this strain the furious Herr Pawel continued raving on. But not one word in ten was heard. He had torn up one of the balcony rails for a weapon, and was stamping enough to bring the house down. All who had their senses left, began to feel real alarm, for what could the few in the house do against the exasperated crowd without. On the other side of the water the shore was crowded, and every boat was bringing over loads. An alarm bell was also ringing in Berlin, and the coppersmiths and tinmen, who usually held with the upper ranks, were hastening hither with their steel caps and halberds, crying out that any injury

done should be revenged bloodily upon the Koeln people.

There were many who would have liked to have shifted the scene from their barber's shop ; but when a fire has got head, who can put it out ; and as long as the senseless Pawel Strobant was haranguing in such a manner, who could help the worst happening ?

“ What have we to do with your quarrel ? ” said Herr Johannes, looking round ; “ we who are strangers ? If there be a good man and true here, who would assist the Count, my master, through the crowd, he should be amply rewarded.”

As he said this, his eye fell upon a young man who was standing close by his side. No one in the bustle had noticed him, nor how he got there, whether he had come with Pawel Strobant, or from outside by the balcony. But his face was not disturbed like theirs ; on the contrary, strikingly calm, and the expression on his countenance was rather that of curiosity than of anger or fear. On hearing Herr Johannes, he said :

“ I am the one to do that ; but they must be separated first.”

“ If you can do that, young man,” replied Konrad, “ you can also bring wind to the miller.”

“ There needs no wizard to do it,” said the youth, and stretching himself with a curious face along the railings, with his fingers in his mouth, he whistled so shrill and continuously, that everybody turned, as if by magic, to look whence it came ; and his piping sounded so droll, that some

who just now wore the most serious faces could hardly help smiling. Perhaps it called to mind some past escapade or other, which was still remembered ; but as it often happens, when excitement is at the stretch, and when one neither knows whether to stop or go on, some comic idea or merry word will make those laugh who scolded before, and alter the tone completely.

But another thing happened at the same moment. Herr Pawel Strobant, continuing his harangue, had just opened his mouth to give utterance to some tremendous hard word, when a stone came so exactly, and it was not a small one, that, at the expense of a few teeth, his just now ferocious face became in a moment a most pitiable one. Many who had looked before as fierce as Herr Pawel, could not but laugh. The blow was, however, so severe, that he would have fallen, had not the youth sprang up, and caught him in his arms ; and the young man's gestures, half of pity, but of so curious a sort, were so irresistible, that there was quite a merry humour diffused over the crowd.

A good many now called out, " Henning, is that you ? Henning, what are you after ? " But Henning held up his hand to the side of his mouth, as if he had something confidential to communicate to one or the other of them, and he pointed, as if it was of importance.

" What is it ? What's the matter ? What were you whistling about ? "

“ You foolish people,” he cried, “ don’t you know ?” and he pointed over the Spree.

“ What ? what ?”

“ Red Hannah is going to be branded, and Salome with the long ear-laps to be whipped. Quick, all who want to see it ! The beadle is at the Spandow-gate already.”

And now, just as when the sun shines through after an April shower, and the thick dark clouds draw together and hasten away, whilst the roofs are yet wet, and the gutters and pipes still bubbling out water, and the streets swimming, just so, a sunbeam had fallen upon the tumult. To be sure, there was bitter blood still, just as there are clouds remaining in the sky, and there was much pushing, and grumbling, and swearing, and now and then crowds ran together with threatening gestures. But the thread was lost, the secret bond was broken, without which a disturbance, accidental as such a thing may appear, cannot continue. The Long Bridge was now crowded, not by people coming to Koeln, but by the Koelnern going to Berlin. The boats were loading the other way, and there was a great concourse down the (now-called) King Street ; thicker and thicker grew the crowd towards the Spandow-gate, for who having good legs and eyes would miss seeing the women punished ; so they were obliged to have a truce.

CHAPTER X.

It does not appear whether any of the Berlin party principally engaged ventured to take their way at once to Berlin, or joined the throng going to the Spandow gate; it is most likely that they did neither, for we shall hear that the place was not quiet enough to have allowed them to retire without abuse and even danger. We may suppose that they busied themselves about Herr Pawel Strobant, whose case required all Hans Ferbitz's skill. He was laid in state in the barber's room just as a respectable gentleman should be who has come to harm in such a sorry way.

Three strangers, however, seemingly of noble rank, might have been noticed taking a round-about way from the barber's shop to the Long Bridge. They were warmly clad in furs, and had drawn their caps deep down over their foreheads. A youth of Berlin appeared as their guide, and seemed to make it his business to take them through

wherever the crowd was thickest. All turned to look after this guide of theirs, and many gave him friendly greeting; some shook his hand, others laughed. Any, however, who did not make way he elbowed unceremoniously, giving them saucy answers if they remonstrated.

"Are those some of your acquaintance, Henning?" said one. "The lad can't be quiet, must be trying to fly."

His answer was a seemingly accidental kick, which threw the other sprawling, for he was heavy and clumsy, "I don't want to lie floundering like you."

To another, who asked him resolutely who they were, and as a crowd who were not in a peaceable humour made a show of stopping the way, he answered, "Red Hannah is their aunt, and Salome their sister, they want to see what an honour their connexions are to them."

"A nice family!" laughed the others, letting him pass, though some shouted after him. "What are you to have, Henning, for acting as beadle? Look out, Henning, they are great folks, and pay like the senate does; you know how the senate pays."

Henning whistled, and then grumbled out, "Let every man sweep before his own door, and what he finds is his own."

The noblemen were all anxiety at first, lest the lad's assurance should get them into difficulties; and it was not much to their minds that he was so well known, for just what they did not want—

to be seen of every one—was just what happened to them. But they could not complain, for they would have done badly without him. There was still a good deal of crowding together, and bitter words were flying to and fro against the authorities, and though the parties were strangers, yet by their clothes it was evident they were quality folks. When anger is excited, it seeks its victim, and if it does not find one before it, it looks sideways.

When they arrived at the Jews' quarter, where there was more room, for who, who could help it, would go into the Jews' quarter, their guide gave them to understand that he had fulfilled his commission. They did not gainsay it, and at a nod of the young man's, Herr Konrad offered the youth a considerable piece of money. He laughed, however, and said, "That was not the bargain."

Both the companions thought that it was because it was not enough, and Herr Konrad knitted his brow, saying it was enough for so short a service; nevertheless, he again applied to his purse. The young man in the fur cloak, however, had read otherwise in the lad's face, and he motioned Konrad back.

"It is not that. He seems to be a froward burgher's son, who will receive nothing at the hand of strangers."

"Why not, had I earned it?" said Henning.
"But I don't know what I have done."

The two knights looked at one another, and it

was not with displeasure that the younker remarked the youth's fearless mien.

"Still you have done us a service, and it shall never be said of me that I refused the labourer his hire. So, speak out; can I do anything for you?"

The lad made a knowing face: "You, sir? no."

"Come, come, don't be too proud," said the other; "gold may perish, and courage wax faint."

"If you want to see Salome whipped, you must make haste. Hannah is being branded, I hear her cry," said the youth, preparing to start off, as if the talk was too long for him.

"Stay, boy," said the nobleman; "you will see people enough burnt and hung, for there will be danger in plenty in the land; but turn not away from one who would serve you. What is your name? I would be able to find you, if I have need. Where are you to be found?"

"Ask the first best man you meet for five miles round," replied the lad, not without pride, "and he will take you to Henning Mollner."

"And will you not come to seek me?"

"What should I want from you?"

"Enough! this, then, must stand to your credit."

"Well," shouted the youth, "if ever I am in a crowd in your town, you will help me out." And with that he darted away, as fast as he could run, through the Jews' quarter, till he disappeared down a cross street. But for all the hurry he was in, he

had time to loll out his tongue at some Jewish maidens who were lounging in the windows, and to shout something at them, which made them draw in their heads; he ran, too, against an old Jew, who met him at the corner, so as to roll him into the kennel, nor did he stop to pull him out again; still the Jew, as he rose, pulled off his red hat to him, and followed him with his eyes, calmly and reverentially, as long as he was in sight; and so did all the others who were standing at the doors, or looking out of the windows. The old people looked at him with fear and anxiety, but many a black-haired girl, with longing eyes and flushed cheeks. Fear does not make the cheek red.

There was a good deal going on in the quarter, though there was quiet outside, and not much passing. At every window there were heads thrust out, and neighbours were whispering to each other busily in their own language. An anxious look-out was being kept to all sides, and it was evident that there was great alarm. But still, curiosity was more powerful, for as the three stately strangers, with their handsome furs, bonnets, and gay hilted swords, passed through the streets, all eyes were turned on them. They were standing in doubt as to the way, at the corner of a cross street, when the younker felt his cloak lightly pulled, and turning round, beheld an old Jew standing uncovered, with his head bent nearly to the ground.

“Honourable and reverend gentlemen, if I dare

to speak to you, the gentlemen are no doubt strangers in Berlin: this is the Jews' quarter."

"Touch not his garment, dog of a Jew!" said Herr Konrad, hastily.

"It was all I was going to say," continued the Hebrew. "They have certainly mistaken their way, the stranger gentlemen, and here by this alley lies the way out; no Berlin people have seen them—they have other things to look at besides our miserable dwellings."

But the knight, as if he felt himself challenged by the Jew's warning, to shew that he cared not who saw him, lifted up his head, and gazed all round him, and the spectacle of the many thousand heads at the windows seemed to astonish him.

"Is to-day a holiday with you?"

"Shall a day of fear be a holiday, honoured sir? Do we clothe us in silk and ribbons, when we are in dread lest they break into our houses, to tear open our chests, and tread us under foot?"

A sudden look of the younger's said as plainly as words could have done, that a quarrel betwixt senate and commonalty could have nothing to do with the Jews.

"If the fine and great houses are on fire, honoured sir, will not the huts around them burn also? It is a bad time for the Jews when there is a quarrel in the towns; when the great folks and the burghers fight, the blows fall upon us."

"Quiet is restored," said the younger, moving to go further.

“The blessing of the Lord accompany the honourable gentlemen, and that they may come out of the town uninjured and unendangered! But what has been before, will be again: the towns will not be at peace; the senators will not forget war; the tradesfolk and poor will riot and make tumult, and my people must be the sufferers!”

“Jew, gulp down thy litany!” interrupted Herr Konrad, pushing between, as if to follow the younker.

But there must have been a something in the pitiful bearing and the sagacious look of the old man, which attracted the other. He winked that the Jew should follow him, whilst he proceeded at a slow pace; and, to the surprise of all in the Jews’ quarter, the old Baruch was seen following at the heels of the well-clad gentleman, answering his questions, and listened to apparently with attention. The Jew walked, to be sure, with his head bent to the ground, rather than turned to his questioner. They of his household, women, children, and servants, all stood on the threshold to see the old man talking confidentially with so grand-looking a personage, and they lifted their hands over their heads with astonishment, and only drew back into the house when Baruch nodded to them to do so; but from every door-post and window there were some looking out, one pulling another back, that he too might see so rare a sight. The two knights followed, with amused looks, but without deigning a glance at the Jews around them.

"We are lucky in our guides to-day," said Herr Konrad.

"Truly a most honourable escort," answered Johannes.

"And these new acquaintances which he has made in this rebellious town, will be of particular advantage to him," said the other, ironically.

But the younger evidently thought otherwise, for he gave great attention to all that the Jew said to him.

"You keep on good terms, therefore, with the senate?"

"What can we keep on good terms with, save it will with us, for we are powerless? The worshipful senators are proud and haughty, because they are rich; but it is not the rich man who takes the poor man's bread when he is hungry, or his cloak when he is cold: had we to do but with them, we might crawl in the mud and play in the sun, and keep all that they do not themselves want, because they have better themselves. But they who are not rich, but would fain eat at rich men's tables, and clothe themselves in velvet and silk, it is they who look askance at us, and put us in fear—yes, if we do but find a grain among the sand, or the sun does but shine upon us."

"But the authorities of the town boast that they judge righteously, and their wise men ratify what the sheriffs do. They would see justice done to you against the people, if the people did you wrong."

"The wise men find the verdict, honoured sir;

but when it is found, does he who is the complainer always get it? They boast their judgment just, and they look down upon the lowly, and say, 'Why would you put in a word?' But should the poor grumble and threaten, then they look at each other, and one whispers into another's ear, 'It is dangerous to bid defiance to the public will, and it will not answer for us to do it;' and they reckon up the privileges which they enjoy, and which they might lose, and on whose account? For a poor Jew! and the noblest judgment which the sheriffs have decreed slips away like a light farthing, and justice, as straight as the steel of a Koeln blade, becomes as twisted as a screw. It is all for the sake of peace, for the common weal, they say; but it is for their own weal, that they may be undisturbed in their afternoon's nap, and that the people may not come shouting at their windows, when they announce their meal-times by cymbals and blowing of trumpets. Our fathers had privileges, and safety, and good trade in the towns, and everything was paid for in good silver and gold to the gentlemen who sit in the treasury. But one privilege after another has been taken from us, and not repaid us in money, for the trades come before the council with flags and music, saying, 'This is to our injury; we are good citizens, and they miserable Jews.' We may not buy cattle or sell flesh now, save such as the butchers will not kill; and we may not stand in the market, or venture out, save in our own streets, nor sit before our

own doors, nor invite a Christian man over our thresholds."

"And yet you pray for the continuance of the senate?"

"We pray for it day and night, for what would become of us were its rule at an end? If the trades had the authority, what would become of us then? for though they have not as yet found their way into the senate, they find their way nevertheless into the Jews' quarter, and bawl, and riot, and shout, and break our windows, and tear out our fastenings, plucking us by the beards, and spitting in our faces, till our women shriek for fear, to break our very hearts? We have seen troublous days in Berlin, honoured sir, and the like will return again; and the children's children of those who lie now in their cradles will not have seen the last of them."

"That is a long prospect," said the knight, as he stood still at the end of a cross street, and a shade of serious consideration crossed his high forehead.

"Every time when the people rise against the senate we tremble upon our roofs, or creep into our cellars, for better cannot come of it,—it can but come worse."

"Better must come." A shade of displeasure clouded the young man's face; but this soon gave way to an expression of sudden but firm resolve. "Much in this land will be altered, or I am ignorant of the intentions of the Markgraf."

The Jew looked up, but his smile was one of incredulity. "The blessing of the Lord, and of our prayers, be upon the noble prince, but better will not come of it. May his warfare be glorious, and his deeds bring him honour, but he will not make things better."

"Jew!" The younker stared at him half-surprised, half-angrily.

Baruch continued in the same tone:—"He has iron teeth, they say, and a will which is as straight as a knight's sword; but can he pull down towers, and walls, and tear up trees which have stood for centuries, even though he have iron teeth? Can he walk straight from one end of the land to the other, seeing that the roads are crooked?"

"Towers enough have the Mark-grafs broken down," said the younker, with frowning brow, "and levelled the loftiest walls."

"And the towns stood by them when they did so," answered the Jew; "and so the castles were pulled down. But what did that help? Have they who lived in them disappeared from the earth? Their houses and castles are everywhere, in the highway and in the forest; and their market is everywhere. And should the Mark-graf have altered his mind, and wish to break up the towns, who will stand by him? The country, perhaps! Should he do so, he must call from every forest and highway, and they will come, but like howling wolves. Will he loose them, that they may devour the spoil which is his? The rule of the senate is

hard to bear, the Lord give us strength to bear it; from the rule of the trades and the poor, may He graciously preserve us! God forbid that the Mark-graf set his foot in anger on the necks of the towns; for we know what it is at present, but we know not what it may be."

"The Kurprince has as yet injured no one who trusted in him, and behaved aright!" said the youngker, in an irritated tone.

"May the Lord, who created heaven and earth, bless him for it, and let him reap the seed which he has sown; but us he will not better. The prince's hand is a strong hand, and his voice a loud voice; but he cannot overthrow the mountains which have stood a thousand years, nor can he outery the voice of the clouds. His will is good, but he cannot make that which is crooked straight; and to the worm which is trod underfoot, he cannot say, 'Arise, and run like a stag, or fly like the eagle.' His breath is balsam and myrrh, and his look is gracious, but only for those who are born to receive grace and favour; to them who live in the dirt and wallow in the mud it reaches not. Many rulers and princes have wished us well. The lords of Anhalt, Waldemar the Great, his widow Agnes, also the Bavarian Louis; but what they gave us was as the schlemihl which comes into the poor man's house—it eats up all that is therein. Envy is fed with the crumbs, and the house increases only that the wind may take hold of the gable, and the fire find food in its rafters. The God of his people protects us from favour which does not be-

long to us. It is as a torch for our enemies wherewith to see the last that we have. Woe unto us when any favour us! He who will serve us, let him not look on us with his eyes; let him turn his back to us. He who would act lovingly by us, let him not think of us in his thoughts."

The younker's companions could not but remark that he who before had had eyes for everything, now took his way mute and lost in thought, paying no attention to their remarks. Herr Konrad suggested that the old Jew had bewitched him, but Herr Johannes said he knew what the poison was which had been working in his master's mind since he had been in the country, and the Jew's talk had only awakened what had been sleeping. They went along discussing with each other how it was that Jews were tolerated in a Christian country. Herr Konrad said—"They only believe in one eternal God, the creator of heaven and earth; and they hold to the old dispensation, and are therefore enemies to the new, which is the sum total of Christianity, and they brought Christ to an innocent death. It is therefore wonderful that they are allowed to live among Christians."*

"There are four reasons why they are tolerated," answered Herr Johannes, "so say our statute-books. The first is, that they believe the Old Testament, and therefore witness to Christ; the second, for the sake of their generation, being that

* "Darumme is dat wunderlich dat man stadet di Joden bi der Cristenheit tu wesene."—*Berliner Schöppenrecht*.

from which Christ received his mortality—namely, from the root of Jesse ; thirdly, in the hope of their own conversion, seeing that they will have to stand before the judgment-seat of God ; and fourthly, for the sake of the remembrance of Jesus Christ. For so often as we see a Jew, so often should we think in our hearts of the sore suffering he underwent for our sakes.”

“ I know another reason,” said Herr Konrad, after a moment, and he laughed.

“ And that is——”

“ Because they always have money when it is wanted. How do you know whether or not the burg-grafs would have had places just now in the Mark, if Frederick the First’s court Jew had had no gold ? The mortgage was a heap of money.”

“ Then we may be thankful,” said Herr Johannes, “ that King Sigismund’s court Jew had none, or he would not have mortgaged it.”

The younker, who had heard the latter remarks, turned round, and said—“ And is there, then, cause to be thankful ?”

CHAPTER XI.

THOUGH the Ritters may have had an answer ready, the younker gave them no time to utter it, for beckoning them to follow, he turned suddenly away, not towards the hostelrie called the Stag, where they had left their horses, but in the direction of the convent. They looked at one another with astonishment as they saw him approach the large house, the house of the Mark-graf, with such questions as, "What is he going to do?"—"If the lieutenant were to see us?" The large and high building bore more the appearance of a mass of stone than of a princely residence, and its front looked like that of an enemy towards the street, all its windows opening to its own courts and out-buildings. The knight strode past it without turning his head, and bent his way, behind the convent of the Grey Friars, to the place where the avenue of lime-trees served as a natural and fit portal to the church.

Here first he relaxed his speed, and his gaze rested on the reverend pile and the noble trees, which, in their winter dress, with their frosted boughs and twigs, stood like marshals to the temple. Then his eye fell upon the many indigent and crippled who were sitting and standing about the gate, holding out their hands silently to the in-goers; and at a nod from him, Herr Johannes bestowed plentiful alms upon them. They were loud in their thankfulness, and invoked the Lord's blessing on the heads of such generous gentlemen, and upon their in-comings and out-goings, for they saw that they were strangers. "May they soon come again!" said one; and another added, "and remain here, for our great folks are not pious and generous like they are!" The youngker smiled, and standing a moment on the threshold, he asked—"And what say you, Johannes, to their wish?"

But again Herr Johannes could not get out his answer, for the youngker having uncovered, had entered the church, and was already treading his way carefully, with his eyes bent down, lest he should disturb the prayerful in their devotions. The church was dark, for the sun was not out, and but little light could come through the frosted windows, from clouds heavy with snow. The candles on the altar, before which the priest was reading mass, dispensed their light only over a very narrow circle. The youngker, however, searched amongst the pictures, as if he knew their situations, till he found one, before which he remained standing with folded arms.

And if it was not exactly with the solemnity with which a pious man kneels before the picture of a saint, still it was with an earnestness which withheld his companions from joining him. They stood whispering to each other, as to who it could be before whose representation their master was standing, when the sacristan, who stood behind and heard them, beckoned them into a window recess, where no one could hear them.

“That is neither a picture of the olden time, nor of one whom the living have forgotten. Indeed I knew him myself, when he was alive and well. Thirty years ago, he was riding through Berlin, the crowd shouting after him, and the trades following with music. The senate handed him the grace-cup on the Long Bridge. The burghers’ bonny daughters did look at him, and the wives of the greatest, as well as of the poorest amongst us, too. He was full six feet high, and he sat his horse as few in this whole country do. There was banquet after banquet; more than he liked of them, for he thirsted for the battle—and he went there soon enough. There was an emulation amongst the trades which of them should be nearest him in the fray, more than there would be to be near any knight of the present day. His plume was two feet high, and his harness was inlaid with silver, it was a treat to see it. His name was Hans von Hollach, a knight such as there were few in the kingdom.”

The knights turned their eyes with interest to the picture, and the sacristan continued—

“At Cremmer-dam, where lies many a son of Berlin, a blow from a Pomeranian club caught him. He did not know the bad footing, and went too far. The town people knew it; but they were too eager to pay off scores with the country nobles, and blindly confident in him for their leader, as if all could not but be right where he was. In the rush, however, he received a wound on the temple, and he could do no more than hold on his horse, which bore him away with the others. Who it was that gave the noble knight the death-blow no one knew, for he could not say. Some say he was already dead when they got him to Berlin, others that he breathed his last just as they came into the town. It was a time of mourning, and there was cause for it; for many were left in the morass, and the Havellands people took many a rich burgher's son prisoner, who was not ransomed cheap. There was a sad lamentation; for if a knight like Hans von Hollach, who had always carried victory along with him, couldn't stand against the nobles, though all the towns had contributed man and horse, who could? Everybody said it would go hard with the Mark-graf, and that he would never succeed, and that it would be intolerable, after all this, under the country nobility. But it only went on so a short time. Necessity, which pressed on all alike, made them forget their private quarrels, for the towns, the senate, and the commonalty were all at that time one against the other. The day came when the count was to be buried, and they were reading masses for him, for

he died unconfessed and unabsolved. I see it all now, how they knelt, and how the women wept, and the men had enough to do to keep dry eyes. On that day they who were enemies shook hands, and they met before the church and spoke as they should have done. The burgomaster, Herr Mattheus Rathenow, father of the present one, how he did speak as they lowered the knight into his grave! They were words to melt a heart of stone. What was lost was not to be considered, but what they had still to lose. In such times every honest man must forget selfish feelings for the good of the town, and the land. A burgher was not worthy of the name, who cried 'revenge' because a neighbour trod on his heel, at a time when the common enemy was laughing outside the gates, and threatening to tread down with iron foot all that was called law and institution; and he read them the Kurprince's letter, who at that time was also Burg-graf, urging them to man themselves till he could himself come to punish the evil-doers. And what he said about the deceased count!—that he had not come to gain goods or possessions, but had left his own fair soil for the good cause alone, that they should pledge themselves over his grave to unanimity,—it would be the greatest reward to the departed, who had died for their welfare. It had its effect; and people who had not looked on each other before, now gave each other the hand, whilst the rich promised to give towards their defence, each one as much as two or three of them had given before. The trades strove as to who should

be first, not in rank or place, but in gifts and good services. And it had its fruits against the time when Mark-graf Frederick, of blessed memory, came down into the Mark, for he found the towns clad in iron from top to toe, and the robber-knights soon fled and vanished away, like wild game in the fields at the sound of the hunting-horn. But they were pursued to their holes and hiding-places, and their castles were pulled down, their villages destroyed, and their fosses filled up. Every honest heart in the land beat more freely then, and every body praised God, and thanked the Mark-graf, and the brave citizens and the towns, who had risked their all in the work."

The two knights scarcely heard, perhaps, all that the sacristan said, from whose manner it might be judged that he had not always been a man of word only, but also of deed. They were occupied rather, as was their master, with bended heads, in silent prayer for the repose of the deceased knight, Johann of Hohenlohe.

But in the old sacristan the light of other days again burnt up, and bitterly did he complain how the present generation had forgotten all. He did not bethink him that this was not a proper place, nor did he notice that the knights were not paying attention to him. "They quarrel about a blade of straw," he went on, "this new vaunting race; it is enough to make the dead turn them in their graves. What sort of heroes are these brewers and butchers now-a days—and, more than all, these insolent woollen-drapers? In my time, they

went in their leathern breeches, one and all, the richest and the best, and every one doffed the bonnet to them, because they did so. But now fine cloth is not good enough for them; they must go in silk and fur, and wrap themselves in velvet. If a robber rides of a night within sight of their walls, they cry 'Woe,' and 'Murder,' forgetting that be-foretimes, an honest man could not walk ten steps in open day, but he might be fallen upon and slain. But so it is, when a man is sitting in peace, he feels when a flea bites him. At that time, when a man had to defend his whole hide, it was not so. It is because they have grown rich, and have lost all thought of the days when a man gave all he had—yes, and his life too—for bare peace. Those were times which will never return, nor will the dead rise again."

"Amen, and peace be to their souls," said a voice. It was the younker's, who, passing by, took his way slowly along the dim aisles, and from the church.

"Knights of the empire, most likely," murmured the sacristan, "and perhaps relations of the deceased Count, for who is there here who cares about Hans von Hollach, where he lies, or that his grave-stone is trod flat, and his picture eaten by moths! But it matters not to them, the dead have no voice to complain. They hang the church-yards with their linen to dry, whether lords lie underneath, or Jews, or beggars,—one may tread over their heads as one pleases. But if a neighbour lets an old shoe-sole fall on a neighbour's

ground, or if a cat falls off a roof, they fall out, and talk of bringing it before the Emperor and the states—they rip open each other's bowels for the sake of a rag on a hedge, which no decent man would touch."

When he had reached the outside, the younker, with an aspect more serious still than it had been before, said to his companions, "That was the first noble blood with which the young tree of our empire in this country was watered—would to God and his saints it may be the last!"

The knights made no reply; but their looks were sufficiently expressive. The streets were still busy, and on all sides the occurrences of the morning were being discussed. They gained their inn, the court of which was much thronged, and it was not without difficulty that they got their horses through the many vehicles and conveyances of all descriptions. The landlord was very urgent that they should stay dinner, which he had prepared after Franconian fashion, just as was served at the Kur-prince's own table. "We shall be here again," said the younker, as the host respectfully held his stirrup-leather.

"And have that sort of cookery in everything," murmured Herr Konrad.

Their passage to the Spandow-gate was also much impeded, for they met the stream of those who had been to see the flogging; others, too, were still going out in that direction. When the porter at the gate demanded their names and rank, the younker answered, "Count Konrad von

Knipprode, in the service of the Burg-graf Albrecht von Nürnberg, on an embassy to his brother, the Kurprince Frederick the Other." At which the watchman opened the town-gate, and allowed the others to pass without question.

As the doors closed behind them, the younker's horse became restive, indeed almost unmanageable; but his master was lost in thought, and remained casting a cloudy look at the gate, which frowned dark and defying with its nail-heads, and bolts, and bars, strengthening its strong oaken beams. Still more dangerous appeared the side-towers, built of smooth brick, with ornamented battlements. The walls here and there presented oblique shields of sandstone, on which the arms of the united towns and of the families of quality were engraved. Heads of people might be seen on the gates and on the battlements, but they were only drawn there by curiosity; still, the plumes, and helmets, the halberds of the sentinels, and the different martial implements which laid around, gave to the whole a warlike appearance. Every town of that day was obliged to be prepared for every danger; it was but necessary to beat the drum and ring the alarm-bell, and each town was at once a citadel.

"Is not that the gate before which my father——" began the younker; but Herr Johannes seized hold of the rein of his horse just as it made a fearful spring, which had well nigh taken itself and rider from the drawbridge where they were, into the deep fosse which poured its waters into the Spree.

"It is, your Highness; but, for God's sake," cried Herr Johannes, interrupting him in the sentence, "this is no place for us to linger!" And he led the horse over the bridge, and past the precincts of the towns, whilst the moody gaze of the youngster still reverted to the dark doors.

"There is more delay for us there," said Herr Konrad, pointing forwards to where a crowd stood surrounding the beadle and his attendants, who were preparing to take their way back to the town, whilst the children and women were cruelly making sport of the women who had suffered the punishment. The knights, therefore, turned sharp to the right, through a suburb of miserable huts, whence the inhabitants stared wildly at such well-clad horsemen. They rode hastily, and not until they were far beyond the last house did they slacken their speed: then, they drew their breath more freely, as men who had escaped danger. The sky had clouded over, and the snow-clouds were flying from the direction of Spandow. At their side, lay the towns, smoking—no agreeable objects; indeed, there was nothing cheering in the scene around them. The Spree, in its windings, shone faintly behind long rows of decayed willows; and all around, there was nothing but snow and long stripes of inhospitable pine-woods; only here and there, on the distant horizon, there might be seen the tower of some church, pointing out the situation of a village; the only living things were the countless flights of crows which rose out of the thickets, and again

settled, croaking, on the snow-covered fields, regardless of the neighbourhood of the passengers.

"God and the saints be praised," said Herr Johannes, "that he has protected and guided us! It was not with my will!"

The youngker, as he turned round to answer, shewed a different aspect to the one he had worn in the town; not only was his beard smaller and more pointed, but also his complexion, as he now rubbed his face, became fairer than it had been. Brighter it did not become, for the lines of thought were perceptible over his noble and polished features, and his eyes, in which was much to be read, seemed as if darker when contrasted with the fairer complexion.

"And what think you, Konrad?" asked the youngker, in a calm tone, for his companions took no notice of the change in his appearance.

"I think, your Grace, it was not worth the trouble and the risk. All that we have seen and heard we knew well enough before."

"The eye of the master sees more than the eye of the follower," answered the Prince, for so we may now call him.

"But the master's eye is a part of his face, and his face a part of his sacred person," said Herr Johannes; "and as a man guards his head in the first instance, because the whole body depends upon the head, and is sick when the head is ailing, so the Prince, as the head of his country, is bound to shun and avoid all dangers. Again, just as when a man is on a journey, and a stone lies in

his path, he does not lift it up with his mouth and teeth, but pushes it away with his hands and feet. So has the Prince limbs, which in his behalf——”

“Hear and see,” interrupted the Prince. “Honour to the limbs, Herr Johannes, for what head could hold itself up did not the limbs provide according to its direction. But does a knight, in battle, guard his head more than his arms and legs? Is it not, on the contrary, most exposed to arrows and blows? Or what would be said of one who should hide his head under his saddle-bow, and fight only with his arms? Is not my brother Albrecht esteemed throughout Europe as a knight and hero without equal, because he sprang first into the breach of a town, and maintained his footing single-handed against hundreds? There the head was first, and the limbs but came afterwards.”

“In war, that is custom and right; in peace, it is otherwise.”

“Think you so?” said the Prince, and his eye lighted up with a peculiar expression. “The duties of princes are, methinks, the same in war and peace—to precede others, that they may follow in lawfulness and duty. And tell me, then,” he added, “if a time should come when the word should do more than the sword, and the power of the tongue and the might of truth be louder than the thunder of the battle—in such peaceful times,—but Konrad smiles incredulously.”

“On the contrary,” said the Ritter, smilingly; “I would rejoice could we conquer the Pome-

ranians with reasons, the Mecklenburghers with wise sayings, and the errant nobles here in the country with sensible representations ; and that pack of burghers there—with what?—with our good example.”

“And so it will be,” answered the Mark-grave, earnestly, “though we may not live to see it. And in times like those, the prince, who would be loved of his people and respected of strangers, as he now shews himself first in the battle-field, must then rank first amongst the wise and the just, hiding neither his face nor his actions behind a curtain. He must see the clearest of all and hear the most distinctly, or he will be no longer the master, but the servant of those who see and hear for him. Say, parson Johannes, will not such times come? Am I not right?”

“The first and earliest task of him who is called upon to act,” answered the one addressed, “is, according to my opinion, to look no further into futurity than the length of his arm. What, in times like those, might be the office and duty of princes is more indistinct to us than the line of forests which swim in the mist yonder. But I do hold it wrong to ride into a revolted town without man and horse, with no other protection than—a false beard.”

“But, learned sir,” interrupted Konrad, “they will not let his Grace enter with man and horse.”

Said the prince—“I am of opinion, Johannes, that it was by other protection than that of a beard. The same safeguard, I mean, which was

held over my brother against the hundred foes in the breach, and which preserved him unharmed. And suppose they had discovered me, do you think I should have been lost?"

"May God have forbade that such blood stain should have rested on this already crime-burthened land. No, such ungentleness I should not expect."

"Well then, what?"

"It is bad enough to think of the abuse which your Grace might have been forced to hear. See how this stubborn pack deals with its own authorities! When the name of the lord of the land was named, only one touched his bonnet. They laughed and took no heed. Good and brave men there are everywhere, who entertain proper respect, but the number of the bad is greater than of the good; and would even the respect of all have been a safeguard against every chance? The stone thrown by the unwashed hand may light on the noblest head. I, therefore, hold it presumption to venture what is not ours, and to lift the arm oneself where the servant's would suffice. Do not look so sternly, I have a sufficient precedent. Frederick the First, when he won this land from the emperor, knew that it was not well for him to appear here himself till order was restored, and a prince might show himself without his person being insulted. He did not, therefore, come himself, but sent his council, his knights, and generals, to make the way straight for him, to punish the bad and spread a surface

of order over the land, on which his princely foot might step with honour."

The Margrave raised his bonnet, and said—"To such precedent give honour and respect, and peace be to his soul ; he sleeps in God."

As they rode further, he turned to Herr Konrad : "You are silent ; that is not usual with you."

"Perhaps it is the air, your Grace, or the croaking of the crows, or the stink of the town which will not out of my nostrils."

"Are there no unsavoury odours in Nürnberg, or no narrow alleys in Frankfort and Hamburg?"

"Your Grace, the curriers, and soap-boilers, and butchers, are unsavoury all the world over. But as such like cannot be done without, towns are necessary things ; but in this country they seem to me like children's windmills, they turn for ever and make no meal ; indeed, to call these mud-heaps towns seems to me ridiculous, and to lend an ear to their squallings, like trying to learn the art of falconry amongst the flappings and croakings of ravens."

"Then Herr Johannes has a convert in you," said the prince, with a smile. "Falconry is good sport, but there are many sorts of hunting in the world. He who would fish on the top of a mountain, or seek the chamois in the plains, would be looked upon as a fool. Hunting the boar, and baying the stag, are royal sports ; but following the bear, and tracing the wolf, are also pleasures, though the huntsman regards them less. It is the wolf-hunter's pleasure to rid the land. Thus duties

are divided, good Konrad. I would rather have hunted noble game with my brother in fair Franconia amongst vineyards on the gently winding Maine. But it was to be otherwise. My father placed him there, and me as huntsman here. I did not complain, though many said, 'It is unfairly dealt. You, the elder, receive dry, fruitless soil, and he a rich country providing for itself. You have bitter toil, and he the rich harvest.' I said to myself, 'To him who has the work, to him is the honour. If I succeed in fertilizing barren ground, who knows but my harvest will be sweeter than his. I envy, therefore, not my brother, nor grieve at my father's will. I have become huntsman, labourer, and gardener, in the country where I am placed. I look not back at the green hills and dales, the lovely streams, and the proud rock castles of my fathers ; this is my fatherland. This bleak air has become a home to me. I shall hunt in these pine-forests, and sow in this changing sand ; and though the wind carry away the seed a hundred times, I will sow anew, and persevere, so long as God shall give me strength.' "

Herr Johannes answered, "Amen ;" and they rode on awhile in silence. When they next spoke, it was of the life and deeds of the noble Count Johann von Hohenlohe, and both the attendants were full of his praise ; they only lamented that he had not fallen a victor, that his memory seemed forgotten, and that his name was scarcely mentioned by the people for whom he bled.

“Forgotten!” cried Frederick, and his eye gleamed with singular earnestness; “was that no fair inscription in the mouth of the old sacristan? No one dictated it to him, none of the kindred bade him prepare it, yet it sounded more gloriously than ever did Latin inscription paid for with gold; or do you complain that his memorial stands only in a dark corner of a church? And did he not fall victorious? Is not our rule the victory bought by his heroical death? He was one of that good seed, which, sown too early in this untilled ground, was choked with weeds. But he was not lost. His blood tilled the land, and the tree which my father planted in it with a strong hand, is it not waxed great?”

They were silent. Konrad said, after a pause, “It will need much tilling ere the roots fasten in this loose sand.”

“As God wills,” answered Frederick; “or think you that the power is not in me to uphold it?”

“And more, too, I expect from your noble arm,” cried Konrad, with some warmth; “and a rich man also can do much. The goldsmith can inlay the most miserable earthen vessel with gold and jewels; yet a goldsmith would hardly be justified in turning his greatest skill and his gold and jewels to the adorning an earthen vessel. He gains more, and for less trouble, too, when he works on a metal one. What can be made of these sandhills and morasses which the sea forgot when he went to his bed?”

“I cannot estimate that,” said Frederick; “but this I know, that he, to whom his father leaves an heritage, be it ever so bad and unpromising, must tend and guard it, for he received it not for himself alone, but for his children’s children. He acts, therefore, not as with his own, but as a steward who must give an account. This country of the Mark was won at the expense of the best German blood, by the sacrifice of a thousand martyrs, from the Vandals and their slavish race. It was won for the empire that it might continue German. To this end the Mark-grafs received it from the Empire, whose children we all are; it was for this that my father received it and left it to me, and it is not for me to rake about and question whether the ground is worth the tillage; but as a father, to whom God has given deformed children, he must not ask why they are not comely and straight, but tend them with the same affection as if they were so, and would bring him honour in his old age.”

They rode on now at a faster pace, for the evening wind blew cold over the heath, and large flakes of snow began to fall. Herr Konrad, however, whispered to Johannes, as with the last glimmer of twilight they saw the walls and towers of Spandow before them—“If he talks like that before the diet, who knows but he may conquer the Pomeranians with good reasons, and the nobility with his representations.”

CHAPTER XII.

“FOR the transgression whereby I have transgressed am I in mercy corrected. I will bear no malice for that which is done unto me ; nor will I henceforth, nor for ever, set foot in the town, so help me God and his saints ; and may God in his grace shew mercy unto me.”

The beadle had, in this manner, dictated the oath, and the wretched women had stammered it after him ; but in their minds they knew nought of it. Bleeding as they were, and in extreme anguish, they had been lifted up to fulfil the cruel mandate, which obliged them thus to render thanks for the sufferings of their bodies ; and when the last word was mumbled over, they fell down again shrieking, and the beadle turned his back on them.

Amongst the hundred faces which had been looking on, not one shewed signs of pity. The cries which had scared the ravens flying overhead, had only been answered by laughter from the crowd. Some one or two there may have been

who followed the platted scourge as it raised purple-coloured weals on the white shoulders of the younger one, with lustful eyes, saying half-aloud to a stander-by, "It is a pity for such a fine woman!" But when the red-hot iron was driven between the teeth of the poor old Hannah, and overpowered with agony she fell screaming to the ground, then indeed the shouts of all mocked her pangs. But they were shouts of universal delight; they looked upon her as one does upon a worn-out steed, which is struck down by the knacker.

Herr Trebuss, the senator, yawned, and bade the beadle make haste, that they might get home before the snow began to fall. He was thinking of the festivity of the evening at Thomas Wyns's. The beadle took the red-hot iron out of the furnace, and whirling it about his head, asked, with a coarse laugh, if any of the bystanders required his services; and with that he thrust it into a puddle, where it hissed itself out. He then bade his attendant take it home, together with the furnace; but first he turned him round, and spat on the ground, that nothing might cleave to him from his contact with the criminals, and many others did the same ere they turned away to hasten back to the town. The summoner alone remained a few paces behind, and when no one was looking, he threw down a bag, which he had till now concealed, at the foot of one of them, and then shaking his whole body, he spat on the ground, and hurried as fast as he could to join the others.

On the way home, the talk was whether the pair

would remain prostrate, or have strength enough to raise themselves up before dark ; for if they were to be caught by the night, naked and wounded as they were, the morning sun would shine but upon two corpses. The most thought that the younger one had not been punished as she deserved ; perhaps the young gentlemen who had passed so many an hour with her had oiled the beadle's palm. But others said it was because a delicate woman could not endure so much. Red Hannah had had her full allowance. Many wondered how the beadle had courage to lay hands on such an old witch. "The night is no man's friend," murmured a grey-headed cobbler ; "but such as she is, come first to life in the night. If they had beaten her as flat as a fly against a wall, and if all her limbs were broken on a wheel, I tell you," said he, "she would jump up in the night, when the trees begin to creak and to whistle, and dance as if nought had happened to her. The beadle will have to look out some midnight when it whistles in the chimney ; his hand will be dried up before Red Hannah forgets him."

Some were of opinion, that when women with magical arts were turned out, a priest should accompany them and exorcise them. "What do we pay the priests for ?"

The cobbler answered—"Old women put in a sack, with a cock, and a cat, and a dog, and a stone, and drowned in the Spree,—that's the only way to protect honest citizens against their devices.

But the gentry in the council think themselves wiser than any one else."

"Perhaps they have their reasons," put in one of the others.

"And what business is it of yours?" interrupted the senate-officer, Andreas. "All delinquents receive punishment. Who ever saw the council asleep? How many have not been burnt since the union of the towns, broken on the wheel, buried alive, or roasted in the coppers? You folk may have many things to complain of, but you can find no fault with the senate on that score. If any one but lays his hand where he should not, contrary to what is written in the statutes, is he not flogged, or branded, or banished? I have seen from the old registers, that there have been more banished from the towns, and forbidden to return, than there are this day citizens in Koeln and Berlin."

All agreed that the senate had done its duty as far as that went. One only remarked, that he wondered, if all the other towns had banished as many, where they all were.

"What have you to do with that?" answered the zealous Andreas. "Let every man look to himself, and sweep before his own door."

All had by this time re-entered within the walls, the heavy portals had clanged to behind them, the iron bolts were pushed home, and the ponderous keys given to the senator who had the watch. The footmarks which the curious had made were now no longer to be seen. A carpet of snow had

levelled the ground, and whitened the roofs and towers. Outside the gates, there reigned a dread stillness. If a wayfarer, approaching a town, heard the rattling of the bolts, it was enough to make his heart beat quicker; it was the signal that for that day protection was at an end. Those who were shut out were at the mercy of the rude dwellers in the suburbs or the woods. Murder and robbery might take place under the very walls, the burghers protected but themselves. Very few were the excepted cases when the key might again be brought, and a small trap-door opened to admit the belated. Outside, there lived only a few profligate wretches in miserable huts. The extremest poverty might be a wanderer's protection from these, or he would have had to buy his safety dear.

The snow, perhaps, which fell in flakes on the half-naked limbs of the old woman, or the wind which drove over her wounded back, brought her at last to herself. She half raised herself up, and pushed the grey matted hair from her face, and then she laid her hands upon her sores, and shaking in every limb, she cowered down, growling out curses and imprecations. There was a glancing in her peering eyes, and she ground her teeth, as her gaze dwelt upon the dark masses of the town, whence now and then a light shone out.

Her companion in suffering lay still senseless on the ground, just as she had fallen down. The old woman stripped off the snow, tinged with blood, from her back, and lifting up her head, pinched her flesh with her bony fingers, to see whether the cold

was of the frost or of death. "Just see the pretty puppet! Helpless and cold, and only a few lashes! To be sure, she's used to another sort of handling, and to warmer places." She seemed to hesitate whether she should not leave the miserable creature to die, taking the leavings of clothing which were on her body, for the clothes of the sentenced were the beadle's perquisite. Just then her lynx eyes fell on the purse which lay at the Magdalen's feet. To seize this she left hold of the girl; but the shake this one got was sufficient to awake her; and just as the old one was stealing off with the booty, she uttered a cry.

The old woman looked first at the purse, and then at the girl, who came to herself, whimpering aloud, her teeth chattering with cold, and now attempting to draw together the few rags which scarcely covered her nakedness. "Whom the cat and the cauldron marry," the elder one murmured, "should stick together; and they who have friends to throw them money need not despair." She stuck the purse in the ragged frieze coat which, more fortunate than the other, the beadle had left her, and crouched down close to her sister in suffering.

The latter was now restored to consciousness, and tearing her hair, she flung herself down, and clung whimpering to the ground, as if the ground would give her warmth. Then again, she raised cries for mercy, and held her naked arms to heaven, ejaculating to every saint whose name she could remember.

"They'll not help you," said Red Hannah; "they help only the rich and great, those who sit warm. How can one like us build altars in the great churches, and pay priests to pray for us?"

"The saints are for every one."

"No, no; they all have their friends. Those who they don't know, and who make them no offerings, they pay no heed to; just as the apparitor flings the poor folks out of the church, if they sit in the seats of the rich. They may pray elsewhere."

"I will pray," said the girl, attempting in vain to clasp her fevered and trembling hands.

"Don't you see you can't? and it would do you no good. One may pray in a church when all the candles are lit; here there is nought to hear you, save the wind: the wind has no pity."

The unfortunate cried aloud, and threw herself with her face on the ground. "Oh, he struck pitilessly!"

"He struck no way else, than as the gentlemen bade him. If the good senator Trebuss hadn't had to go to dinner, he would have given you more."

"I can never get up again."

"After such a handful of blows! oh, you dear thing! The rod does but tickle a little; you should taste the red hot iron when it goes hissing between your teeth, that's the time to hear the angels in heaven piping. And that's not the worst: the hot pincers pinch harder still; and to be frizzled in the vat! Beat your arms on your shoulders, it

will do better than praying," cried the old woman, as she saw the girl writhing in the frost fever. But her strength failed, and her arms hung by her sides. "I'll try and warm you," said the old woman, and pushing her down, she extended herself upon her.

"You will not be smothered," she continued quietly, as the girl groaned under her. "It would take more weight than my old bones to squeeze out your fresh young life. I know this place well, and can tell you something of old times. Do you hear nothing down below, under? When it is quite still, on a summer's night, when the grass is asleep, and the stars have closed their eyes, then you may hear a knocking and sighing: that is my mother. I was only a little child when they killed my mother. The people said she had red eyes, and did the cattle harm. At every door, when she knocked, they set the dogs at her. She was forced to sleep in the heath, or in the hedges, like a cat. They got sight of my mother once, as the bells of St. Nicholas were ringing, and the tapers burning on the altar, and the priests kneeling before it in velvet and gold. She had a mind to go in like the others, and to taste of the body of the Lord with the others. The burghers and the people murmured. 'What does that beggar woman want?' and they ramped and cried, 'She is a Vandal witch;' so the priest was angry, and bade her go forth, for the burgomaster and the senators, with their wives and children, were there to take the sacrament, all brushed and combed, in fur and velvet and fine

lace, and it was not right of my mother to go into the church, for she had only rags on her body, and her skin was yellow, and she was unwashen ; but she crept in again into a dark corner, close behind a pillar, and no one saw her. It came into my mother's head, 'I am a Christian too, and baptized as they are,' and when the people were all gone, and the priests too, and the doors shut, she crept forward, and stole a wafer out of the casket—only for herself, by all the saints, only for herself alone. She did not want to sell it to the godless Jews, that they might cut it and burn it. It was not right of my mother. The wafers burn in a person's body when not given by a priest's hand. It was found out, and she was taken and thrown into a dungeon ; and then they made her confess that the wafer burnt in her body, for they would have it so. The judges and senators sat on the Long Bridge in judgment, and broke the white staff over her.* It cost them much dispute ; they could not agree whether she should be burnt. To be sure she should have been burnt, but then the host would be burnt in her body ; so they brought her here before the Spandow door. Then they dug a hole before her eyes, and when it was as

* Breaking the white staff is the ceremony still performed in most parts of Germany immediately before the execution of a criminal. The judge stands up before the populace, and facing the scaffold, he breaks a white staff between his two hands. After this is broken, not even a royal warrant may stay the execution. Hence a common proverb, signifying, to despair of a person ; or, finally to condemn any one.

deep as a man's height or more, they pushed my mother into it, and the beadle held me by the hand, that I might see it, and take warning, as they said. My mother shrieked, and I cried, for I was a child, and did not know what it was to steal wafers; and then they threw the earth in upon her, and she shrieked and wrung her hands, and begged. It would have moved the heart of a stone. I also cried out, and said it would hurt my mother, they should not throw any more earth upon her; but they said, I had only to wait, she would soon cease crying; and then she begged so piteously, only for one thing, that they would give her her child, that she might kiss it once more. They let it be so; I feel the kiss yet. She could not press me to her; her arms were fast already. And then, and then, they stamped with their feet upon the loose earth, that my mother might not get out again and steal wafers. Do you think the earth did not press on my mother? They all said it had happened right to her. The senators said she had experienced mercy, for according to the old statutes, a woman might be buried alive for only stealing a coat out of a box, and she had stolen the body of the Lord itself, out of God's house; and all cried, Amen!"

Restored in some measure to warmth, either by the pressure of the old woman's body, or the excitement of her narrative, the girl raised herself up, and kneeling, with her hands clenched above her head, she poured from her lips a stream of oaths and curses. The moon, which broke through

the driving clouds, lit up her form. Her features, distorted with pain and rage, offered an agreeable sight to the old woman.

“Right, child, right! curse what thou canst! It will lighten thy heart and warm thee.”

“Oh, you wretch!” cried the horror-stricken girl, as her eyes fell upon the withered form of the old crone beside her. “I am the child of honest parents; and have they thrown me together with you! Had you but touched me in the town yonder, I should have spurned you with my foot.”

“I know all that, pretty puppet! Has it forgot when it lived in the corner chamber, with the prospect to the Spree, and sat with its gallants, in a red bodice, cut and gimped, with a coloured feather in its scarlet cap, drinking sweet wine, and making merry with its lovers? Red Hannah passed by, and you said to Herr Christopher, ‘See, that ugly witch!’ You spat on me, and the fine gentlemen laughed; they were glad to see you in such spirits. I thought to myself, ‘Let her alone; before five years are over, she will be on the dung-hill, and then her gallants will spit on her.’ See, at last we are equal.”

“I equal with thee!” cried the girl.

“Oh, yes, child—yes! misery makes all alike. They who are driven into the forest to herd with wild beasts will not find pride help them. There are no judges or sheriffs or statutes here; the sharpest and the strongest is the one who is in the right here.”

“Oh, I am lost!” cried the girl; “let me die!”

The old one gazed upon her for a time, with a mischievous smile. "Die! why die before one's time? Death comes across everybody's way, be the way what it may. But the goods which the market steward sends away from one market will sometimes find customers in another; no one is lost but they who give themselves up. Does not your little heart beat merrily yet, and wouldn't you like to repay the fine gentlemen what they gave you? or do you think seriously that it was for your wickedness only that they punished you?"

"Could I but tear him in pieces!—stamp on him with my foot!"

"Whom?"

"The beadle! Oh, my shoulder!"

"And why the beadle? he was but the tool. The young gentlemen who kissed your hands and feet, and caressed you tenderly, why did they see you driven out by the beadle, your clothes torn off your back before all the people, and your white skin beaten bloody? Did one of them say a word for you? Did one of them shew his face to say, 'I am sorry for poor Salome?' They stood behind their window-curtains, as you were pushed through the streets, and laughed in their sleeves, and whispered one another, 'I should like to see them flog Salome.' And what is it you did? Had you set fire to Berlin? Had you poisoned the wells in Koeln? You said nothing but what was true. Is not the proud Elizabeth your sister-in-law?"

“Oh, it is all past and gone by!”

“Yes, with young Christopher Rathenow. He took your honour away, and death took him; the water-spirit dragged him under in the Spree at Rummelsberg; they say he was drowned in bathing. And on his wild brother Rudolph, the alp laid himself at nights, and crushed him, and made him weak, till he was a shadow; they say it was consumption. Angels and saints don't help us, but there are those who do. Did not the stern Herr Johannes drive you from his door? Why? In justice, because his son had done you wrong? Was that why you must be turned out of doors, and wear the short mantle and the yellow cap, that boys might shout after you in the street? Never a one ran and shouted after Herr Christopher. Have you peeped into the burgomaster's house, to see what it looks like now? I tell you he would deck you with golden chains from top to toe, if you could give him his sons again. Have you crept to listen at nights how he walks through the passages, sighing? And then he hears Mistress Elizabeth dreaming of gold chains and spangles, whilst the owl sobs to him through the house, ‘Thou art getting thy due; thou art gnawing the fruits of thy justice-doing!’

“What good does that do me?” muttered the girl.

“You are young in misery! To see those who have caused us misery, pining in misery, is to us a draught when we are thirsty, a bone on which there is a bite though we gnaw it ever so long.

His father Matheus had me whipped, and his grandfather Albertus looked on. It was he who trod with his great feet on the loose earth, that my mother might not get up again. See, child, there are those who listen to the silent curses of the poor ; but we must do something in their service. Death is of no avail ; we cannot give tapers as the rich do to their saints, but something we can give."

" I have nought to give."

A sinister smile again drew up the toothless jaws of the old woman : " Oh, oh ! had Red Hannah had what you have when she was young ? such white teeth, such round shoulders, and red lips, and such eyes—they will work upon many an one yet. I will comb your hair into curls and love-locks ; I know herbs to cook salve from ; your skin shall be white and smooth again. Well, puppet, is it cold still ? Do you hear them yonder playing and fiddling ? There is a banquet going on amongst the great folks. Wouldn't you like to dance with them ? Trust old Hannah's word, you shall dance in Berlin yet, and as much as you will, and the worthy gentlemen shall dance with you."

Whether it was owing to the almost supernatural light which gleamed from the old woman's eyes, or the pleasant nature of her representations, the girl listened attentively to the mysterious prophecy. On the wind came merry tones from the town ; the old wife drank them in with open ears, and the young one felt somewhat of the same feeling.

“Do you hear them? Now they are turning them about? It is right merry. Would you not fain be there?”

The girl was now standing up. “Ah, they all know me; and——”

“Would flog you out again, you mean. Who knows, child? many an one has set out a beggarman, and come back a proud horseman; many an one has been driven from the towns, and when he came again, the senators, with bent backs, have met him to offer him their keys. They shall not know you again. Come, come!”

She took hold of the girl's hand to lead her away, for now there came down the wind a different sound to the tones of fifes and fiddles; the tramp of horses was audible, and some shadows of horsemen moved along the snow-covered fields. “You have nothing to fear any more now,” said Red Hannah, as she pulled the girl down into an overgrown ditch, which was deep enough to hide any one who would be concealed. “The night is no man's friend, they say; but that only holds good in the towns.”

“But we don't know who they are, coming,” said Salome, cowering down, and again in some measure protected from the cold by the old woman, who knelt beside her, and put her arms round her.

“And who should be coming, little fool? Have you anything more to lose? Can they take aught of you? They are well off who are like we are. They are coming this way.”

“Stoop down, Red Hannah.”

“Yes, you may be right; they might bolt away. One does not like to see an old woman in a thicket when the moon is shining.”

“Stoop down, it might be——”

“The evil one and his troop? Oh, dearie, he is a prince; such as we, must pray to him, and in a mannerly way, too. It is only to rich people, and to priests, that he comes uncalled for, to play stakes for their souls. Such as us he has already, he knows that.”

“Do you know who they are?”

“Highwaymen they are not; that sort seldom shew themselves on horseback in these days. They have long lances, so they are good men. What can they be after? See, just see, how they keep in the shadow; they don’t want to be seen from the wall. Courage, child; they will prove friends. The justices in the towns send us a few out all the year round to recruit our band. You will wonder what people there are amongst us burning to pay off scores with the town gentry. See, see! who is that, reeling like a sack on his horse, betwixt the two others? If that is not Koepkin Zarnekow, may I never know grace!”

“Jesus! Maria! all ye saints!—him?”

“Silly worm, what are you chattering your teeth about? He is just the man to make you warm again.”

“He has sworn to set fire to the whole town.”

“Well, and what do you care about that, suppose he did? That would keep them warm. He

is a good gentleman. He baited me once with dogs in his castle yard. He had drunk a little, and wanted some sport. But after that, he saw me bound up, and he let me lie in his stables till I was whole again, letting me drink as much as I would. We have been capital friends since then. He is a good gentleman, I say, and hates the towns, as an honest nobleman should. Trust me, noblemen suffer as much from the towns as we do."

As the riders drew nearer, the old woman put out her neck, either to discover more certainly who they were, or to claim acquaintance with the gentleman whom she had rightly guessed it was. But the girl dragged her back with all the force which fear bestows, and implored her not to betray them; and Red Hannah saw enough to think the advice good, though for different reasons.

The horsemen were wrapped up to the ears in coarse cloaks. There were three of them, but only two had command of their horses, for the third, a gross figure, rather hung upon his saddle than rode on it, and apparently was giving great trouble to the others, who had to hold him lest he should fall off at every step. They drew rein just as they neared the spot where the women lay hid, for there was a slight hollow in the ground, and by standing in the shadow they could hardly have been discernible from the town walls. One of them threw his leather cap cautiously back, and held up his long face and hawk nose as high as he could to look round. Seeing that all was clear,

he said, "The air is pure here, Wedigo; let us take council together."

The one who was addressed as Wedigo, an old corpulent-looking knight, gave the third a hearty poke in the ribs. "Wake up, Koepkin."

As Koepkin, however, only grunted, the first speaker laughed and said, "He will not come to himself for twelve hours or more; you let him fill too honestly whilst I was running about the streets."

"And wasn't I obliged?" answered Wedigo. "I tell you, Buffo, if I had not got him under the table, he would have run after you; he fancied he was a match for all Berlin with his single sword."

"Who knows?" laughed Buffo; "they inside had most of them got skinfuls."

"Plague and pestilence, Buffo, to let such a chance slip!" said Wedigo, clacking with his tongue.

"The chance will come again, and a better one," said Buffo; "but what is to be done with this swine?"

"By Saint Christopher! if they had been driving swine out of Berlin, he would not have cost us what he did to get him out, the warder would have let him pass for one of them."

"We have a five hours' ride before us," said Buffo, seriously, "the night is cursedly cold, and I see no fun in carrying him in this way and starving ourselves."

Wedigo proposed to tie him to his horse; but

in the attempt, the drunken man struggled, with the last remains of consciousness, and in striving with his friends he slipped through to the ground. They were now forced to get down too, and not without curses. Their attempt to mount him again, failed. He offered no resistance, but began to snore the moment his limbs rested on solid ground.

Buffo stamped with his foot: "A thousand vultures on thee! It would have been better to have left him with some wench; he might have slept himself sober and escaped alone."

"There is a whiter bed here for him," answered the other; "let him roll himself on the snow a little, he'll soon come round."

But even this seemed to have no effect; and, betwixt laughing and swearing, the knights contended what was best to be done.

"That struck me when I was in there," said Wedigo. "But trust those women! If any of them had got to know what a treasure she had in her house, she'd have changed it for blank coin; especially as the cat would hang over her if she did not. They took one of that sort out to-day; and they all know Koepkin."

Buffo rubbed his hand over his forehead, and a smile spread over his features: "I think the snow would be the kindest lady to leave the gentleman with. What do you say, Herr Wedigo? she will cool him down, and not tell any body."

Wedigo looked round, and scratched his head: "Cool enough she'll make him, and quench his

thirst too, but whether she won't cool him so that he'll not thirst again? It looks as if we should have more snow."

"By Heaven, we mustn't wait any longer. If you knew what I do——"

"You mean we mustn't meet the Kurprince and his people. Koepkin, won't you listen when your boon companions speak to you! Koepkin Zarnekow!" shouted the Ritter, "the Kurprince holds his court at Spandow, and you are an outlaw."

"Do you want to wake the hen-roosts, Wedigo?" interrupted Buffo, "and give the warders in the town yonder a signal that their tapestick knights may catch a true nobleman? I say again, leave him to do the best for himself."

"But, donner wetter, the night is cold——"

"For us it is, Wedigo, but not for him. One who has got a quarter cask inside him needn't feel it. His breath ought to be warm enough to melt the snow a quarter of a mile round."

"But if not?"

"Then we shall be frozen, or the Kurprince's riders catch us, and we shall be asked at Spandow what we happened to be doing in Koepkin Zarnekow's company. Are you very anxious to be cross-questioned by his gracious highness's council? May the devil fetch those green cloth tables!"

"Koepkin, if anything happens to you, I cannot help it! Why don't you wake up!" said Wedigo, dolorously, shaking the drunken man's hand.

“And if anything does happen to him, there will be a hot-head less, one that has right often brought his friends into trouble,” said Buffo, with his foot already in the stirrup. “He would never hear reason, and good words were thrown away on him. Such crack-brains do our reputation no good.”

“Well, then, get out of it how you can, by all the devils!” said Wedigo, buckling his saddle, which had got disarranged. “There’s no getting on without prudence in these days. But if anything should happen to him—holy saints!—if they of Berlin and Koeln were to catch him—Virgin Maria!—they would hang him up! Give heed, Buffo,” said the knight, hesitatingly, taking his foot from the stirrup again; “if they were to find him thus, helpless as he is, and were to bind him, hand and foot, to the wheel! Fiends and furies! He is a nobleman: shall our companions say of us, we left him at a pinch?”

Buffo also dropped his stirrup, and made another attempt, this time with his foot, to awake the sleeper. He even used his heavy spurs: “Koepkin, curses light on thee! Thou art a knight, and shalt not be left for the ravens to eat.”

But he might as easily have got sparks from a dead man’s skull. Koepkin rolled round, uttered some unintelligible sounds, and sank into a still deeper sleep the moment they left him alone.

“Cousin Wedigo,” said Buffo, with emphasis, “the ravens shall not devour him, nor the towns sit in judgment over him, for he is a nobleman.

But still, if he should die here in consequence of drink, I don't think we should lose much in losing him. On the contrary, it would rather be a gain, as metal is better without dross. For myself, I have nothing against the Zarnekows; but when I consider what harm he and his cousins have done us by their bestial conduct, and their herding with every sort of vagabonds; how a rotten sheep, or a silver breast-pin would tempt them to risk life and honour; how they have opened their unclean mouths in every pot-house against his highness, the Kurprince; how at the last diet——"

"In Brandenburg," interrupted Wedigo, "the walls echoed again with complaints against the nobles. Prithee, say no more of it; I have the taste in my mouth yet——"

"Plague on't," continued Buffo, "we have enough to bear with, in the way those wool-scratchers, and inkhorn faces in Nürnberg look at us. We must do something to alter it. I say again, Wedigo, we not only lose nothing, but we gain a very great deal by getting rid of this fellow."

Wedigo cast an anxious look all round.

"He spoiled the whole brew at Wustehainchen himself, and when the sharing time came, he was insolent in his demands."

"That's what I say, cousin. It's a scandal. The times are bad, and a knight should carry himself high. But how does that fellow support his dignity? Donner wetter, when the courtly Franconians turn up their noses and make wry mouths at us, my steel rattles in its sheath. But

can any one maintain that we are equal to them, with a clod-pate like that hanging at our heels?"

Wedigo beat his arms together: "It keeps getting colder."

"Snow, they say, keeps one warm," said Buffo, rolling the snorer into a hollow with his foot, and beginning to busy himself in piling snow and what sticks and rubbish he could find, upon him. Wedigo, after some hesitation, helped him.

"You said they shouldn't get him into their hands, did you not?"

"Nor shall the ravens devour him. When we pass the Katzenhaus, where his people are, we will tell them to go for their master. We shall be there in two hours. If they ride hard, they may have him away before morning."

As soon as they had covered the unconscious sleeper, the elder knight suggested the propriety of saying a prayer over him, to which Buffo assented, and accordingly clasped his hands.

"But if he should wake up?"

"Then it is God's will," answered Buffo.

Both of them lifted their bonnets, as was the custom to do over a grave, and they then swung themselves into their saddles.

But there was still a dispute between the two, whether they should take his horse with them, or tie it to a tree. Buffo was for the first, Wedigo strenuous for the other. Sooner, he said, than take away his means of escape, he would stay with him himself, and, as true companion, share his chance."

“You would be a fool, Wedigo. A good horse should not be separated from his master, but a good horse should not betray his master. If any thing happens, it is God’s will and yours ; the first, however, is more pitiful, for, see, he is sending more snow, and our tracks will be covered.”

No sooner had the knights bound the horse to a tree, and disappeared, than the old woman broke from her hiding-place. Her face grinned with delight, as she dragged the trembling girl after her, who was blowing on her frosted fingers.

“Are you faint-hearted now? Do you want to die now? Eh, eh, but you were sharp, that we should not show ourselves! That came by praying, perhaps! Poor folks have their friends. What they leave for us, we generally find where cross-roads meet.”

With the hasty dexterity of a thief, fallen upon hidden treasure, the old one was already at work, stripping the sleeper of his covering. He was snoring away as before, and made no resistance. She took off his heavy cloak, and disinterestedly threw it over the girl’s shoulders. Even his cap she pulled off, and poked it on her head; but when Salome, with the natural frivolity of her temperament, actually laughed aloud at the sudden change, and made fun of the sleeper, addressing words to him which she had learned in the town, the old woman very sharply bade her be silent. Salome said he couldn’t hear her, even were she to tie his hair in knots, and cut off his beard, both of which, in her suddenly revived wantonness, she

shewed every inclination to do. If they were to go to the town, she said, and tell where the dreaded enemy lay, it would be a good deal of money in their way.

"Heh, you idiot!" said the old woman, angrily. "Do the lashes give you no more pain? Do you want another taste of the cat? What the gentlemen would give you for such a thing, you would spend in three days. It is worth more than that. It may be your supply for days and weeks; yes, if you manage well, for months and years, and Red Hannah may get something by it, too. Yes, yes, child, trust Red Hannah! I will dress you, and fig you out, so that his eyes shall never be off you. You shall ride with him, and shew off, till the musty proud lords bite their lips to see it. Quick, puppet, quick! into your part! such fish doesn't come every day to the net. It isn't every day that one of us saves a Ritter's life, who would have died like a horse, which falls down, and is left lying. Holla! on to the horse with our booty. You hold him fast; Red Hannah can run by the side, it is good enough for her."

The girl, whose temperament never allowed her to think of more than the immediate moment, looked with astonishment at all the old woman was doing, and did herself as she was bid; but, when at last she found herself upon the knight's horse, and about to hold him before her, whilst the beldam was to lead the animal, she broke out into such a shout of laughter, that the old woman was startled. No one could have imagined that so

short a time before the laugher had almost died under a most cruel punishment.

The gipsy led the horse through the wild forest, quick, and without pause or wearying. They were soon out of sight; whilst every trace of what had occurred was being speedily covered up by the snow, which was deeply bedecking the fields and the pine woods.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE feast which Herr Thomas Wyns was giving was a very merry one, to judge from the number of pipers, kettle-drummers, and trumpeters who stood in the hall. Whenever they struck up, and they did so as each senator mounted the stairs, the echo came back as far as the Oderberg gate; and then, too, the fifes and great fiddles fluted and stroked away so softly, when the young gentlemen stood up to dance with the fair ladies, that the sound was like fairy music. The festivity was a right merry one, to look at the handsome matrons and rosy maidens. No one remembered having seen at once so much gay ornament. There were velvet and silk of all colours, with golden clasps and silver medals for the neck, and pearls and jewels richly set, glistening on the bodice and head gear. It was a wonder to behold. And the festivity, again, was a right merry one, if one counted the numbers squeezing themselves into the

saloons; of all the families of the senators, not one was wanting. But the festivity was not a merry one, to judge by the faces of the elder gentlemen; for their looks were grave, and some of them far from gentle, and they stood together in knots in the corners of the rooms, shaking their heads. When two met, there was no hearty shaking of hands as was usual, but each seemed busy reading the expression of the other's face.

Nevertheless, these melancholy wrinkles had no damping effect upon the young people, particularly upon the wives and blooming maidens. Opportunities to dance were not very frequent in Berlin, and no one ever thought of passing one by. Notwithstanding the weight of the clothes they wore, their hearts beat light under them, and a collection of more merry faces was seldom to be seen.

Elizabeth Rathenow was there amongst them, like a lily breathed on by the morning air; and if she did not altogether float along like the evening wind, still she danced as lightly over the floor of the senate-house as it was at all possible to do in ox-leather shoes, and the quilted dress which was the fashion of the day. The young men smiled joyfully when but the skirt of her dress touched them, and the air she breathed was to them, as it were, full of musk and sweet spices. Many a maiden might be heard to whisper enviously of her—"One may see, by the way she goes on, that her father is burgomaster."

The chronicles give us little insight into the way in which the people of Berlin, at the period when

they reckoned 1442 years from the birth of our Saviour, entertained themselves at a ball ; but we may be sure that the gentlemen made polite speeches to the ladies as they do now, only their politeness was of a somewhat different sort. And where now the ladies would blush, they at that time looked their provokers in the face ; and when anything funny was said, they laughed as if they would shake themselves to pieces. There were elderly gentlemen, too, in those days who would fain appear young, and who pointed their toes and stretched their necks, with all possible elegance, as they led a young lady to the dance, at which the other maidens tittered silently behind their backs. There were maidens, too, of the same sort, who had already outlived all their chances, but wished still to be thought in their best years, about whom the gentlemen made remarks to the young ladies, accompanied with droll grimaces, at which the young ladies laughed.

The elderly dames, however, sat in great stateliness round the black stove, half-smothered in their ponderous white garments, their cuffs and fur hoods, and very busy they were, talking. Yet still their eyes followed their daughters who were dancing, and their faces looked pleased or serious, as the girl danced with one they liked or disliked.

But still it was somewhat of a drawback upon the general mirth, that the married men could talk and think about nothing save the occurrences of the morning ; the opinion of the ladies was, that it was not at all the place of a senator to have in-

terfered with the proceedings of the people in the streets. They were all very sorry for the redoubtable Pawel Strobant, who was lying at home wounded, and that the worthy Herr Johannes Rathenow should have been so much put out of his way.

"Yes, yes," said one good lady, "it was all owing to that."

"And if Claus Eisenberg, the brewer, had not been there, it would have been worse for him," said another.

"It's a bad world," put in Frau Bergholz, with a deep sigh, which was plentifully echoed.

"It used to be otherwise," said Frau Anna Ryke, the senator's wife. The Rykes were accounted amongst the richest people in Berlin; it might be seen by the gold buttons on the speaker's bodice, and the medals round her neck.

"And it gets worse and worse," chimed in Frau Hoppenrade.

This also gained assent. One told how much a pound of honey cost fifty years ago, and how the price had risen year by year; another asserted, that twenty years ago no tradesman's wife had been allowed to wear silver cap-borders; a third was of opinion, that the Martinmas geese came from the country in worse and worse condition, because the farmers had not the fear of God before their eyes. Every one, in these days, thought only of his own welfare, and not of the interest of his customers.

"Perhaps they have it taught to them," said Frau Bergholz. "The people set themselves up,

and the senators do not choose to enforce obedience."

To this Frau Anna Ryke nodded assent. She said, "As we sow the seed, we must reap the grain. A man who holds himself too high may well stagger. He who makes common cause with the people is not the one to say at another time, 'Don't touch me.'"

Frau Bergholz nodded, and said, with a conscious look, "It was not as it is now, when the Rykes had rule in Berlin."

"At least, I never heard," answered Frau Ryke, "that my husband's ancestors ever played an underhand game with the common people, and had to resign in shame and disgrace, and go outside the gates, and to thank God that the senate made peace with them, that they might return home like prodigal sons."

"All knew whom this remark was meant for, and they looked round cautiously, to see that none of the Rathenows or their friends were near them.

Frau Hoppenrade put on a doleful countenance: "Yes, that was a nice carrying on in Tilly Wardenberg's time!"

"What had the people of quality not to suffer!" added another.

"Tilly's wife, and Albertus Rathenow's wore dresses, people have told me, such as no queen ever wore."

"And they invited common burgesses' wives to their feasts," said a third.

“That the men would endure it! But it is just like the men.”

“They had more to put up with than that.”

“Well, we saw the end of it, in the New Market,” said Frau Bergholz. “There are many living who remember it. The headsman wore a red cloak, and Tilly’s son, when he knelt, was as white as a winding-sheet.”

“Pride and injustice never last,” remarked Frau Hoppenrade.

“But sin goes down from generation to generation, and child’s child has to answer for the fault of the forefathers,” said Frau Ryke, with solemnity. “God and his saints know well enough that we have nothing against the Rathenows. Mattheus made terms with the senate, and was laid honourably in his grave; and Herr Johannes is no bad man. The senators must have known what they were doing when they made him burgomaster, and the senate alone has to answer for what he does—so says my husband.”

“There were plenty of good folks, whose fathers had not broken the town’s peace, and not had to depart with shame and confusion, and come back I don’t know how,” said Frau Hoppenrade, crossing her arms on her breast.

“And he thinks himself too good for us now,” put in Frau Bergholz.

“I am sorry for poor Thomas Wyns. He never dreamed that it would not be pleasant for his worship to come to his house.”

"He may wait a good while for us, if he gives a banquet!" said Frau Bergholz. "Who would go to him, when he won't come to us?"

"Oh, now, only look," said a matron, "how the young folks stare after Mistress Elizabeth! It is very kind of him, at any rate, to send his daughter. She is good enough for us."

"Pooh, pooh, the young lady let herself be sent!" said Frau Hoppenrade. "The father has to dance to her fiddle. She's a dear child, a very nice child; but what is too bad, is too bad. If I was Herr Johannes, I wouldn't, at any rate, let it be as it is. It is enough to take away his character in the towns."

"One who is not master in his own house, can hardly be master abroad."

"The mother was a good woman," remarked Frau Ryke. "She was my dear friend. God remember her in mercy!"

"One may say that it was in mercy he took her to himself that she mightn't see what was going on," put in another.

"Yes, yes," said Frau Hoppenrade, with her eyes bent to the ground, "God strikes many with blindness; but old Herr Schumm has sharp eyes in most other matters."

"He might have found a daughter-in-law in Koeln," added Frau Bergholz; "but the Long Bridge won't break down when they carry the girl's dowry over it into Koeln."

"Come, come," said Frau Anna Ryke, holding up her head some inches higher; "if it is not in

money, it is in something else. I am not aware of any house in Koeln who would not consider it an honour to marry into the family of a senator of old Berlin."

The ladies of Koeln drew their prim faces into something like cross looks, but the antiquity of the family of the Rykes had never been questioned. They were silent, or, perhaps, they kept their answers for another moment, for just then Herr Dietrich Wyns came round with fruits and confectionary, making so many sweet speeches that the old ladies were compelled to say something sweet in return.

And harmony was soon restored, for the ladies of both towns agreed in the opinion that Herr Schumm could certainly have made a better choice for his son than he had done; and each had something to say of what she knew, and more of what she thought. But now, as the lovely Elizabeth, at the end of the dance, instead of remaining amongst the gentlemen, drew back to where the matrons sat, as was the custom of modest maidens to do, one would have thought that she was the especial and peculiar favourite of one and all of them. They made the politest speeches to her, and had so many questions to ask about all that was going on at home, about the health of her worthy father and aunt Gertrude; and Frau Bergholz asked, with a particularly arch look, "Does not the young lady find the old house quite too small?"

"Yes, yes, little Sly-face, you would rather

choose the Friar's Street than the corner by Saint Nicholas. A wise woman told me that ; and your father says he won't love you any more for doing so, and that he'll turn you out of Berlin. Never mind, come to us in Koeln ; we will love you as truly as you love the Holy Kings, and Melchior especially. Do but see how the good child blushes !"

But just then the fifes and fiddles again invited to the dance, and much to Elizabeth's satisfaction her partner came to claim her hand. She stood up without answering ; indeed she didn't know how to answer, for the good ladies were full of their compliments as long as ever she was in hearing.

"That such a young thing should be talked about already," said Frau Hoppenrade, with an air of sad seriousness, and a melancholy shake of the head. "We are no friends of the Rathenows, and good reason, too ; but still I say it is too bad of the people, for what should be so dear to a maiden as her reputation. She is, to be sure, a little lofty ; and, oh dear, how can she be otherwise ! but as innocent as a new-born child, I could take the sacrament upon that."

The matrons now put their heads closer together, and Henning Mollner's name might be heard mentioned ; they shrugged their shoulders, and cast their eyes modestly to the ground, and then looked commiseratingly at each other.

"It would be too bad," continued Frau Hoppenrade, "that the poor child should suffer for her

father's fault. But how can it be helped? What has a patrician to do with a tradesman's child in his house, not as a servant, but as if it was his own? Like and like go well together; that's what has stirred up the water, and who knows how soon it will settle again."

But Frau Anna Ryke again interposed. She said—"Like and like mate well. But at the same time, being Christians, we should be charitable, and I will not believe that anybody finds fault with my dear departed friend, Bridget Rathenow, for taking an orphan into her house out of Christian feeling and tenderness, and bringing him up as her own. If we reap as we sow, the house should reap honour and not shame from such an action."

The others made no reply, and Frau Ryke nodded her head confidentially to Elizabeth Rathenow, who just then passed her in the dance.

In the arched chamber adjoining the ball-rooms, the tapers burnt by no means so brightly, and the countenances of the people in this apartment were certainly less lively. Any one who heard them shouting so short a time before, on the Long Bridge, would have wondered at the quiet reigning here. There was a voice, not as of a storm roaring on the roofs and rattling in the windows; it was more like the distant thunder, growling still, but no longer dangerous.

"What is it he wants of us?" said one.

"Are we to attend him as the hen does her chickens?" asked another. "To hold a canopy

over his head as he walks in the street, lest a tile fall on him?"

"Does he want the senate," said the first speaker, "to apologise for what the senate has nothing to do with?"

"Nothing to do with!" exclaimed a third. "Such a thing was never heard in the memory of man!"

"He will have to hear more than that," said a fourth.

"Nothing to do with!" continued the other. "The people going to assassinate their burgomaster and the senate nothing to do with it!"

"Going to assassinate!" interrupted Herr Mathis Blankenfelde. "A great distinction! But it did not go quite as far even as that. But, putting that out of the question, my opinion is, that in times like these prudence is necessary. A prudent man lets pass what has passed. He who has sharp eyes, will sometimes do well to shut them."

A senator of Berlin muttered, half aloud—"It may be well for Herr Mathis Blankenfelde that the senate should shut its eyes now and then; if not, the Koeln senator, who drew his sword in the market-place, might have to answer it!"

This insinuation against the one appeared likely to be taken as an offence by all; but Konrad Ryke interposed: "In my opinion it is a scandal to Berlin and Koeln alike, that the burgomaster of both towns will not shew himself where the senators of both towns are met."

Herr Thomas Wyns shrugged his shoulders :
“ He sent word he was unwell.”

“ And in the senate, to-morrow, he will shout you so that the very walls echo,” said Herr Trebuss.

“ But,” began Tydecke von Aken, who was the senior of the company, “ the events of to-day are without precedent. The town’s peace is broken ; the town’s honour is wounded.”

“ Let him bring his complaint,” said one.

“ He does not complain of the people,” said a second ; “ it is about us he grumbles.”

“ Since time began,” continued the venerable Tydecke, “ never has senator shut his eyes, or laid his head on a pillow, till insult like this was judged and avenged. The whole senate is injured in the person of one senator, and the common weal also.”

“ The common weal !” said Hans Heidecke, with a laugh. “ Let him see himself righted, let him bring an accusation against the guilds ; we have nothing to say against it.”

“ Pawel Strobant finds no fault with us, does he ? and yet it nearly cost him his neck.”

“ Nevertheless, worthy gentlemen and friends all,” said Herr Mathis Blankenfelde, with an easy and gracious manner, just such as a statesman of the present day would address his own party with, in private conference — “ nevertheless, we are amongst ourselves ; and I would ask, what is the bearing of the question as a question ?

The people were merry ; carnival work made its appearance. From one side came a mummer, from the other his reverence. The mummers said — but how should I know what they said — probably that they did not want to have anything to do just then with his reverence. His reverence would have done well if he had been of the same opinion ; for why should a burgomaster meddle with a pack of fools ? But it was carnival before the time, and the parties exchanged characters ; the fools were wise, and took no notice of the burgomaster ; the burgomaster, on the other hand, was not wise, so took notice of the fools. How could the result be otherwise ?”

Herr Konrad Ryke said, with emphasis, “ That is *your* opinion, Herr von Blankenfelde.”

But old Tydecke stamped his foot : “ What have the towns to do with fools ?”

And a good deal he went on to say, which was truly edifying, against new manners which his fathers knew nothing of, which had come from Bavaria and Franconia, and were not the only things for which those parts were not to be thanked.

Herr Blankenfelde, however, laughed : “ The heathen,” said he, “ had a goddess who brought to men all sorts of evils in a box, and as one of them opened it, out they all flew like scarecrows over the land. Now, I will not dispute with Herr Tydecke as to how many were still in the box when the Germans came into the country. But folly, good sirs, has been with us long enough, and is at home in every town ; let him who would

sweep it out, take heed lest he himself be amongst the sweepings."

As all were silent, Herr Blankenfelde continued in the most gentle manner: "I want to say nothing against any one, but it runs in the blood. I have heard a tale how Tilly and Albert sat together yonder in the council chamber, taking counsel as was their custom over sweet wine. There was a good deal of noise coming from the Spree. They were drowning a witch, and there was a great crowd. Tilly Wardenberg lifted his glass: 'Brother Albertus, I drink to the sack.' 'What sack?' asked Albertus. 'One,' answered Tilly, 'into which we could put all our enemies.' 'It would have to be a large one,' answered Albertus. 'Not bigger,' said Tilly, 'than just to hold the council.' Then they broke into a great laugh; and Rathenow said, 'To the linen-weaver who would make us a sack like that, I would give my only daughter to wife.' Their sack did not hold at that time, but there are weavers in these days still, and," he continued, in a low tone, "daughters to pay them with too."

The elder gentlemen laughed to themselves, but no one took the word.

"You, Herr Tydecke, must remember all that," continued Blankenfelde, "from your father's time. Did they not blow the alarm trumpet from the top of Our Lady's Tower, and cry out, 'We will overthrow the government of the town? The high shall be low, and the low shall be high, and bear rule.' But we all know how they went on."

“Yes,” said Tydecke, “for six days they two alone had the keys of the treasury, and my father who was chamberlain at that time got into trouble for having let them have them; and yet they boasted before the commonalty that they would not see the town’s money thrown here and there and wasted.”

“Yes, so it was,” echoed many voices.

“But why should all this be ripped up again?” asked Herr Ryke; “it is not right; the Wardenbergs washed it out with their blood.”

“And the towns made terms with the Rathenows,” interrupted Herr Blankenfelde; “that’s what I say. I was only thinking how the Emperor Charles laid his commands on our fathers to exclude them from the senate, and not elect them again; and our fathers complied. It was thought that judgment had passed, and all was settled; but they got in again with the populace; promised they should be scot free for ever could they only get into power again. A pretty scene of disturbance it caused.”

“I have often heard my mother tell how the trades paraded the towns with flags and drums,” said Herr Hoppenrade.

“Our fathers were not men to quail when they stood before their enemies,” continued Herr Blankenfelde; “but they did turn pale when it had continued for three days. The bakers’ shut their shops and the butchers’ their shambles, and carried their knives openly through the streets, whilst the people stood armed round the senate-

house crying for bread. They yielded at length, and took Tilly and Albertus into the senate again."

"And a worse to do of it they made than ever," chimed in Hans Heidecke.

"Herr Konrad Ryke is certainly right that these are forgotten things," continued Mathis Blankenfelde; "and it never entered my head to compare the events of to-day with such as those. And why? Our burgomaster is an unyielding and an honest man every one will allow that; he is too much of a courtier, and holds his neck too stiff when he returns a greeting, and is for ever talking of the hereditary rights of the senate. But still all who think back will remember that Tilly and Albertus did the same."

"Had one known what was to happen, they would never have been chosen," said Bergholz.

"Just so; did one only know what was to follow. At first, when they walked in the street, they were escorted by four, then by ten, soon they had fifty at their back, and everything was to make way for them. At last, as soon as it was known that Tilly and Albertus were coming, the boys and lads ran together, and followed them, shouting and flinging up their caps, and any one going that way who did not remain standing, or any one at a window who did not doff as they passed, got abused or pelted with stones."

"And at another time, they would be drinking in the wine-vaults with Hinz and Kunz," said another, hesitatingly.

Herr Blankenfelde shook his head very meaningfully: "By the immaculate Virgin, what won't people do for ambition's sake! I do know, gentlemen, that whatever we may have, and with reason too, against our Johannes Rathenow, he would never do that—he would never lower himself in a manner like that."

"He won't even drink with *us*," said a voice, with a laugh.

"Thinks himself better than we are," put in another.

Herr Konrad Ryke sprang up: "In a word, gentlemen, we are displeased that he should thus bear malice."

"Just now, too," said another, "when the senate and burgomaster should hold together."

"And he is about to pay Henning Mollner!" said Blankenfelde, as if he was only speaking to the person next to him, but loud enough to be heard of all. "Bad spirits might interpret it, that he is not doing it for Mollner's sake, but his own."

Every one listened.

"To me, or to which of us did such an idea ever present itself? But when they hear that Mollner's debt, which has been standing these thirty years, about which the towns have quarrelled thirty years,—I don't say whose the fault is, but thirty years we have quarrelled about it. Now, why must Henning Mollner be paid the forty-seven score of groschens just to-morrow——"

"To-morrow?" asked a dozen voices.

"To-morrow, early, he is appointed to come. He is going to pay him."

"Out of the town's treasury?" asked the dozen voices.

"Nay, who ever thought that of Johannes? Out of his own property he is going to pay him. Very well; if he has it to spare, why not? He is in Henning's debt, they say. Be it so; only it seems to me that it is not the right time, not exactly what is correct, after such a day as to-day. Suppose *we* were to pay him to-morrow, wouldn't the trades laugh in their sleeves? Good heavens! how they would blaspheme! But what need Herr Johannes care about that; he has Henning and his set at his back."

"Who would have thought it of Johannes Rathenow?" was the universal exclamation.

"That's just what I say. But I do not think it—I only suppose it; understand me, you gentlemen of Berlin, I, as one of Koeln, say, I would that I had no reason to suppose it; for what is it to me? As Mathis Blankenfelde, I say nothing; only, as senator, I do say, that the fair repute of our burgomaster is of consequence to us all. Yes, if he were to call him forward in the senate house, in open day, and pay him before all our eyes, it were better, I say, than to do it privately."

"Will you bring it before the senate?" demanded Konrade Ryke.

"I! God forbid that I should lay a hindrance in the way! That is your business, you of Berlin.

Not so, Herr Bartholomew ; we will throw no new oil into the fire ; but we of Koeln have no under-hand work with our people."

The chronicles do not inform us what very corpulent gentlemen, in those days, when smoking was unknown, used to do with their limbs and mouths, after sitting hours long in their easy chairs, unoccupied ; but certainly, if it had been the fashion to smoke in 1442, Herr Bartholomew Schumm would at that moment have blown a great cloud out of his mouth ; as it was, his immense protruding lips gave utterance to a most contemptuous "Bah ! If Johannes wants to pay the weaver's boy, what difference does it make to me ?"

"He only wants to get rid of him, our friend Herr Bartholomew means," said Blankenfelde. "That's just what I think : oh, certainly, nothing more !—if the people did not whisper other things."

"Well, and what do they whisper," drawled out Herr Bartholomew, his outspread hands resting on his mighty knees ; he did not trouble himself to raise his hand, to conceal a vast yawn.

"Friend and neighbour," answered Herr Bergholz, "they do not whisper, it is to be hoped, that you would have the Rathenows keep company with tailors and shoemakers ?"

"Bah !" groaned out the rich man, inhaling breath, "with the beadle, if they like it."

"Do you want such as those to play to you at your daughter's wedding ?"

"The more music the better."

“And the lad with his shuttle, to dance with Mistress Elizabeth?”

“If he likes to risk tumbling down stairs, he may come.”

Herr Schumm stood up, and it seemed as if his money bags, one piled on another, stood up with him; and in his eyes, which had seldom much expression, there was a something which glanced like silver, or if not, like lead when in the melting-pot.

“By the eleven thousand virgins, gentlemen, when Bartholomew Schumm goes a-wooing for his son, and has chosen him a mate, his opinion is, that her friends have quite enough in their connexion with him, to stand in no need of supporters amongst weavers, to keep their footing in Berlin. The rest I care nothing about. That’s all I have to say.”

The planks under foot trembled slightly for some time after the Koeln senator had made his exit, and the parties looked at one another with every sort of expression. For a time there was a complete stillness.

At the black stove there was standing a man, rather tall than corpulent, one whose well-knit limbs had evidently oftener worn harness than the slashed doublet; his face was sun-burnt, and his beard cut shorter than the others; he also wore moustachios which reached across to his cheekbones. His look, as well as his figure, was knightly, and wore no pleasant expression, as he stood looking on those about him; his pointed lips had often drawn themselves into an ironical smile whilst the conversation had been going on.

To him Hans Heidecke approached, and said, smiling, "This is something in your way, for it tastes of the tub; is it not, Ritter Britzke?"

"It is not in my way," answered the Ritter, coldly.

Mathis Blankenfelde was disputing with Tydecke von Aken, as to when the Schumms had come to Koeln. They could not agree about it.

"In a word," said the venerable Tydicke, "the Schumms came here as immigrants; they were not here from the first."

"They have, nevertheless, a firm seat," remarked some one, pointing to the chair which Herr Schumm had just left. One could see by the cushion what a man of weight Herr Bartholomew was.

"And," continued Herr Tydecke, "if they can pave the Brothers' Street and St. Peter's Place with Bohemian groschens, they cannot but say that they were taken by the hand by our fathers."

"And their money sacks," said another.

"Many a good man entered these towns," said Mathis Blankenfelde, "when the walls were already built; yet the senate and the burgomaster came before his house, to thank him, that he, a man of rank, had come, and entered his name as a burgess."

Many nodded to Herr Blankenfelde, for it was of his own family that he spoke.

"And the town has lost nothing in reputation by good men receiving its freedom, and inscribing their names amongst the rest, and letting

their coats of arms be chiselled in the gates," said Otto Buch.

"And the good men have lost nothing either," answered Herr Tydecke, "by being taken behind our good walls, when they could not defend themselves outside from robbers and plunderers; but my family came from the Elbe and Saxon lands with the princes, who seated themselves here to be princes and judges, to build churches and strong walls against those who were without."

Otto von Buch and Tilly von Bruck glanced scornfully at the old man: "Your coat of arms over the door may be all very well, Herr Tydecke," said the latter; "but be it from the canker or the moss, I cannot see the open helm."

Konrad Ryke interfered just in right time, for many brows had begun to knit: "By Saint Peter and Saint Nicholas! let all that rest just now; there are mistakes and misunderstandings enough. He who wants to go out, let him go out, and as many of them as choose; we who are inside are one as good as another, come from where we may; the same thing plagues us all." And he continued in a low voice—"That we should just now be without a head, when each limb wants to go a way of its own!"

But now the welcome notice was given by the trumpets that the meats were leaving the kitchen.

The whole of the party hurried to see the finish of the dance, before going to table, except the Ritter Britzke and another, also of soldier-like ap-

pearance, but of more comfortable proportions, and more costlily attired.

"A plague on those cheese pedlars," cried the Ritter Britzke, approaching the table ; and so saying, he poured a canful down his dry throat, as if the beer could wash down what he had been forced to listen to. "To hear these fellows quarrelling about their nobility!"

"He who gives the drink, deserves the toast—you read it the other way, Britzke," said the other, also filling his can, and lifting it with much good will to his lips.

"Heavens ! to speak of family and heraldry, yet comb wool and measure with the yard-stick !"

And down he stamped his can on the table-board.

"Yet you are in the service of these wool-combers, and the sworn captain of such as measure with the yard-stick. Don't let them hear you ; they might give you short notice."

"Is it not a shame for a Christian knight, Ritter Ruthnik, speak !" —And with one hand he curled up his moustachios, whilst his other accompanied the descent of the beer into his stomach.

"That you eat the town's bread, and do nothing for it ? There will be no war this year."

"May the foul fiend take them," answered the Ritter Britzke, flinging himself down on a chair. "You have fed yourself up a pretty town-like belly, and so your tongue begins to wag like these turnspits."

“ And say, too, that I have married amongst them.”

“ Ritter and burgher, fie !” And Britzke spat out.

Herr Ruthnik seemed not to take offence ; he knew the other’s way.

“ Are you in such haste, then, friend, to get back to Britzhof, to the bare walls where the bugs play hide and seek so that no Christian can get a night’s sleep, and where any guest you had was like a sodden crawfish by morning ? You ought by rights to return thanks to the Burg-graf that he ridded you of your incarnate enemies, in pulling the nest about your ears.”

“ The Devil fetch them all !” reiterated the Captain.

“ Or when you go past these pedlars’ kitchen, where the quarters of oxen smoke on the spit, so that the very crows on the roof snuff up the air, do you long for the buckwheat and groats which the old kitchen-wench with the pickle face cooked for you, come day, go day, unless perchance when you brought a hog home with you which had lost its way ? or, when you sit here, drinking Bernow beer and Malvoisie, do you long for the drink which you threw in the wench’s face because you said they were both sour alike ? I see old Nurse Urfel’s face yet, as she shouted out ; it was a face enough to frighten every heretic to —— down below there.”

“ There is no fit company for the nobles in our

days," said the Ritter Britzke, striking his fist on the table. "Every one looks out for himself since the Nürnbergers came into the land."

"Don't say that, Eitelwolf, for your old servant was of as good nobility as any in these towns; and she looked after you so one day with her fingers and nails, that you two wrestled and rolled together on the ground, till you pulled the table over you."

"To serve in war-time is no disgrace; but to pay court to them——"

"To their money, you mean—remember that. If the service doesn't please you, tell them so; get away to Nürnberg, and say, I have changed my mind, and am thankful for the lesson your father taught me; I have entirely repented, and don't wish for anything but the Prince's favour, not even for gold; but am ready to hunger, thirst, let myself be beaten, and die, to win his highness's favour; and if I had ten castles, I would willingly see them all pulled down and burnt, if it was his highness's pleasure."

Eitelwolf Britzke laughed scornfully: "They say there may be something to do between the towns and the Mark-graf."

"If the towns can't do better than such as you did, they will do well to keep quiet," said the Ritter Ruthnik, standing up. "And another thing I'll tell you in confidence, friend. Don't let any good dish pass that they set before you here, and if they fill a cup for you, drink it out, you don't know how long their barrel will hold. There are

many who are hungry, and to-day are serving the meat, who may be outside the gates to-morrow looking out for the bones."

"They may have them for me," said the Ritter Britzke; and, opening his mouth, he shewed a set of teeth that would have done credit to a wolf.

"What, then, would you share with cobblers and butchers?"

"They are afraid of Henning Mollner; the lad pleases me," said Britzke.

"And do you mean to say, cousin, that if the trades were to beat the pans and kettles to the tune of 'Out with the old regime,' that that would please you? Would Ritter Eitelwolf Britzke rather be captain of the guilds than of the families of rank?"

"Where there's anything to do, that's the place for me."

The Ritter Ruthnik assumed a serious face: "There is a sound in my ear, cousin, that your wish will be fulfilled soon. Just listen how still it is outside when the music ceases, just as to-day the senate was hushed when the people shouted. The harmony between them is destroyed, it does not chime together any more."

"Up, and doing," said the other.

"Doing? there will be plenty to do. But who is to put matters straight again?"

"Friend Ruthnik, I have an idea."

"Hollo!"

"Namely, what I should like. That they would eat one another up, the people of quality and the

trades, Koeln and Berlin, the towns and the Mark-graf. Heigho; that would be a clearing of the board. A good man might laugh himself all colours."

"And what then?"

"Oh, then we should have quiet."

"Quiet! You don't want quiet."

"Donner wetter! we would make something for ourselves to do then. Let the roads once be clear of his highness's riders, who wont let honest men earn their bread, we would send the Mark-graf's imperial high-penal neck judicature to the devil, and these plump town rats would find no more walls then to squeeze their fat bodies behind when a brave man was after them."

"Good friend Britzke," said the other, taking hold of his jerkin, "I'll give you three things to consider. First, if there were no towns, there would be no tradesfolk; and if no tradesfolk, no caravans of goods; the long roads would be very dull under such circumstances. Secondly, consider—and I say it to you as a good friend—that you are sworn captain to senate and town; think of that, cheap as you rate it, on your own account. And in the third place, that if you stay gossiping here, the good senators will have eat up all the best pieces, and you will only come in for the dog's share. Bad as the look out for this nobility of theirs may be, it is nevertheless better to eat with the people of quality than with the dogs."

CHAPTER XIV.

As a matter of course, the vaulted rooms under the senate-house could not be applied in those times, any more than in the present, to any other purpose than that of a wine-vault and tavern. The council-house above—the “Rathskeller,” or council-tavern below ; it was so then, and it is so still.

Descending, then, from the splendidly illuminated chambers, we go down a flight of stairs, to where only a few thin candles were burning in tin candlesticks, and the torch which lighted the tap sufficed to throw only a very uncertain light over the extent of the wine vaults. The noise from above was at times plainly to be heard through the arched roof, sometimes so loud as to startle the burgesses, sitting with their chins resting on their hands, and their cups before them, engaged in interesting conversation.

There was generally a good deal of noise down

here—more, indeed, than above; but this evening there reigned an ominous quiet. There was a good deal of talking under breath; one could see that a strong restraint was placed over what would otherwise have broken out. The town clock had struck some time ago, and one after another had gone his way; most of them shook hands with one or other, and some of them with the landlord. This personage stood leaning up against a tub awaiting and answering the nods of his customers with perfect familiarity. They did not to-night look as pleasant as they did usually, nor wear the satisfied countenances which a host rejoices to see.

Only two remained sitting. One of them was Bartz Kuhlemey, the senior of the butcher's company. He laughed ironically, and snapped his fingers: "A very pretty man, your Mathis Blankenfelde!"

"Find me another amongst the quality people who speaks so civilly to tradesfolk," answered the other, who was evidently no butcher, but more like a tailor. "He nods to us, and talks with us, just as if we were his equals; and he speaks so from his heart in the meetings, and listens to what others say, as the like of him does in no other guild."

"He knows he has tailors to deal with."

"Why, yes, to be sure, butchers must be branded on the hide if they are to be got to understand anything."

"Who was it who hadn't a word to say when Herr Johannes looked straight at him?"

“Who was it who ran after the mad ox?”

The butcher laughed: “What is the good of quarrelling? we are not in the council.”

“I tell you, master,” continued the tailor, “one should not run against one’s friends. He means well with the people.”

“Means to be their first burgomaster.”

“But we should go about things with management.”

“Management be d—d!” burst from the butcher. “It is our management that has spoiled all; it is through our management they have got us down. I tell you, they’re all alike. Paint them outside green or yellow, inwardly they are black. Hold your peace, Zademack, not one of them gives us a thought. If ever they make common cause with us, it is as the monkey with the cat—they get what they want out of the fire with our paws, that’s all they care about us.”

The landlord, who had been listening for some time in the distance, now trod nearer: “It’s quite right what you’re saying, Master Kuhlemey; but there was a time when there were men amongst them. It would open their eyes if such like were to spring up just now.”

“Yes,” said Zademack, “only just a Tilly or an Albertus.”

“You think so?” asked the butcher, with an ironical chuckle.

“The commonalty only want leaders,” said the tailor.

“To lead them where?—to where they want

them. But tell me, in the name of all that is sacred, what better were the towns for such as they? Did our fathers' fathers get a step higher up because Tilly doffed his hat to their shambles, or played at bowls with rope-makers? They only did that one day in the week; and what did they do the other six? They laughed at the farce of it. I ask you what was gained for the public by it all, by their heading a mob to the senate-house, and breaking into safes and archives? Did they let *us* remain there? God forbid! They pushed us out again, with all possible politeness, and said, "We are deeply indebted to you, good people." And then bang to went the door in the people's faces, whilst they took their seats, and did as they liked. Are you blind? Have you no eyes to see it all?"

The tailor rubbed his hands; he was evidently indulging in some merry recollection.

"Ay," continued Bartz Kuhlemey, "it sounded merrily enough; the hoarded money chinked pleasantly in the new master's hands. But tell me, did a copper farthing of it get into our good fathers' pockets?"

"Their rule was so short."

"And had it been as long as all your yard sticks put together, I tell you it would have dwindled away like the steam from your soup when it is getting cold. And then, how was it when the senate came back? Everything was strung up tighter; we had more to pay, they cocked their noses higher than ever. That's always the end of

the song, when the great man addresses the little one, 'My dear friend.' "

The landlord rocked his body about, hesitatingly. Hans Zademack had nothing to say.

"I agree with you, Master Kuhlemey," came from another voice. A fourth had joined the party, unperceived. The reader will remember who he is when he sees his yellow face and squinting eyes. But there was more excitement visible in his face than when we last saw Balzer Boytin in the front of the senate-house.

"Kind will after kind," said the butcher, with a knock on the table. "The poor may grumble at the rich as long as they are poor; but when they get well off themselves, down they sit them peaceably with their rich neighbours."

"And you would be one to do the same, master," said Balzer Boytin. "They say that 'power gets grace;' but they who get power forget who helped them to it. What news is there, masters?"

"The burgomaster has got a cold."

"Nay, ear-ache, is it not?" asked the landlord.

"You shouted too loud for him."

"They have sent for Hans Ferbitz, to give him a dose," added Hans Zademack.

Balzer Boytin had lifted his bonnet with a grave mien when the word burgomaster was uttered. "His-reverence indisposed? That is bad news for the town!"

The hearers looked in vain in Balzer's serious face for any ironical feature.

“ When the head of a community is sick, the community is sick too. Now the Rathenows are not very healthy ; the father, Matheus, had snow-white hair when he was thirty-three years old. He never laughed, they say—pangs of conscience, because he let his cousin Martin be beheaded. Yes, yes, if Matheus and Tilly’s son had held together outside yonder, it would have fared differently with the town—I mean, with the honourable senate. They had money, they had plenty of bullies, they only had to lift up a finger, and a pack out of the woods all round flew to them like moths to a candle. Ay, and the country nobles would not have looked askance at them, had they come over night to the walls of Berlin, and sat in judgment in open day in the market-place. Where would our fine folks of to day have been then ? ”

“ But Matheus turned penitent,” said Bartz Kuhlemey ; “ basta, and the old school remained—yes, and will remain, till we take it out of their hands. Wash a moor white, if you like ; but you’ll never make a man of quality into a burgher’s friend.”

“ That’s what I say. Still, friends, I should like to have lived in Tilly’s times ; it must have been what they call a ‘ gaudium,’ a sort of St. Vitus’ dance. The blood would trickle through every vein, and be as if it would burst out for very delight. To see the proud quality creeping along the sides of the streets, and such as we in the middle. Hollo ! there would be looks exchanged

enough to go through lights and liver. They have a creeping all over yet whenever they remember it. They think it might come again ; who forbids us to think so too ?”

Balzer Boytin looked all round the table ; no one spoke ; the music above sounded louder ; and the heavy tread of the dancers made the rafters spring till the ale-cans rattled on the shelves.

“ They are very merry up above there.”

“ But when we dance above their heads,” murmured Hans Zademack.

“ The time will come,” said the other, with a knowing look ; “ I peeped in just now at the door, and I saw black looks. It is a sad annoyance to the gentlemen.”

“ What ?”

“ That the burgomaster is not amongst them ; he refused them direct.”

“ He’s ill.”

“ If sulking is being ill. He growls at them, and they growl because he growls.”

Bartz Kuhlemey inflated his cheeks, and slowly puffed out the wind : “ It’s not the first time they have shaken their fists at each other. Pooh ! they bear and forbear.”

Balzer Boytin’s eyes sparkled fiercely : “ I laid my ear to the door, and I tell ye the growling was right deep. If one could get all the breath into one trumpet, there would be noise louder than nine hundred swine ; a noise enough to shake down many a house near Saint Nicholas which is now standing, as happened to the Wardenbergs.”

All were silent, but their looks were expressive ; they understood one another, and brought their heads nearer together.

“ I don’t like that stony cold face of his,” said Bartz Kuhlemey.

“ There’s no sociableness about him,” put in the tailor.

“ Ye masters,” said Balzer, in a low tone, “ Johannes is the soul of the council ; what are they without him ? It is he who holds them together, the only one who gives them any appearance before the world. If we could separate him from the others—”

The listeners shook their heads incredulously.

“ If a wall is once split, it is safe on no side. I tell you the crack has been given to night ; if clever people thrust themselves between, there will be a fall to-morrow. Is that nothing ?”

“ He tore our petition in the open market,” cried Hans Zademack.

“ He’ll have to answer that,” said the others.

“ For anything I care. Go, accuse him before the senate ; they will be glad of it.”

“ He will not forget himself,” said Bartz Kuhlemey, getting up.

“ But if they forget themselves ; if they bring before the senate that he has done what the senate should have done ; if they forbid him to pay Henning Mollner, do you think he’ll stand that ?”

“ Pay Henning Mollner he will,” cried Bartz.

“ Well, and the senate will bid him not. And he’ll pay him, too, just now ; and the senate says

it must not be done just now : you must not have a chance of gaining a party amongst the commonalty. Yes, sirs, the senate will let him know that to-morrow. Well, and what will Johannes do ? He'll doff his bonnet, won't he, and say, ' Just as the honourable board determine ? ' ”

“ Ten thousand fiends, he will flare up ! ”

“ This begins to sound merry,” cried the landlord, and they all seemed quite lightened in spirits.

The drinking cans chinked cheerily together, but the butcher fell again into a meditative mood. At last, he said, “ Many a thing sounds well enough, but is only a sound which dies away when the wind drops.”

“ True enough,” interrupted Balzer Boytin ; “ the meat is only roasted on one side, and a prudent man lets it be done through before he cuts into it. Well, are you afraid it will get burnt ? ”

Just then, the watchman outside blew his horn, as it was his duty to do, in front of the senate-house, and his cry of

“ God guard from risk by fire or light,
And every danger of the night,”

sounded shrill through the arched cellars. Balzer looked up, and watched the expression of the faces about him.

“ Well, are you ready to take the water-cans and put out the fire ? there are plenty of water-plugs in the streets ; though I don't know who would thank you. But a fire can spread, remember that, prudent citizens.”

Hans Zademack shook the beer in his can : “ Henning carried Niclas Pernewitz on his shoulders into the senate ; Johannes Rathenow is not heavier ; something would come of it.”

“ And where would be the gain ?” asked Bartz ; “ the old folks would choose them another of the same stuff.”

Balzer, with an air of not having listened, began, as if to himself, “ I have read of republics in the land of Lombardy. Do you think the burghers there are as patient as you are, or that the nobles carry their necks less stiff ? They try how much the people will bear just as everywhere else. The more patient they are, the more they put on ; and they are real gentry there, not like ours, who hardly know where they come from. They eat off gold, whilst knights attend at their tables. They live in marble palaces, one wall of which is worth more than all your senate-house ; and princes and dukes call them brother, and their sons become popes and cardinals. But do you think the people there put up for three years with what you endure for thirty ? only let a spark fall there it doesn't smother long. A pursed-up lip, a side look, and quick a stab between the ribs, and a cry of ‘ To arms !’ The Italians know how to make noise enough to fetch the unfledged young out of their nests ; and straight up gets one on a rail. His name may be Johann, or Henning, or Mathis, no one asks, nor whether he is a people's friend or what his motive may be. Let him only hate oppression. A bloody cloth, a rag—anything—a cruci-

fix, a dagger, and a face enough to make a woman swoon. Revenge, revenge, he cries! Freedom! Down with the tyrants! Thousands join the cry with faces enough to drive a worm into its hole. Before you can look round, half the town is up; up go the windows; the bells are set ringing, yes, before you touch them, for the air itself is in commotion. The stools get into motion under the cobblers, the boards under the tailors, the knives leap out of the butchers' girdle by themselves. The air itself glistens with the shining steel; the wind is nothing but the waving of spear-heads, and thunder rolls over the roofs; God's mercy on those whom the bolt strikes! That's what they do in Italy. My reckoning, landlord," he continued, pulling out his purse. "We are peaceful citizens here, pay what is asked of us; and so we have quiet and peace. We let those who are masters remain masters. What does it matter to us, whether the Magdeburg people, and the Stendal people, and everywhere in Germany where they have more blood in their veins, whether they ask or not. Will this beaten-hound-like patience of the Berlin people last for ever? What do we care? Let them laugh; we are content as we are."

Balzer Boytin's oratory told, but differently on all the three, whose faces grew darker when he was gone. They kept up a low conversation, and their looks still turned to where he had sat. It was easy to see that none of them liked him, but his words tickled their ears. Bartz Kuhlemey seemed the most dissatisfied, but the reasons of the other

two appeared to have weight with him, for he was less impetuous than was his wont. At last, he drew his cloak about him, and pressed his cap down upon his ears; then, shaking hands with the others, he said—"A good thing is not to be done all at once, and I reckon that good ripens of itself. A good thing needs neither evil companions nor evil deeds. Let the bells of Saint Mary's, Saint Nicholas' and Saint Peter's, be rung, and then let him who means the people well, hold up his hand. By the holy martyrs, count the number of hands and see if we have not already enough! Why do we want to humble the proud gentry? Because we want what they have. And whom do we want it for? For ourselves. He who helps us, what does he help us for? For his own good. Now, it strikes me, good friends, that if we had wanted such helpers' helpers to take from our very lips what we are just opening our mouths for, we could have had them long ago; we had only to whistle in the next wood, or send round to the knights in the nearest castles. The commonalty would have found friends enough to make the senate look pale. And why haven't we done it? Because the senate is part and parcel of the town, and because all we do should be for the good of the towns, of which we are part and parcel. And is that otherwise now?"

"What Balzer said seemed to have sense in it," said Hans Zademack.

"Don't talk to me about that liver-coloured scoundrel!" interrupted the butcher. "But am I to see that every man who will serve my turn is

honest before I give him my hand honestly? Now what is it that he wants?"

"He wants just what we want," said the landlord, laughing.

"What we want is to get into the senate," said the butcher, striking his fist on the table. "We want to sit on the benches where they sit, and to speak, and take counsel, and choose burgomasters and senators as it used to be in the olden time, and as they do in other towns. We are as good as they are, and their mightiness was only bought or stolen whilst our fathers had their eyes shut. We are as good free people as they are, and understand a thing or two as well as they do; they were not a whit better in olden times. And, therefore, we trades and guilds—the four corporations first, would go into the senate; but the benches will not hold everybody. We want the seats for ourselves, not for others. What good would the pedlars do us, who have nothing in common amongst themselves, one going with the senate and another with the citizens. They are not even a corporation, and Balzer Boytin himself was turned out of one. He is now a horse-dealer. What is it he wants? To hold on by the skirts of the Rathenows. I would kick him down stairs if he were to come where he has no right to be; but you are respectable men and know how to manage. So get help where you can; bear and venture; but when the storm comes, do you sit quiet at home; there'll be broils and bruises enough, and you might come in for a share.

No sooner was the butcher gone, than Hans Zademack took up the word: "Didn't I always say that these butchers have a tongue as if they would eat up town and all; but there's nothing to be done with them with plain reason."

"And take you heed," answered the host, "if ever they come into the senate, the benches will break down under their pretensions."

"They couldn't come to any resolution in their meeting this morning!" continued Hans Zademack. "They would do well at the head of affairs!"

"It would be a bad thing for the town if one guild sat above another."

"There's no fear of that; the others would take care of that." The landlord scratched his head, and asked, with a knowing look, "Would you?"

"We, and the bakers and the shoemakers. The bakers, because they have the oldest charters; the shoemakers, because all the guilds must stand on equal footing."

"And you tailors," said the landlord, ironically, "because the people cannot, and must not go naked, as if they were all wild men."

"Say, rather, because we are readiest to get into the stitch and sew matters together, that things may have a style and bear looking at," said Hans Zademack, smiling. "Any thread may do to make up a hole, and the worst piece of cloth does for a covering if well put together. Now, to be serious, neighbour, an honest man waits for what turns up, and shuts his eyes to nothing which lies in his path. The cloth out of which the quality is

fashioned, is strong ; the thread holds, though the nap be worn off ; therefore you must pull away at all sides : Balzer is right there. All we have to do is to look out that nothing remains in his hands. Let them rub one against the other, quality and tradesfolk, burgomaster and senate ; halloo them on till the stuff is threadbare, there will be no butcher's axe wanted then ; you may cut it in pieces with a pair of shears."

"That you may have a piece for your own coat," muttered the landlord, pushing to the door after the tailor was gone. "But it's all right. They would plume themselves like fighting-cocks, career through the streets, and not a hair better would it be for poor folk than it is at present."

Just as he was about to push the bolt, there came a groping outside, and the door was forcibly pushed open by a number of strong hands. It was customary enough for there to be merry doings in the front of the senate-house whenever the patricians gave a feast. The landlord, therefore, was not astonished, though he was by no means anxious to receive such late guests, particularly when announcing themselves so unceremoniously. But what could he do, even were he to call his servants to help him, for there were a great number, all in various disguises. One had his collar poked above his ears ; another had a cloth round his head, and looked like an unbelieving Turk ; others had their shirts over their clothes, and one was full dressed as a harlequin : all of them appeared to have tasted sweet wine. Gravely as the

landlord wished to shew them out, and not without marks of displeasure, no notice did they take of him ; they did nothing but laugh. One perched himself on the table, another extended himself on a bench, and a third threw his arms round the host, as if he were his veriest friend and brother.

“What’s the news in Berlin, Herr Zapfen?”

The landlord, who saw what sort he had to deal with, made a very grave face : “It has been raining fools!”

“The cuckoo cries his own name!” said one of them, slapping him on the shoulder.

“He who can tickle himself, can laugh at pleasure,” answered the landlord ; and with that, he took upon himself to remind them of the strict commands of the senate, about closing the cellar.

This seemed to delight them exceedingly : “We are here by order of the senate,” said one of them.

And another said, “We have to stand by the senate in its direst necessity.”

Answered the host, “You look more like men in rogues’ pay than in the senate’s ; but if you are honest folks, you wont take away a man’s livelihood.”

“Hear the story-teller!” said one, in a feigned voice. “How often have we brought him his livelihood by drinking his bad wine!”

“Much obliged for that, if it’s true ; and you are welcome another time, if it is your pleasure to come.”

"It's because it pleases us so much that we are here now."

"Much obliged again; but as it does not please the senate, you had better find your legs, for fear the senate should find legs for you!"

At this they seemed more tickled even than before; but not an inch did any of them stir.

"The gentlemen above are at table," he continued, "and if one of them should come down, it would be a heavy matter."

"We know that, and that's what we are here for," answered one of them, gravely; but the others laughed more and more, even the speaker could not maintain his seriousness long.

"Then what is it that you are here for?" asked the host.

"We are here to carry good counsel home."

"You'll carry some good knocks home," replied the landlord, in the same voice.

"We are going to take it to its grave," said another.

"The ravens will sing you a requiem, then."

"What ravens? It is the cock-crowing," cried another; and he began to crow like a cock, so that it sounded like a whole henroost. The host himself could no longer help smiling. He began to think he had heard some of the voices before, and curious enough he was to know who they were.

"It's not morning yet," he said; "you had better keep that beak of yours closed; you may wake the sleepers else."

"They want waking," cried the witling, and straightway he set up such a kikerikee, as far surpassed his former attempt, and made the host laugh till he held his sides.

"You madcap fool!" he said, "what trick are you after now? They said you were becoming sober, but the cap and bells hang over your ears yet."

"That's what made them say so."

"There is a whisper that you were the harlequin who cut the puppet's head off. Have a care."

"Zapfen, do you have a care! Silence does not betray itself; never tell what there is in the vat. What the eye doesn't see, the heart doesn't heed."

"If it hadn't been for that cursed hindrance, something would have come of it," said another.

"Hollo! that's it, is it?" said the landlord; and his eye glanced over the party, many of whom he perhaps partly recognised. "Haven't you had enough of this morning's fun? Don't you know, that—

"A fool's intention
Is not worth a wise man's prevention?"

"On the contrary," cried the harlequin, now reclining at his ease on a bench—

"The windings of a fool's travel,
It takes a wise man to unravel;
What many strive at,
One will arrive at."

"Good wind makes good sailing," said the host, "but from the lame you may learn limping."

"If you are plain, don't be too fain," answered

the witling. "He who lies in lees of wine, may chance get eaten of the swine."

"Do you remember what the old proverb says?" rejoined the landlord—" 'A wise fool should try to dry snow in an oven ;' and again,

'He who with wine would cool desire,
He who would set the sea on fire,
Has never lived upon his hire.'"

"Do you know who makes the worst landlord?" asked the other: "He who feeds his guests with words. You can hunt every day, but you can't catch every day; remember that when you go a seeking wit."

"When you go a seeking wisdom, do you know what you'll catch? Snares, which will catch you. Do you know what the roughest road is to travel? That to the gallows."

"When idle horses begin to draw," said the witling, "old wives to dance, white clouds to rain, and dull heads to think themselves witty—there's no end to it—Wine, here, landlord churl! If you have no scent, we have palates! Only see," he continued, turning to the others, "this Zapfen, who knows everything, doesn't know what time of day it is!"

"When the clapper is a fox's brush, and it strikes on leather, one does not hear the bell very far."

"Right, Zapfen! Know metal by its ringing, and a bird by its singing; but how are you to know people who are wanted to support the senate, when it can't support itself?"

And now that a few of them began to amuse themselves with a bier which was outside, trying whether an empty hogshead would roll off it or not, and he heard one of them say, "The plumpest senator would sleep here as soundly as in the senate," the landlord perceived all at once what they meant, for he remembered that Thomas Wyns had ordered some stout fellows to see his guests home, in case of their being overcome by any mortal frailty. But he was a good landlord, so not a word did he say, but supplied them with all they asked for, and they drank as if they were at a wedding, and had nothing to pay.

And next, one by one, mask after mask was pulled off, and you might recognise many a merry tradesman's son; they told right funny tales, and no one went unpaid for what he said at another's expense. He in the fool's cap was the only one not to uncover, and though amongst the loudest, he drank the least; at last he availed himself of a moment to slip out, whilst a dispute was drawing the attention of the others, and he had already taken a step or two up the stairs of the senate-house itself, when he was held back by a strong hand. It was the landlord's, and the first finger of his other hand was held up, threateningly.

"That's not to be done so slily."

"He who would play, must set up the nine-pins," answered the other.

"You are not doing right, Henning."

"A man must get up early in a morning to do right to everybody."

"A man who can do nothing better than bandy jokes, had better do nothing, says a proverb."

"The ass and the driver are not of one mind," was the answer, and the youth made an effort to escape, but the landlord held him fast.

"Whether you are the ass or the driver, it isn't for me to say. If you are the ass, remember that he who is too well off, goes on the ice, and breaks his leg; if you are the driver, don't drive too fast. If you really want anything, you have your friends."

Henning replied, "He who has good luck, his oxen calve!"

"Fortune is brittle as glass. You are after some mischief amongst the quality; take care you don't burn your fingers."

"Now, God forbid!" answered the youth, with the peculiarly ingenuous mien which we have noticed before: "my fingers will lie cool enough, either in the snow or in the dust."

"But they will stick you in the black hole."

"It is a poor fox who knows but one hole."

"Henning, where are you going?"

"Up there, to have a dance."

The landlord started, but the youth had broken from him, and now darted up stairs, laughing. "Straw in one's shoes, spindles in a bag, and a master in a house, are always peeping out somewhere," he muttered to himself as he took his way

back. "But what there is peeping out of him—never mind," said he, comforting himself—

"Love and coughing, smoke and gold,
Ne'er a one for long can hold!"—

and he bustled about after his other guests, who were already not in a way to miss anybody, and gradually getting into the state in which others, it had been expected, might want their assistance.

CHAPTER XV.

ANY one having seen the scene upstairs before, and seeing it now again, would not have recognised it as the same. Who can tell how many barrels had been tapped, for the red wine glowed in the faces of all. What had been a spark before was now a conflagration; and there were a good many conflagrations, and near together, of mirth and displeasure, for no one ever remembered there having been so much uproar and so much merriment. The liberal allowance had reached even to the town pipers in the galleries, for they trumpeted and drummed as if they would knock the calf-skins to pieces. Glasses and plates, too, got broken, as was right and seeming in a scene of merriment; and so far all had gone on, to the perfect delight of the host, Herr Thomas Wyna, who went smiling amongst his company, begging them to lay to and drink, that the end of the feast might be as merry as the beginning.

And drink they did, to toasts of the most sentimental nature, and to others which were so abrupt, that the gentlemen held their sides, and the ladies covered their faces with their handkerchiefs ; but they laughed notwithstanding. Then the younger ones put on mumming dresses, and danced amongst one another, whilst the old folks sat filling in, alike unwilling and unable to stir ; and many a sweet speech passed betwixt youth and maiden, and perhaps a kiss or two may have been stolen now and then. To be sure, during the feast the sexes had sat separate, and not together, as had been the shameless custom in Charles the Fourth's time. No, the senates of all the towns had forbidden that, therefore the gentlemen had sat on one side and the ladies on the other, as was proper and correct.

But now all were mixed, through the saloons and round the tables ; bears and monkeys danced with fair ladies, and hunchbacks sprang upon the tables to the affright of young maidens. But the merriest of all was a harlequin in fool's cap and bells, and the women listened anxiously to get a word from him, laughing delightedly at what he said,—much when it was something flattering to them, but still more when it was something not so pretty about some one else ; and thus he sprang from one to another, and if all he said to everybody was true, each one was certainly the fairest amongst all.

The maiden, Elizabeth Rathenow, pale before as a lily, was now as blooming as a rose ; but it was owing to the heat, she had but kissed the cup of

Malmsey. Or had the words of her partners driven the blood to her cheeks? The harlequin at length pursued her, and said such things to her that she was positively startled, and for some time preferred not to answer; but what he said was so humorous, and his attitudes so comical, that she could not but laugh.

“Fair maiden, thou wearest a gay attire.”

“Go to my milliner, fool, she will thank thee for thy praise.”

“For Heaven’s sake, do not speak, thy dress will fall from thy body.”

“Fools are not wizards.”

“But it is said, no dress is so becoming to a woman as silence; therefore, if thou speakest, thy best dress will fall over thy hips.”

“Dost thou know any more good about silence.”

“What thou wilt, fair girl. A close tongue is beyond price. Silence is misfortune’s friend. Listen, and speak not. Learn to be silent, and thou wilt speak the best. Lock thy lips rather than thy chest. Speak most to thyself.”

The maiden held her ears:—“Dost thou not know, if a fool could be silent, he might pass for a wise man.”

“Oh, sweet burgomaster’s daughter, trouble not thyself about fools, thou knowest not what is behind them! If thou risest with the sun on a summer’s morning, and lettest thy tongue go like a mill-clapper, and wouldst number the proverbs concerning fools, the sun would sink into the sea long ere thou hadst had thy last say of them.”

“ Then God shield us from fools !”

“ I'll tell thee what to do if thou gettest one for a husband.”

“ Then, bless thee ere thou beginnest, good fool.”

“ Be a bad wife, no one will keep thee. Shrew wife is bad treasure. Never peace, ever strife, is daily food in wedded life. A fair wife shortens life. Do you know how to get rid of a bad wife ?”

“ No, fool !”

“ Take one ; that's the way to be rid of her.”

“ I am a woman myself,” said Elizabeth, laughing. “ But tell me, are there many of us so bad ?”

“ Only one, fair girl.”

“ How so ?”

“ There is only one bad wife, but everybody says he has her.”

Elizabeth laughed at his merry answers, and could not conceive who he could be. The voice seemed known to her, and yet strange ; but she soon forgot him as she whirled round in the arms of her partners. The fool, too, passed on to others.

We must next notice a somewhat round-about young lady, very pretty, and gaily dressed, with pearls and jewels glittering on her bodice and flowers in her hair, perhaps in too great a profusion, considering her proportions, which extended rather in the breadth than in the length. Frau Bergholz was conversing with her very earnestly,

and the maiden simpered and smiled at all she said.

"Now, only do look at that Elizabeth Rathenow," she said, as Elizabeth came flying past, almost treading on the young lady's foot, "it would seem as if everything must make way for her."

"She has not sat down one single dance," said Eva Schumm.

"Did I ever hear!" answered Frau Bergholz. "What can the young folks see in her? I think her none so pretty, unless it be to be shot up like a bean-stalk. The young people in my day had a different taste, and who knows how it would be now if her father was not burgomaster."

At this moment the voice of the fool whispered into the girl's ear—"Mistress Eva, I bring a greeting from your great-great-grandmother. Only listen—the lady talking with thee is a friend of her that was in Paradise."

"And only look at that girl's necklace," continued Frau Bergholz; "that comes, I suppose, from her dearly beloved in Friar's-street."

"Not that I know of," said Eva Schumm.

"Where else can she have got it? Her father has nothing left in his chests and coffers. Holy Maria, how it flashes, it hurts one's eyes! It's nice work making regulations about what other women are to wear, when one's own daughter may wear just what she pleases."

The fool whispered, "Mistress Eva, do you know what the fleas did when your great-great-grand-

mother stole the apple? They coughed, but Eve did not hear them."

"Well, I do say," continued Frau Bergholz, "it does go on in Berlin here, I wont say how. If my daughter had been engaged to a man like Melchior, she wouldn't have danced when her sweetheart was away. No, she would have blushed to the tips of her fingers if a young man had but spoken to her."

The girl wriggled her shoulders — "Never mind, Melchior would not trouble himself about that."

"And why should he? Isn't Melchior such an one as they won't find twelve miles round? I should like them to find me one. He has only to knock, they'll soon open the door for him. The old burgomaster knew that well enough, sly old fox. Just see how that flashes on her neck. I wonder whether the stones are genuine or not? I don't believe what they say about love-potions, but I should like to know how he got round old Schumm."

The fool whispered—"Do you know, maiden, what Eve did when the first flea bit her? She scratched herself."

"Oh dear, oh dear!" continued the matron, "if I hadn't quite forgot that I was talking all the time to Herr Schumm's daughter! and the girl so soon to be your sister-in-law! The old folks know well enough why they have made it up, and next there will be the lady going in procession as bride to the house in Friar's-street, and sitting in the

window where Mistress Eva sat till then, and nodding to every one who takes off his bonnet to her. Nay, child, don't be offended, you know I was only joking. Look this way, Mistress Elizabeth," she cried, half aloud, as the girl passed again in the waltz, "your fair sister-in-law kisses her hand to you."

The fool whispered again, just as the girl was endeavouring to restrain her companion—"Do you know what Eve's first folly was? If Eve had caught the first flea that bit her, and cracked it, there would have been no fleas more."

"She won't see you," continued the matron. "I call that rather too early, her loftiness. It strikes me she might take notice of a good deal about you, and not lose her trouble. Melchior will have something to do. Well, well, Melchior is not to be driven."

"No, indeed he is not," said Eva.

"But the men are all alike. A bit of a pretty face, and he might.—Well, never mind, it's done now. But poor old papa! Mistress Eva will have to look after him still, for his proud daughter-in-law will not be the one to sit by the hearth and cook him his pet dishes. Her hands are too fine and white for that. It is nicer standing before the looking-glass than the fire. Well, well, we mustn't trouble ourselves, there's many a thing holds together no one knows how."

"Wise folks speak from their hearts," whispered the fool, as he darted past, towards the head table, whence a great blustering and noise arose, for some

difference had arisen between the parties, and the Koeln and Berlin people were hammering with their fists on the table, as an accompaniment to their mutual recriminations ; it was not exactly the right moment for Herr Dietrich Wyns to choose, to make his well-intended speech about the community of interest of the towns, their good government, and how that a good Christian and citizen had nothing left to wish for. His breeches, to be sure, shone like two torches, as he stood upon the table, with his feet wide apart, and the garlands which he carried upon each arm, and round his neck, were truly beautiful to behold, and just as beautiful were his versified compliments to the two towns, and their elders. But it seemed all out of place ; for wine, which sometimes makes that appear right which is not right, again often spoils the best pre-arrangement ; and, whilst he was balancing himself to keep on his feet, few paid attention to him ; they kept quarrelling and making faces at one another between his legs. At last, he proposed the health of the gentry on both sides of the Spree ; but, gallant man as he was, he made many a mistake, and praised one for what he did not possess, and said Berlin when he meant Koeln, and Koeln when he meant Berlin, and it caused both laughing and irritation, for many considered as intention what was only the effect of the wine.

At last, however, he turned to extolling the virtue and beauty of the wives and maidens of both towns, and he did it in such beautiful verses, that

it was quite touching—how they held rule in their house, and how they ought to use their peaceful influence over their husbands, should they create disquiet abroad. This created general mirth, and it increased when Herr Dietrich commenced throwing his nosegays and garlands on all sides. At the same moment, too, a shower of flowers descended from the galleries, and the cornet-players and drummers gave forth a long note in honour of the queen of beauty, to whose honour Herr Dietrich now proposed a toast, and whom he invited to dance the final measure with him.

Down, then, he sprang from the table, amidst great noise and laughter, to offer his arm to the queen of beauty; and not a doubt existed that Elizabeth Rathenow was the fair one meant, as the description in his toast was of her, and the honour belonged to her, according to rule, even had there been fairer maidens present, as she was the burgomaster's daughter. But, just then, the room seemed to turn round with him, and whilst, in his place of proxy to the host, who was far too fat either to speak or to dance, he was intending to proceed direct to Elizabeth Rathenow, it so happened, that he slanted down in an oblique direction upon Eva Schumm, and offered her his hand with the most gracious inclination that, in his present state, he dared venture to allow himself.

“Take hold, girl,” whispered a voice behind her, and Frau Bergholz's face assumed a bitterly malicious grin, as Eva stood, not knowing what to do.

She was either aware of his error, or alarmed by Herr Dietrich's unsteady step and glowing face.

"Long life to the queen of beauty!" was the cry. There was a clapping of hands, the trumpets blew a blast, and Eva Schumm moved forwards to her place, on the arm of the senator.

"Oh, Eva Schumm,
'Tis not well done!"

sounded the harlequin's whisper near her, and her ear caught the sound, as, looking up, she beheld Elizabeth Rathenow standing before her. There was no doubt on any one's mind, not even on Herr Dietrich's, and still less on Elizabeth Rathenow's, as to who was the person invited, for there she stood, holding herself some inches higher, her eyes wide open with astonishment, whilst poor Eva was forced to let hers drop, and her head too; whilst quite intuitively, as if it was to be so, Eva Schumm left hold of Herr Dietrich's arm, and he stood there, presenting it to the burgomaster's daughter.

There was a dead stillness for a moment; anxiety and astonishment were plainly to be seen in every face; but by degrees there arose a whispering and a laughing louder than all the music in the hall. And there stood Eva Schumm, quite alone, like a figure cut in stone, with her arms drooping and her head hanging down, whilst the laughter went to her very heart.

"Honour to whom honour is due," hummed the voice of the fool.

"Will you stand that?" whispered Bergholz, and Eva lifted her eyes, and rested them on those of her playfellow, who was now actually hanging on the arm of Herr Dietrich. He, poor man, knew as little as any one what he had done.

"Strike up! strike up!" was the cry, and the music began. But another sort of music began also. Eva Schumm was no longer an inanimate statue. She covered her face with both hands, and wept and sobbed bitterly.

"It's too bad!" cried a dozen voices at once.

"What have they done to the poor child?"

"It is a disgrace to Koeln," shouted Herr Hoppenrade, the Koeln senator.

Many voices were raised, but the noise was so loud, and the crowd so great, that nothing could be heard distinctly. Dancing was out of the question. Poor Herr Dietrich, the perspiration dropping off his face, had now left loose of his second partner, and had sunk back in his chair, a lamentable object to behold. For as full of wine as he was, he had still sense enough to know, that to insult two women, and make reparation to neither, was worse than sitting on the front benches of the senate, when Berlin and Koeln were at issue. Paris, of Troy, had at least given the apple to one, but he had disappointed both. A contemptuous look from Elizabeth Rathenow was quite enough for him, as she turned on her heel; and poor Eva Schumm's pretty little features had never looked half so ugly, as when she turned them, with a bitter glance, to where he sat.

It would have been nothing extraordinary had the sisters-in-law attacked each other with their tongues, for four hundred years make a difference in the manners of good ladies. They did exchange looks, and their lips seemed ready pointed; but the close of a banquet in the middle ages was not the exact time for a contest of this sort. Those of the gentlemen who were still able to see what was going on, kept silence for a time. But so much stranger faces they made; their eyes blinking and twinkling at each other, shewing signs of what was coming. From the women, on the contrary, the noise increased gradually, just as when a storm comes from a distance. It begins with a moaning, and gusts of wind at intervals, but soon there come hail, and streams of rain, and thunderclaps. Just so it was now, till there was such a screaming, that one could not hear oneself speak.

“Do we use Koeln people in that way in Berlin?” “Her pride is right served!” “Good fortune makes people into fools.” “Empty barrels sound the loudest,” and so it went on.

Two or three old ladies from Koeln made their way to old Bartholomew Schumm. Four senators and five people of quality had already been carried away. But there sat he, like an oak of a thousand years, which bids defiance to the storm that has carried away many a stout forest tree. He was still able to guide his goblet to his mouth with considerable correctness, and his quiescent features, glowing purple, contradicted the proverb that “wine is a babbler.”

"One dog growls because the other comes into the larder," was for some time the only answer that the ladies could get from him, after screaming themselves hoarse in their attempt to gain his attention.

"Herr Bartholomew, if you don't care about the honour of the towns, have a care about the honour of your child."

"Your daughter, Eva——"

"Will have half my money," answered the senator, draining his brimmer to the last drop.

"She is insulted—she is abandoned!"

"She'll not be abandoned," said the patrician, with a laugh, as if well pleased.

"The Wyns have insulted her before everybody. They are in league with the Rathenows. That's what you get by your Rathenows; they think of nought but your money. They don't mind your honour."

"Oh, if Melchior were here, there would need nobody to take his sister's part!" screamed another.

"The Schumms need nobody."

"They have treated her like a dishonest girl—neglected her before everybody, to pay honour to your Mistress Rathenow. Your daughter, Herr Bartholomew, your daughter is sobbing and crying like a lost child!"

"Crying? She shall not cry!" And now down went the cup upon the table; had it been glass, it would have been shivered to a thousand pieces. The metal, of costly Augsburg carving, bent in the grasp of his mighty fingers. His eyes

rolled wildly under his bushy eyebrows, and he arose from his arm-chair, just as a buffalo would arise from his lair, where he had been quietly chewing the cud, when disturbed by the hunters.

But once on his feet, it was not to be mistaken that he was no longer the great man he had appeared to be when sitting; the Koeln senator could hardly stand firm, how much less could he walk firmly. There is a saying, that a loaded waggon should make way for a drunken man; and in this case every one made room for Herr Bartholomew. The sight of his daughter Eva, who was still sobbing as if her heart would break, increased his passion to fury; and as he clenched his fist, and muttered something, the sense of which was intelligible enough, but of which not a word could be gathered, his attention was called to another party. Herr Dietrich had by this time stood up, and amidst all the tumultuous feelings, the usual effect of wine—a mixture of pain and exultation, contrition and wofulness—the thought uppermost in his mind seemed to be the division betwixt Koeln and Berlin. On seeing Herr Bartholomew, he opened his arms, to draw the Koeln senator to his heart. This gentleman, however, was thinking of nothing less than such an embrace, and made efforts to put away the extended arms. But it often happens, when one uses every energy to avoid anything, it will happen that one falls straight into it. Herr Dietrich had no eyes to see that the arms extended in his direction were terminated by clenched fists; he merely knew that they were extended towards

him, and rushing betwixt them, he embraced the Koeln senator in such a manner that he could not do otherwise than clasp his arms round him. He did it to steady himself; but it was too late. Neither of them being firm of footing, their legs gave way, and Berlin and Koeln rolled one over the other on the ground.

It must have been a comical sight, for Herr Thomas Wyns himself, the host, who had at first sought to interpose, and then to assist the pair to rise, was fain at last to hold his side with one hand, and his fat paunch with the other; for on one side sprawled Herr Bartholomew, attempting in vain to get up, and beating his fist on the ground, his eyes very near bursting from their sockets with rage; whilst Herr Dietrich, who was much thinner, was on his hands and knees at a little distance, watching the other's countenance with no expression at all in his own, unless it were one of affright and astonishment. It was surely excusable that even the stately Elizabeth Rathenow did not retain her gravity at such a spectacle; she only did what the others did, and the more furious the gestures of the Koeln senator became, and the more determinately he beat his fist on the floor, the more heartily they all laughed.

With the exception of one. Eva Schumm, who till now had not known what to do, after her sad disgrace, except wipe her eyes,—she did not laugh. But now that her little heart beat high under her full bosom, so that her very bodice rose, and her eyes flashed, and every limb trembled,—now she

knew what to do. She sprang upon Elizabeth Rathenow, and seizing her by the ruff round her neck, in a way that none would have expected from the little lady, she demanded, "What do you mean by laughing at my father?"

Elizabeth's face turned as white as Mistress Eva's was red, and no one can guess what would have happened, if the ladies, and some gentlemen also, had not rushed between them. But very few of them could tell the next morning what followed next. There was a rush to the way out, as if the house had been on fire; the women screamed; there was a regular crush. Poor little Eva was obliged to be held down on a chair by two old ladies. There is a saying, that what is in will come out; and it seemed as if she was determined to pour out all her spite against the conceited, the wicked Elizabeth. Frau Bergholz was laughing, and trying to stop her poisonous little mouth with a handkerchief, whilst others of the party urged Elizabeth away. They didn't get sight of each other again, but they shouted to one another just what they could think of to say. "Have the Rathenows no friends here?" asked Elizabeth, much excited, as her chaperone for the day, Frau Heidecke, got her from the room, half by force. The good lady threw her fur cloak over her, and ejaculated, shrugging her shoulders, "When friends are wanted, a good many of them go to the peck."

Eva made her way over Herr Dietrich's legs, without minding his scarlet breeches—indeed, some say she wilfully trampled on them with her little feet;

and who could blame her, when going to assist her father? At last, Herr Bartholomew was got up, and all he said, lifting his cherry-coloured face as high as he could, was, "The Rathenows! let me catch the beggarly Rathenows!" and down he went again, in spite of the efforts of three men to keep him up; and when they got him outside, the people appointed had to bear him as they could; but it was pitiful to see how they went on with the reverend senators. Instead of carrying them, as if they were the fathers of the town, they treated them as if they were calves or swine going to the shambles. Herr Thomas Wyns sat propped up at the portal—for he was unable to stand—to say something polite to each of the guests, according to custom—"That he was sorry they were leaving so early, and had eaten and drank so little; he hoped that they were content with their entertainment, and would soon honour him again with their company."

Herr Bartholomew managed to lift his head, as he was carried past, and to look at him with a grin: "The devil take you, and every Berlin beggar face!" Herr Thomas heard nothing; he had enough to do to collect himself to make the same compliment to the others as they passed.

Herr Mathis Blankenfelde had, however, a word to whisper to Herr Bergholz, as they together followed Herr Schumm, keeping his head from knocking against the banisters: "It has been a glorious merry making; the Schumms and Rathenows are separated!"

CHAPTER XVI.

It was not a severe winter night, but quite cold enough to cool a feverish head. We have already heard that there were no coaches in old Berlin at that time to take the good folks home from a ball. The long, heavy machines which stood in the coach-houses of many, were never used save to transport the rich families on their travels to their farms or country seats; and the easy-chairs, borne betwixt two horses, one before and one behind, were very seldom made use of. The streets were too narrow and crooked, and the distances too short; and indeed, with shoes made suitable, why should not the tenderest foot reach its destination, even on the dirtiest night in winter?

We must not, therefore, be surprised to see the maiden Elizabeth taking her way on foot through all the snow and mud; she was too well wrapped in fur to fear the cold. Her aunt Heidicke was her companion, and the two ladies were holding

up their dresses, looking out carefully, not for stones in the way, but to avoid the deep mud-holes. A servant, with a light in a case of oiled paper, lighted the way before them, for at that time there were no lanterns hung with ropes across the street as there are now; and behind them came two other servants, one carrying a halberd, the other a long sword.

They were, therefore, well guided and protected; but the night is no man's friend, and what must it have been in the middle ages, when so much went on between heaven and earth, which nor philosophy nor police any longer tolerate. The appearances of overhanging houses, with their gutters above ornamented with gaping dragon heads, the creaking of signs and weather-cocks, here and there a stone figure at the corners of streets,—all this together was by no means refreshing to nightly wanderers, particularly when such were women. The party, therefore, made all possible haste; and they entered into no conversation, as one is used to do after being at a ball, except to warn each other now and then of their approach to some treacherous mudhole.

Yet it was not by any means so still to-night as was usual between the midnight hour and the first cock-crowing; there arose on all sides the noise of parties returning home from the banquet, with quarrels between the watchmen and the drunken and quarrelsome. Besides, there were a few idle people who followed the processions, bearing here and there a worthy gentleman to his

home. There was a complete uproar in the street going to the Oderberg door; the Ritter Britzke had been carried thither, attended by music and six torches; he was so drunk that he could not move a limb, but his landlord, who was a white-smith, refused to open the door to let him in; he was afraid of the crowd. He put his head out of a window, and said that he should have great pleasure in receiving the Ritter and town's-captain, but the one who was his lodger, and who had gone out the evening before, had stood upon two legs, whereas the one they brought him now could not go upon four, he therefore did not know him; they had better take him back to the senate-house, or to the watch-house, and then the senate would let him out in the morning. A speech like this gave great offence to everybody, for what possible fault could be found with the ritter, who had drank, like an honest nobleman, in good society, and in honour of his host. Indeed, the locksmith was rated severely for it the next day by his companions, and fined; for however the quality folks and the commonalty might quarrel, it was not for one to find fault with another who had only done what was just and honourable.

As the ladies turned the corner, they became aware of a moaning as of a person about to die. It proceeded from the venerable Herr Tydecke, who was lying on the threshold of his mansion, and though not able to get up stairs himself, was yet sober enough to refuse to let any one carry him. His friends and connexions were standing

round him, lamenting for the poor old man; he, however, raised himself partly up, and said, "They should not mourn for him, but for the town, for the good old times were gone by, and manners were daily more corrupted." His friends whispered to each other that it was true enough, for where could they find a young man who could stand as much wine as Herr Tydecke. He had remained sitting the very last of all, like a prince amongst his vassals, and no one could perceive that his head was light. He had been able, too, to walk as far as here, with only two men to support him, never having fallen down till on the very threshold of his own door.

"It's a bad look out," groaned the old man, "both for us and for—the towns. There's no union amongst us. One will have nothing—to do with the other. If the authorities are not agreed, who can hold together. When creepers grow upon an old wall, it may look—very well; but it is a nest for dust and decay, and the roots strike into the—fissures, and the stones get out of their places. They who would pull down the walls have a good chance then. And so it will be, you'll live to see it. They don't warm the wine with spice—now, it's too strong for them—the beer that they brew just now, God have mercy! In the year 1397—at the Hanse meeting at Hamburg—I was deputy for Berlin—and Jasper Hakenberg for Koeln. All the gentry met together to drink—they drank seven hours and a half to the honour of the towns, who could drink

the most. At nine o'clock, the Lubeck and Brandenburg people were carried out; at ten, the Luneburg and Magdeburg; at eleven, they of Stralsund, Wismar, and Prenzlau—and they were good men, I tell you, there are none of that sort now. And who remained sitting at the table? Jasper of Koeln, and Tydecke of Berlin. That was an honour—that made one's heart beat high a bit. The Hamburg people came with music next morning, and presented us with silver cups—and it was written in the chronicles to the honour of our towns and—to the vexation of the others—I won't say which. Where would you find two now—where would you find one in Koeln or Berlin to send to a meeting of the Hanse league?"

"It's too true," was murmured round the circle.

"You have sent thither for the last time," murmured the voice of a man wrapped close in a mantle. It was Balzer Boytin, but no one recognised him.

"True, true!" answered the old man, waking up again; "we have seen our best days. It's almost over with us. Strange custom after strange custom in the land; princes and nobles, foreign trades-folk and foreign wares, strange language and foreign wine, new habits and distant hearts; they despise your beer and your meal, your ancestry and your rights; and do you know who is their ally?"

Balzer Boytin stood closer, listening with at-

tention ; indeed, he turned the collar of his cloak half down to hear better.

“ It is your own wickedness ; you let yourselves be pulled just as they pull you ; you learn to despise what you ought to honour. You are Saxons, and they are Franconians ; the Franconians change and turn about, the Saxons stand fast. But do you stand fast to your customs, your language, and good institutions ? Your boots smell of Franconian leather ; your words taste of Franconian tongue. The old constitution has seen its best days, therefore your power and reputation have seen their best days too. You bandy words with your burgomaster, you oppose your senators, you quarrel with old regulations, like disobedient sons, who lift their hands against their fathers. You are twisting away at the bond which binds the town till it will become a noose to throw about your own necks. It is so, it will be so ; it has seen its best days, and it will soon be no more. Your walls will become ruins ; your freedom go a-begging. Roland will take his shield on his back, and wander forth. Your children will not know what their fathers were, and their grand-children will forget the language which their fathers spoke. So it is, so it will be—so says old Tydecke.”

Balzer Boytin now took him on his way, and with an ironical laugh which, however, he kept to himself, he followed the ladies at some distance. The old man's friends had by this time got him into the house. He had talked himself sober.

When they came to the statue of Roland, the aunt took leave of her charge. Frau Heidecke was very glad to accept the girl's offer, that the servants should accompany her to where she lived, which was at some distance. Where they stood was only a step or two from the burgomaster's house, but Frau Heidecke turned again, and said—"Let me see you inside the house, my child. Your father wouldn't be pleased else, I'm sure."

"Oh, aunt, it's only three steps!—don't wait, aunt."

"Don't be so confident, child, misfortune may await every step. It is but one step to the grave, and but one step to eternal ruin; and the wicked go further with one step than the just with a thousand."

Elizabeth laughed, but her laughing gave great pain to the older lady; for who would laugh at such an hour, and under a church wall.

"You go your way, dear aunt Heidecke," she repeated, "and let me go mine. I am my father's child, and he there"—and she pointed to the statue of Roland—"is my father's servant. If any one crosses my way, I shall call upon him."

It seemed to the matron like a positive crime, that the proud girl should call the statue her father's servant. She made a sign of the cross under her cloak, and turned her back hastily upon both the statue and the girl, as if she feared to see such a challenge punished on the spot. But what good could any one do with Elizabeth; there she remained standing by the statue till all were fairly

out of sight ; any one might see she did not know what fear was. When, however, Frau Heidecke got into the street, where it was lighter, for as long as she was in the shadow of the church she could say nothing but Ave Marias, she said to herself—“ The people are not far wrong who say, ‘ Who would be like those Rathenows ! ’ for Heaven knows there’s something about them different to other people, what it is one doesn’t know. There’s no having any fellow-feeling with the old man, with his face just like Roland’s. The gentry say he looks as if he wanted to see into their insides ; and if one of us only puts a glass to our mouth, we feel as if we are doing wrong if he only looks at us. Who ever saw him at a wedding or a christening ? As my brother-in-law says, when he drinks it is just as if he was meting out a judgment, neither too little nor too much. And the mother—wasn’t she a dear good woman !—I cried when she died so suddenly ; but there was something about her when she was amongst us, it was not exactly as if she was one of us—one couldn’t speak out when she was there ; it was as if the painter who painted a picture of her, should have put a halo about her head. One could have given honour to the holy saint in heaven and earth, but who liked to sit and talk with her in the balcony just what came uppermost in one’s head. Now Elizabeth—no, she hasn’t that look exactly ; she is my good god-child, and who can say a word against her ? But then, one will take after another. She might have swallowed a yard-stick ; and then

how she turns on her heel, and looks at one over her shoulder from head to foot! I should indeed be truly sorry, but pride comes before a fall. One experiences more bad than good, and the pot goes to the well till it gets broken. One is ever one's own worst enemy, and there are rumours that they are going down. Oh, holy Maria! how sad it would be if I should live to see it; but, still I should like to be there to see it, for they carry their heads so high, and think themselves better than any of us."

Elizabeth heard nothing of all this, and still less did she think that the good lady had such thoughts in her head. If every one knew what the other thought, no one would have a friend; we should stand alone and cold in the world like the statue of Roland, in whose face the girl was looking. But now all at once she started, for the fancy came over her that she was looking on her father's features, with the severe and melancholy look he sometimes wore even to her. The wind was blowing over the church-roof, and whistling in the vaults where her forefathers slept; it had partly swept the snow from the statue's head, and the flakes hung down like the silver hair on an old man's head. Her heart beat, and she almost wished that her friend had not left her here. She now wrapped her mantle closer round her, and hurrying to the door, knocked loudly. She would have given something to have been in bed, yet without knowing whence her feeling of alarm arose. A door opened above on its rusty hinges, and she heard nurse

Gertrude cough, and come slowly down the stairs, singing a melancholy canticle. Elizabeth was half-impatient: "Do try to be quicker, aunt Gertrude, I am starved."

"Every one comes early enough to his misfortune," groaned forth the old nurse.

Elizabeth stamped with her little foot: "Why talk of misfortune now? I am tired, and want to go to rest."

"Everything in its due time," answered the hollow voice. "They who seek rest must wait, but he comes for those who do not call upon him."

"Who? Oh, pray open!"

"Death, death! He never waits himself, and yet he lets people wait for him longer than the sleepest portress does."

The heavy key grated in the lock, and Elizabeth put her weight to the door, for she heard a voice behind her, and she fancied she saw a shadow as of a man cross the place. In attempting to squeeze herself through the only half-opened door, the hook of her cloak came loose, and it fell down, so that the door would not go to. Old Gertrude stood before her with a lamp, and a face like death itself grinning at his blooming victim, and she looked the girl from head to foot.

"Why do you look at me so, aunt, as if I did not belong to the house?"

"Pomp and sunshine do not belong to this house!" answered the old woman. It was her way of talking; Elizabeth had long ceased to notice it.

“ Is my father asleep ? ”

“ If the senators let him sleep, dreams are not so easy got rid of.”

“ You must say nothing against my father,” said Elizabeth.

“ Who ever ventured to say anything against Matheus’s son ? Take off your cloak. My husband’s mantle lay just in that way as he kneeled to the block ; and then he took the chain from his neck, that it might not be bloody. Good heavens ! where is your chain, Elizabeth ? ”

Elizabeth felt her breast—the necklace was gone. They turned the cloak over, the old woman holding the light. In vain she again felt all over her neck and bodice ; it was gone—gone without any trace. “ Mother of God, blessed virgin ! my chain !—where is my chain ? ”

She again shook her mantle, and snatching the light from the nurse’s hand, she looked everywhere in vain, no chain was to be seen on floor or threshold. She opened the door, she felt about, she groped, all in vain.

“ A beautiful chain ! ” muttered Gertrude ; “ red fine gold from Venice, and jewels and pearls from eastern lands.”

“ Oh God ! oh God ! the chain—my chain ! ”

“ Thy father’s chain ! Yes, yes, it is dearer to him than his child ! ”

“ Dearest aunt Gertrude ! Oh, holy mother of God ! ”

“ You surely have not lost it ? ”

“ No, no, I can't have lost it. Oh dear, no, it is so dark.”

“ And the chain glittered so bright. Yes, yes, night follows day. He would rather have it than anything; none of your fathers ever misplaced it. Who can tell what will come next? The friendship of the great is like a weathercock. Who can tell to-day whence the wind will blow to-morrow and the day after?”

Elizabeth listened to not a word. Despite of cold and damp, out she ran; the old woman followed her with the lamp. But a third person was also engaged in the search, for as the girl clasped her hands in agony over her head, and then seizing Gertrude's hands, cried out, “ Nurse, nurse, who will get me my chain? Oh God! my father—I dare never appear before him again!” there chimed in a manly, well-known voice, “ Well, but it will be found!”

It was Henning Mollner.

“ Henning, is that you?” said the girl. “ Oh, how you frightened me!” She gave him her hand, and she pressed his. She would have done the same to any other acquaintance who might have appeared in her need. “ Oh, Henning—dear, good Henning! do you know I have lost my necklace, the beautiful chain! Oh, you can't help me!”

“ A rogue promises more than he can do,” said Henning, “ but an honest man can do more than a rogue!”

She sobbed bitterly: “ Oh, he gave me such a

charge about it! He wasn't going to give it me at all, but I begged him and coaxed him till he let me have it. Oh, Henning, it wasn't right of me; I can never appear in his sight again! Dear Henning—oh, come and help to search with me."

"Elizabeth!" cried the nurse, with a finger held up, for to all appearance the inconsiderate girl was about to go the whole way back to the senate-house in the company of her youthful guide, "Elizabeth, you forget what you are doing!"

"O yes, nurse, you are right," sobbed the poor girl. "O go, Henning—good night—no, don't go. O God, I don't know what to do! Oh, if my father saw you!"

"I am going to find it for you."

"O you will not be able to find it!"

"Why do you say so, Elizabeth?" said Henning, and his tone sounded sensitively serious; and for the moment it appeared as if the time had returned in which they had been children together, and as if no circumstances had intervened to pile up hindrances betwixt them. "If you ever lost a dove, and were crying and making yourself very unhappy, did not I always get it for you again? If any one played you a childish trick, did I ever rest content till I had found it out, and payed him for it as he deserved? If you are altered, I am not; and I have as good eyes as any one to see what is to be seen, and an arm, and hands, and fists I have to see you righted, if any one does you an injustice."

"Dear, good Henning, don't be angry."

"You mustn't run through the streets, Elizabeth; you stay with your aunt, I will go and see for it. It cannot be sunk into the earth; and if an unlawful hand has got it, he will have reason to wish he had touched scalding pitch instead; you may depend upon that."

"Henning, Henning, my good Henning, if you—" and she held up her folded hands, her eyes resting on him so sweetly and thankfully, that the youth would willingly have clambered over a dozen walls for that alone.

"Well, and what?" he asked; but correcting himself, he snapped his fingers together. "Fie! that would be no way; to get a promise for doing nothing more than what is one's duty. I won't even beg of you that you be to me as you were wont to be; for if you are not so of your own free will, what good would it do you or me? But when had you the chain last?"

Elizabeth began to consider: "When I took off my cloak at first, it caught in it; then when I danced with Herr Wilkin Hakeberg—oh, yes, to be sure, and at table; then, too, when Herr Dietrich—he said it flashed in his eyes——"

"Indeed, it did flash," interrupted Henning. "Not only Herr Dietrich alone, but all the ladies said it too. Oh, Elizabeth! if you knew what they say about you—oh, it grieves me from my very heart!"

"How do you know anything about it?"

"The town knows it. You are the only one who does not know it; but that comes from—"

when one comes to think about it—you used not to be so—why are you so now? Elizabeth, I would go through the fire for you, and though I got nothing for it—but when you turn upon your heel and look over your shoulder at one just half way, as much as to say that is enough for you—see, I could—but I will not say what. But, Elizabeth, you are as dear to me as the apple of my eye—yes, and dearer too—and it pierces me to the heart to see them point their fingers at you, and whisper about the proud mistress. Dearest Elizabeth, if any one dared to say it before me, oh! I would—but I have long intended to tell you of it yourself. You were always proud and wild; that I liked you better for; but since you have been the burgomaster's daughter, tell me, in the name of all the saints, are you any better than you were as the child of an honest father, and daughter of a good mother. In other places, any honest burgess can become burgomaster, why not here? But that's not what I wanted to say to you."

The girl held her hands before her eyes.

"Don't cry, Elizabeth, I'll get you the necklace; before to-morrow you will have it. But who knows if I may see you to-morrow. To be sure, you're a burgomaster's daughter, and when you get it, and all is right with your father, you will laugh in my face then."

"Henning!"

"Yes, yes, you will laugh. Well, well, laugh! But young Master Melchior, I tell you, he'll not laugh, as true as my name is Henning Mollner,

though I am only a weaver's son and he a patrician—a pretty patrician he is!—a brewer he is!—a pedlar's son! I measure myself with him every day; and as for our friends, let him call his and I mine—who'll have the most?"

"Henning, you have been drinking wine."

"There is truth in wine. But why shouldn't he take you to his home? Because he doesn't love you; because you are ten thousand times too good for such Melchiors. Does he love you, and take pains about you? It is because you are burgomaster's daughter, and the old folks have made a match between you, that they may have the upper hand in the senate; that is why it is. And what is it you get by this Melchior? A—fie! I would give him a kick with his chests and coffers, his houses, his boats, and his hedge-rows. Leave Melchior to some one else; there are enough looking out for him, mothers and daughters. They could kill you; is it not ridiculous?—envious about Melchior! Elizabeth, if I had lungs like the wind which comes Spadow way, and as much fire in my heart as in every lime-kiln, I would puff it at him. I hate him, because he aspires to you. Sooner shall the towers of Saint Peter and Saint Nicholas be bound together than you and he be——"

"Henning, good Henning, you get hold of me just like Eva Schumm."

"Eva Schumm!" cried Henning, leaving hold of her, and striking his hand on his forehead—

"Eva Schumm seized you by your collar!"

“How have you got to know that?”

Henning leaped up in the air: “Bravo, bravo, good Eva Schumm! to-morrow you will have it again. When may I knock at the door to bring you the necklace?”

“Oh, dear Henning! I thought, till now, you were out of your senses. Whenever you will; the earlier the better.”

“The house of the Rathenows is open from six o’clock in the morning to all who come with good intent,” said the old lady.

And with that she pushed the maiden into the house, for she was taking another look after the headlong youth, whom three springs had carried round the corner. Many a strange thought may have entered the girl’s head: any one seeing that look, and hearing the grumbling of the old nurse, might well have supposed that the youth who had dared to speak so plainly to the burgomaster’s daughter, must have been more in her eyes than the watchful duenna of a motherless girl might altogether have approved of.

Henning would certainly have been taken for a thief, with the police at his heels, by any who had seen how he flew along the streets; but he stood still in front of the senate-house, as no thief would have done. Thieves may well have an antipathy to a place where sentence has been passed upon so many an offender, and where it has been carried into execution too, for notwithstanding the alterations, the pillar with the collar for the neck is still to be seen on the way to Spandow Street,

where so many a one has been set in the pillory and flogged. Besides, what could there be to steal in an empty house ?

Henning remained standing on the shadowed side of the street with folded arms, measuring the height of the windows. There was no longer any light inside, and all was now as still as death. There he stood, clucking with his tongue—"She is to have it in the morning, so of course I must have it to-night. Every one is asleep ; may the foul fiend wake them ; but if I was Satan himself, the keys are given to the senators. They would look well to give them to me, and I should look well to ask them. Where there are no stairs, a ladder might help, and where there are no keys, one must smash a window."

"Madcap !" whispered a voice behind, and Balzer Boytin's hand was laid on his shoulder ; "you have put me nicely out of breath. What have you been after ? What business had you with the burgomaster's daughter ? I could only catch a single word or two."

"A word too much then for the like of you," grumbled Henning.

"It is working ; it's taking fire, Henning. I wish you had heard what I have heard in every cellar and tavern. It will work, it will break out ; the quality are mad at him, and the commonalty begin to see what use Johannes may be to them ; only set him on, and—but what are you going to do ?" asked Balzer, in astonishment, as Henning hurried to the corner where ladders in case of fire

were hung against the wall, and busied himself in taking one down.

“To help to set him on.”

“Boy, with the ladder?”

“Anything is good in time of need.”

“Going to get to the girl with a ladder?”

“Perhaps.”

But to his great astonishment he beheld the youth plant the ladder against the window of the senate-house itself.

“Henning!—boy!—good lad!—do you want to get a necklace round your neck? The senate doesn’t like jokes.”

“Yes, it is a necklace I’m after.”

“You will get it readier here,” answered Balzer, pointing to the pillory where the iron collar was hanging. “Henning, I pray you speak.”

“I’ve no time,” answered Henning, with one foot already on the ladder.

“I’ll give the alarm.”

“You must have better lungs to wake Berlin folks.”

“Henning!” and he seized him by the leg. “Gracious God, you are going to spoil the whole game!”

“To win it, Balzer. Leave loose of me!”

“Hush, I hear people. I’ll say nothing, Henning; I’ll stand by you truly and faithfully, but——”

“You stand by me! the hangman take you! go and shout if you think proper.”

And he gave his unwanted assistant such a kick

that the ladder trembled, and he freed his foot. Before Balzer could recover himself, Henning, with the quickness of a cat, was already at the window, and the last that Balzer heard was the rattling of the glass which Henning had broken. He made haste to save himself, for there were footsteps actually approaching, and a cry was instantly raised—"Thieves, thieves!"

Herr Balzer bit his lips, and rubbed his shoulder where Henning had kicked him: "I owe you one for that when there is a favourable opportunity," he murmured; "but it would be a bad job if anything was to befall him just now. If wise men go wrong, fools and blockheads take advantage. This lad has blood in him, and will rise, though he goes over the necks of all these fine patricians. And the madcap has broad shoulders, too, when anything is laid upon them; but good luck is sure to attend him."

This time, however, it did not seem to attend him; for though we know well enough, or at least may have a good guess how and why the ladder came against the senate-house wall, and why the windows were broken, yet neither the watch nor the burgher-guard, nor the neighbours who stuck their heads out of the windows, could form any idea. The catching a thief in the act was always an agreeable sight at a time like that, enough to draw a crowd of old and young, and cause many an untidy figure to shew itself at the windows. It was not very long, therefore, before a tolerable crowd was gathered together, with

noise enough to awake the cocks who began to crow, thinking it was morning.

Spears and halberds, sticks and clubs, made their appearance in the hands of people half undressed; and, whilst some took possession of the ladder, others guarded the exits, and others began to inquire where were the keys. The host of the cellar was knocked up, and the summoner sent for, and there was a cry of "Seize him! seize him!" Our friend Andreas swore that such a thing had never been thought of in his whole time. "To break into the senate-house!" "They will steal the council themselves soon," said another. "They might do worse than that," cried a third; but every body agreed that no punishment could be bad enough for such an enormous offence.

There was only one who felt deadly anxiety, and that was Balzer Boytin. He had not been able to tear himself away; and there he stood, wrapped in his cloak, where the crowd was the thickest. At last the locks were opened, and there was a cry of "Secure the thief!" "There he is!" and as he saw the culprit come to the window, looking for the ladder, he could not help articulating, "God help the lad! What will he do now?"

But there was a voice, "Leave me alone, I am Henning Mollner!" and the astonishment grew greater on his being recognised.

"Henning Mollner! Henning Mollner broken in! Henning Mollner in the senate-house!"

One could see by the altered looks what a many friends he had. They hung their heads and looked

at one another. It was all at once as quiet, as before it had been noisy.

“Housebreaker!” shouted he. “You good friends, and foolish people, how could I get into the house otherwise, when the doors were locked, and when they who ought to watch over the town are snoring. Look at my doublet; see, I have torn it at the elbow, and my breeches’ knees, too! Who will pay the tailor for mending them? They, very likely, who paid my father’s ransom.”

But there was a dead silence, only a single voice said, “Henning, you are dreaming.”

“To be sure I was dreaming, and thanks be to God and all the saints that I did dream! Or, do you want to be excommunicated like your forefathers, when they slew the abbot of Saint Mary’s? I tell you they would have done better if they had drank up all the Bernow beer, than have slaughtered the abbot.”

“Henning, what do you mean?”

“What I dreamed? That Saint Nicholas, God have mercy, came through the window to my poor bed, and shook me three times. ‘Henning, awake!’ Twice I turned me round to the wall, thinking it was nothing, but the third time came a voice like a trumpet: ‘It is not nothing! Wake up, and be the salvation of the town!’ ‘Holy Saint Nicholas,’ said I, rubbing my eyes, ‘the senate ought to be that. I am only a poor weaver’s apprentice, and don’t think myself good enough to carry an ensign.’ ‘The rulers of the town are drunken,’ said the holy saint. ‘Haste, youth, clothe thyself. They have

stolen the treasure of my church, and it is lying in the council chamber, where they have been drinking and guzzling. Haste, Henning, before the crow of cock, or woe to the town, which will lose the best that it has.' Friends, if you had felt the saint's grip—I am black and blue—you would have sprang up too."

The silence was now greater than ever. "And then?" cried a voice.

"I obeyed. For was it not true that the senate had had a feast? So, whilst senators and servants were asleep, who was there to open me the doors? Whilst, then, I was rubbing my eyes, I saw a glimmering in this chamber. A ladder is dangerous; but have not I climbed many a ladder when it might have cost me my neck. Why shouldn't I do it here, when there was such a treasure to be saved, and, what is more, a treasure of the church."

"Henning has got into the senate-house in a dream," passed round, half in astonishment, half incredulously.

"Why shouldn't I? The saints don't lie," cried Henning, clasping his hands above his head. "If I had not dreamed, come and look yourselves what a pretty business it would have been for the town! Holy Saint Nicholas! to think that I, a poor weaver's apprentice, should be the saviour of the provost of Berlin, a town where so many rich and mighty build their altars!"

A muffled cry of astonishment announced to the crowd outside that a something had really been found in the chamber, and enough to take away

the attention from the ready Henning. It was true enough. All who could get up stairs, hastened to be eye-witnesses. For there, under a heavy table which had been overturned, lay the reverend Herr Steeger, provost of Berlin. There he had lain, and might have remained till the next day, for no one knew of it, nor did he himself. The provost was a good-natured round-about man, and everybody pitied him, and crossed themselves, and blessed themselves; for what a misfortune would it have been to the town, had the holy saint not appeared to Henning in a dream! For, had the provost been struck by apoplexy whilst under the table, how it would have thundered upon poor Berlin, from Brandenburg, and Magdeburg, and, indeed, from Rome itself. The bells would have been muffled, the churches closed, and it would have cost a mint of money to lay the departed spirit to rest, with song and masses.

“That’s the care the senate takes of the town!”
“That’s the way the wise folks carry on, who think they have all the wisdom to themselves, and know how to govern!” Such were the murmurs which proceeded from the crowd as it dispersed.

“If it hadn’t been for Henning!” “Where is Henning!”

But he was gone; gone long before the provost could get loaded on to the shoulders of four strong fellows to be carried to his house in Friar’s Street. A long time they had to knock, and they were nearly obliged to borrow a ladder to get him in, as Henning had done to get him out; for his house-

keeper at first wouldn't open the door, and when she did, it was to raise a precious noise about the ears of the poor bearers, for waking her from her sleep, and a still greater noise about the poor provost's ears, for not being able to hear what she said.

END OF VOL. I.

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